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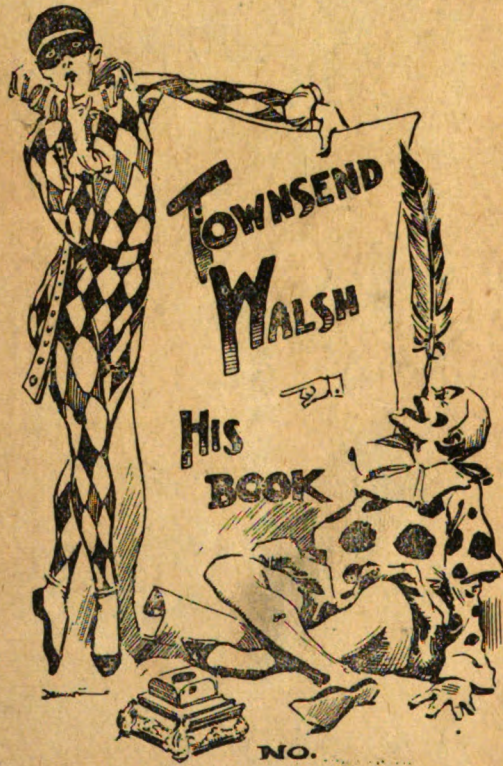
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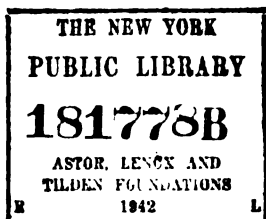
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DRAMA, MUSIC, ART

DESHLER WELCH - - - Editor

VOL. II.

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THE THEATRE.



STUDY OF A HEAD.

From a painting by Conrad Kiesel.

THE THEATRE.

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THE THEATRE: AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF
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••• All articles appearing in THE THEATRE are written especially for it unless credited otherwise.

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THE FIRST VOLUME.

With Number 26 was finished the first volume of THE THEATRE. Anyone wishing to complete a file for binding can be accommodated with back numbers at the rate of ten cents per copy. Handsomely bound volumes will be supplied to any address for \$3.00.

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Miss EDITH CROLIUS.
Mr. CHARLES HOYT.

ENTRE NOUS.

ROLAND BUCKSTONE has all the proper feelings of respect for his distinguished father's name. At the Star Theatre on the opening night of Barrett, young Buckstone requested a seat "on account of the profession" for himself, which was denied, on the grounds that Mr. Barrett had put a stop to "complimentaries," for that night at least.

"So you refuse me a ticket?" said Buckstone very solemnly.

"I am sorry to say, sir, that's my order to every one," was the reply.

"Oh, I do not care for myself, sir," said Buckstone with much mourning in his tone.

"If Mr. Barrett refuses *me* I don't care for myself, sir; but I am astonished, sir, at this loss of respect for the memory of my dead father; it is for that I feel bad!"

•••

I UNDERSTAND that when "Hamlet" is brought out this year at the Théâtre Français, the English traditions in regard to scenery and stage business will be adopted.

•••

I AM glad to hear that that plucky girl, Miss Van Zandt, is now out of danger, and is rapidly getting well from her unfortunate illness.

•••

Mlle. RHÉA has expressed to an American reporter her opinion of certain French actresses. She avoids, perhaps rather wisely, a discussion of that very peculiar and erratic woman, Sarah Bernhardt; but does not hesitate to assert — and, what is more to the point, she is right — that the success of Sophie Croizette was chiefly a matter of handsome costumes and personal beauty. Mlle. Rhéa says of Desclée: "She went to half a dozen theatres, and she was everywhere abused by the critics, and laughed at by the public. It made her bitter. She grew to hate the theatre and the public, but worked on. Two famous men watched her carefully. These men were Meilhac and Halévy. Soon they wrote 'Frou Frou,' and insisted on having Desclée for the leading part. They were laughed at, but they got Desclée. The first night came. In the opening act, the artist, for she was an artist, walked on to the stage as if she was in her own home. Everybody said 'She is not acting.' See how fine her art was. In the second act the spectators were watching her closely. When the climax to the third act electrified them, they stood up from their seats, waved their handkerchiefs, and shouted that Desclée had won at last." When Desclée was congratulated on her victory by her managers,

she replied: "Well, I hope they will like me long enough to enable me to pay for my 'Frou Frou' dresses, which cost ten thousand francs."

MR. JOHN C. FREUND, a journalist of large experience, appears nowadays to turn from the stage to lecturing with much facility. His acting has been generously praised, especially by western critics. His lecture, entitled "Before and Behind the Footlights," amused the people of Boston. The *Globe* called it a "highly interesting lecture." Mr. Freund will deliver this lecture in New York, at Chickering Hall, on Tuesday evening, September 28.

THE ingenuity of managers is severely taxed by the effort to outdo one another in providing "souvenirs" for certain occasions, usually the one hundredth or the one hundred and fiftieth performance of a popular play. Mr. Daniel Frohman, formerly of the Madison Square Theatre, is chiefly responsible for this sort of taxing or "taxation." The souvenirs that Mr. Frohman dispensed during the runs of plays like "Hazel Kirke," "Esmeralda," and "Young Mrs. Winthrop," drove a capacious hole into the Mallory pocket-book. The popular Madison Square plays might properly be called "souvenir plays." Divest them of the plaques, picture-books, decorated programmes, bas-reliefs, and flowers, with which they are associated in the public mind, and they would lose (oddly as this may sound) much of the small intrinsic value which they are supposed to possess. Other managers, inspired by Mr. Frohman's æsthetic example, have endeavored to imitate him, though not invariably with success. Mr. Rudolph Aronson, director of the Casino, is, however, confident that he has hit upon an original and striking idea which even Mr. Frohman may consider with envy. He proposes at the last performance of "Erminie," on the evening of October 2, to distribute 500 baskets of flowers among the women in the audience. The chances are that the women in that audience will outnumber the men. Mr. Aronson's bouquets, by the way, should reveal a preponderance of violets, in honor of Lord Lonsdale's protégée.

THE production of Mr. A. C. Gunter's latest play, "A Wall Street Bandit," is looked forward to with confidence by the admirers of this able and progressive American dramatist. "A Wall Street Bandit," as the play is called, was exceedingly popular, not very long ago, in San Francisco; and those who have read it in manuscript praise it with something more than common enthusiasm. Mr. Gunter has worked hard and patiently for success, and he has been obliged to rely for it, to a considerable extent, on himself. He is now in a fair way of achieving his ambition. Fortunately, he will have the help of several excellent actors in the production of "A Wall Street Bandit." There will be in the cast, for example, Miss Georgia Cayvan and Mr. W. J. Ferguson, both of whom have recently been groping in the graveyard of the Higgins Brothers; Mr. Charles Wheatleigh and Mr. Robert McWade, old-time actors and thoroughly trustworthy; Miss Anna Boyle, Miss Fanny Addison, Mr. Frank Losee, Mr. Charles Bowser, Mr. Lysander Thompson — in fact, an altogether exceptional cast for strength and evenness.

NOW that General Sherman is making his home in New York — this will be his permanent abode hereafter — the list of conspicuous first-nighters will undoubtedly be increased. General Sherman likes a good play almost as much as a pretty girl. There are more pretty girls than good plays in this neighborhood, but that fact will not prevent him from taking his chances now and then with the rest of us.

Mlle. ADELE CORNALBA, who is one of the half-dozen really artistic dancers that remain upon our stage, is traveling this season with the "Clio" company. Mlle. Cornalba makes, probably, more money by devoting herself to an enterprise of this class rather than to enterprises which seem to the outsider of a higher class. It would be pleasant to find her associated with an organization like the American Opera, for instance, and with a dancer hardly less charming and skilled than herself, Mlle. de Gillert. But it is a well-known fact that popular premières, both here and abroad, dislike,

for one reason or another, to bind themselves to opera companies.

THIRTY-SIX new dancers, all from Italy, will appear in the ballet of the American Opera next winter, and there will be a new and famous première, Mlle. Giuri, who is extremely popular in Milan and other Italian cities. Mlle. de Gillert will hold her place at the head of the ballet and will divide the honors with Mlle. Giuri.

THE next season of American opera will open at Philadelphia, in November. The re-organized company—and the public will find this greatly strengthened in many directions, though not by the addition of any specially brilliant names—is not to be heard in New York until February. Mr. Locke, the indefatigable and shrewd manager of the opera, has not yet decided whether he will take his company as far as San Francisco during the present season. If he concludes to do so, he cannot make this important visit until May, when Mme. Bernhardt will, unquestionably, be the star of the West. It is a curious fact that Sarah Bernhardt has never acted in San Francisco. Her first engagement there will, in consequence, blind the public eye to other experiments, big and little. Even the American opera would have an up-hill struggle against a first Bernhardt engagement.

A NEW play, by Victorien Sardou, which has not yet been named, will soon be in rehearsal at the Porte St. Martin, Paris, and, after its production there, will be placed immediately upon the stage of one of the leading theatres in this city.

It may not be forgotten that the blatant, yet clever, radical who calls himself Henri Rochefort is the author of a drama, which has already been done, and not without success, in Paris. Its title in English is "A Daughter of Erin." The piece has been adapted for the American stage, and will be presented here later in the season, possibly at the Standard Theatre.

MR. A. M. PALMER announces the opening of the regular season at the Madison Square Theatre for October 11, with a reproduction of Clinton Stewart's amusing arrangement from the French, "Our Society."

OF course, Mr. Goodwin had his little dinner at Delmonico's, and a dignified Justice sat at the head of the table. Popular actors and dinners at Delmonico's appear to be essential complements of each other. Throw in a judge or a parson, and the thing is perfect.

ABOUT two hundred and fifty persons will sit down at dinner with Mr. Justin McCarthy, the most interesting and brilliant Irishman of the day.

MISS MARY ANDERSON promised to write an article for *Lippincott's Magazine*, and failed to do so. Miss Fanny Davenport, having a more evenly and physically balanced constitution, is more trustworthy. Miss Davenport has directed her intellect upon a subject of contemporaneous human interest, and has evolved a sequence of conclusions for the *Brooklyn Magazine*. The subject is in the form of a question, "Is the American Stage Immoral?"

MR. HENRY E. DIXEY arrived from Europe on the *Nevada*. One more chance for a reception, under the competent engineering of Mr. E. E. Rice. The congregation will please rise and sing: "Hail Columbia, happy land."

MR. GOODWIN made a rather shrewd remark when he pointed out that Mr. Dixey's success in London (or what success he really had there) was due in a large measure to the violent opposition manifested towards him. If Mr. Dixey had been treated by Londoners with contemptuous indifference, he would not, evidently, have been thought of seriously or discussed. In fact, he would have sunk imperceptibly into the annihilating obscurity of an English fog.

MR. GEORGE GOULD maintains his reputation as a monopolist by monopolizing Miss

Edith Kingdon. Miss Kingdon has left Mr. Daly's company, has returned to New York, and is now the pretty daughter-in-law of Jay Gould. Mr. Gould and Mr. Morosini are united by one more bond of sympathy. But the former has little to complain of, since Miss Kingdon is a charming and desirable daughter-in-law.

**

MR. WILSON BARRETT and Miss Eastlake will arrive in New York next week.

**

MRS. HENRIETTA CHANFRAU will appear in Sir Charles Young's play, "The Scapegoat," this Monday night, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

**

MR. DOCKSTADER began his season of minstrelsy, at his bright Broadway theatre, on Friday evening.

**

MISS FORTESCUE will sail from Liverpool for New York next Saturday.

**

THE facts about Mr. Augustin Daly's visit to Paris are now coming to light, and they are not creditable to the journalists of that city. In a letter to the *New York World*, Mr. Labouchère writes:

The French critics certainly behaved very badly to Daly's American company. On their own showing, they banded themselves together to insult several estimable ladies and gentlemen, better artists than nine-tenths of the clumsy gesticulators on the Parisian stage — first, because they don't like the English and American custom of wearing evening dress at the play-house: secondly, because Mr. Daly was supposed to have insulted them by not flattering their petty vanity. Mr. Daly is a veteran dramatic critic, and has had some experience of the craft in New York and London. He did not suppose that French journalists required to be fed with a spoon. An English or American editor would be very much surprised if any one on his staff were not sufficiently educated to be able to review a French play, or to understand the French language; but in Paris all these learned men are as deplorably ignorant of English as the wisecracks at French ports who arrest yacht owners for German spies. To vent their spite on Miss Ada Rehan for physical reasons was an ungallant act, but to select Otis Skinner as the best actor in the troupe, when James Lewis and Mr. Gilbert were present, is an instance of their silly spite or deplorable ignorance.

While Mr. Daly was in Berlin, a particularly stupid writer contributed the following paragraph to the *Revue d'Art Dramatique*:

An American theatrical troupe is to perform English pieces at the Vaudeville. This is the announcement that everybody has read for the past few days in the journals. Posters on the walls inform us that the Bureau de Location is open for the first performance of M. Daly's English piece. Well! but these pieces are not English. The American actors pretend to come from London. This is false! These gentlemen are simply endeavoring to bamboozle the

Parisian public. They are at this very moment in Berlin, where they are playing in the Wallner Theatre. The Parisian public comes after the Berlin public! This, at least, is something new. And the pieces that these Yankees are playing are German pieces translated into English.

In other words, Mr. Daly committed the unpardonable crime of visiting Berlin before he went to Paris. This is a fair basis for criticism.

**

MR. NEUENDORFF was not as cordially encouraged as he should have been at the Central Park Garden. His summer programmes there were delightfully arranged, and his orchestra played with spirit and brilliancy. His audiences averaged 200 persons each night. Nevertheless, he has made a good beginning, and the Central Park concerts are likely to be popular next summer. Mr. Neuendorff, whose energy is tireless, is now arranging a series of winter concerts, to be given on Sunday evenings at Steinway Hall, beginning the first Sunday in November.

**

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD, who is certainly one of the few leading actresses of our day, will be welcomed back to our stage with peculiar warmth next week. Miss Ward will follow Mr. Lawrence Barrett at the Star Theatre and will be followed in turn there by Mr. Wilson Barrett.

**

EVEN Disraeli wrote a play. But he was wise enough to conceal it during his lifetime. Now it turns up and may be produced. Mr. Gladstone is still to be heard from.

**

CARL GOLDMARK'S "Merlin" will soon be in rehearsal at the Metropolitan Opera House, and will be the most interesting production of the season there. This work is also to be produced in Vienna and Berlin. It is believed that "Merlin" will acquire even more popularity than "The Queen of Sheba." The score has now been completely revised, and is practically the result of twelve years' labor. Goldmark, that is to say, gave "The Queen of Sheba" to the public twelve years ago, and "Merlin" is his second opera. The title of this opera recalls some of the most inspiring incidents in the Arthurian legends, and suggests a new and rich field in music. The characters in

"Merlin" are *King Arthur, Guinevere, Launcelot, Merlin, Modred, Gawain, Vivien, Bedwyr, Glendower, Morgane, and a Demon*. The play is crowded with dramatic incidents and characters, and offers exceptional chances for spectacular effect.

* *

ON Monday last a private marriage ceremony was performed at St. Leo's Church, New York, by Rev. Father Ducey. The contracting people were James G. Blaine, son of the illustrious man who bears that name, and Miss Marie Nevins, who is of one of the old and distinguished families of Ohio. Her father is Richard Nevins, born of the Macalester family of Philadelphia, and her mother is of the well-known Medary family of Ohio. Miss Nevins is known to a number of the leading members of the theatrical profession; she has had many offers to go on the stage, but has resisted them all. Two winters ago she took the leading rôle in the amateur performance of "Paul and Virginia," at Washington, which was organized by Mme. Noguerras, wife of the Portuguese Minister, and in which many of the society leaders of the capital took part, and this immediately created a reputation which was assisted by her beauty. She is a blonde, with superb figure and beautiful face. She has rare accomplishments, and speaking *entre nous* from the fact that I have long known her, young Blaine has won the capital prize in a big drawing, for she is indeed one of the most charming girls I ever met. She belongs to a family which has been singularly blessed by youthful attractions. Her mother is a remarkably young-looking woman, and she, her two daughters and her son, are pronounced and handsome blondes.

* *

MARGUERITE FISH, soubrette, now playing with great success in Vienna, is announced to make her American début at the Thalia Theatre, New York, on December 13, in the German language. Her engagement runs through Christmas and New Year's, and she will be supported by the Thalia company. She will then visit the principal cities, and, returning to New York, will appear (in the English language) at the Lyceum Theatre. Miss Fish

is but eighteen years of age, speaks and acts in English, French and German, and ten months of success in so critical a capital as Vienna is sufficient evidence that she is an artist of more than ordinary merit. She was born in this city January 7, 1869.

* *

MR. ARTHUR WALLACK has given me a complete list of the members of his father's company for this season. It is as follows: Kyrle Bellew, Herbert Kelcey, John Gilbert, Harry Edwards, Charles Groves, Daniel Leeson, E. J. Henley, and H. Hamilton, who is the author of "Moths" and "Harvest." The ladies of the company are: Miss Annie Robe, Mme. Ponisi, Miss Vane (formerly of St. James' Theatre, London), Miss Russell, Miss Carrie Coote, Miss Bartlett and Miss Blaisdell. The season will open with the play of "Harvest," which will be followed by "Sophia." The scenery for both these pieces has been prepared, and Mr. Wallack is enthusiastic. After "Sophia" and "Harvest" have had their runs, the new play, "Sister Mary," by Clement Scott and Wilson Barrett, will be produced, and later in the season "The Dominie's Daughter" will be tried.

* *

It is strange that so many errors could have been made in the daily press about a man so well known as Samuel Colville. His first wife was Mary Provost, a great tragic actress of thirty years ago. This fact all the obituary writers have omitted. Then, again, it is said that he was a partner of George Wood when that manager introduced Lydia Thompson and her "British blondes" to America. Colville was Wood's agent, and he, Alexander Henderson and the blondes were all so hard-up in England that Wood had to send them money to pay their fares and buy clothes with which to make a respectable appearance in New York. Henderson recently died, leaving half a million dollars behind him, Lydia Thompson is a very rich woman, Colville has left a fortune to his family, and three months ago George Wood died and was buried by the Actors' Fund.

Trophonius.

THE WEEK.



BARRETT AS "JAMIE HAREBELL."

James Harebell	Mr. Lawrence Barrett
Lord Steelman	Mr. C. M. Collins
Sir Gerald Hope	Mr. Newton Gotthold
George Brandon	Mr. S. E. Springer
Robert Harebell	Mr. J. M. Sturgeon
Saunders	Mr. Ben. G. Rogers
Servant	Mr. J. W. Albaugh, Jr
First Peasant	Mr. Charles Koehler
Second Peasant	Mr. J. L. Finney
Child	Miss Fanny Fern
Kate Steelman	Miss Minna K. Gale
Mary Harebell	Miss Miriam O'Leary

Many of the earliest admirers of Lawrence Barrett were gratified during last week by a careful revival of Mr. W. G. Wills's romantic drama of "The Man o' Airlie." I have always insisted that *Jamie Harebell* is Mr. Barrett's best performance, and one which is so singularly marked with delicacy and force as to place it above anything else that he does. Mr. Barrett's position as a tragedian is well understood and appreciated, and in comedy he can be as sparkling as the brook which dances in the sunlight; but it is in the shade of sorrow that his voice and his face find touching favor and call to other eyes the tears which must follow from human sympathy. Mr. Wills's drama is poetic, dramatic and domestic; the story is simple. The young poet born of the woods, the fields and the flowers, his happy home with "gude wife and bairns," the villagers who sing his songs, and throw roses on his hearthstone; the ambition to publish his verses and hard-earned money for the same, intrusted with the manuscript to a villain who not only steals that, but triple the amount, which *Harebell's* heart

cannot refuse; his wrecked home, the loss of wife and babe, his struggle in the city where he sees not the spring opening life on meadow and hillside, the escape of his reason, his supposed death and his reappearance after many years as an imbecile old man at the foot of the statue erected to "James Harebell, the Poet of the Poor!"

I know of no other actor who could play this part now; I know of no other actor who could grasp the basket of flowers when they are brought to *Harebell's* failing mind, and win from an audience such choking sympathy. Those who have known grief and despair cannot watch with undimmed eye and without convulsive feeling *Harebell's* reply to old *Saunders*, who says, "And how's the gude wife?" and is blind to the crape which is before him.

These are merely random thoughts which come to me in thinking over this most touching performance. I would not make invidious comparison, but if Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle* is never to be forgotten, Barrett's *Jamie Harebell* deserves a higher niche. It may seem incongruous to pay out money to be grieved, but if affliction makes us better men and women, then humanity must gain by such a play as this, for it copulates conscience and intelligence with fellow-suffering, and this produces the best kind of religion.

The company did passably well. Mr. Benjamin Rogers was artistic and interesting as old *Saunders*. D. IV.

MISS OLCOTT IN "THÉODORA."

Théodora	Miss Lillian Olcott
Andreas	Mr. John Gilmour
Justinian	Mr. Hudson Liston
Belisarius	Mr. J. H. Rennie
Marcellus	Mr. J. Wirt Kail
Caribert	Mr. Edward Poland
Nicephorus	Mr. George Gaston
Euphratas	Mr. Thomas Chapman
Mundus	Mr. Wm. Bernstein
Constantiolus	Mr. Geo. Fletcher
Orythes	Mr. Hubert Chesley
Michel	Mr. H. Adams
Hypatius	Mr. J. Mortimer
Antonina	Miss Carrie G. Vinton
Tamyris	Miss Laura L. Phillips
Callirhoe	Miss Emelie Rickaby
Macedonia	Miss Nina Loritz
Iphis	Miss Jane Elliott

MISS LILLIAN OLCOTT made a thirty-thousand-dollar début last Monday evening at Niblo's Garden. That is to say, Miss Olcott

distributed thirty thousand dollars for the privilege of making this début. Miss Olcott is our authority for the statement, and her "advance agents," who appear to be men of unlimited resources and veracity, support her statement with the usual vouchers. It is clear that Miss Olcott belongs to the new school of actresses, a school as clearly defined and individual as that which produced Mrs. Siddons, Mary Duff, Charlotte Cushman, Mary Anderson, and the scores of fine, honest actresses who have brought distinction to the stage. The contrast between these two schools is somewhat marked. Mrs. Siddons, for example, earned her place in the theatre. It was only by hard labor, continuous study and patience, that she earned it. It may be said that every American actress who deserves esteem and admiration, has gone through an education almost as prolonged as that of the great Siddons. The training may not have been so bitter, but it has been quite as slow. Thought, effort, modesty, — these were needed in the old school. They are not needed in the new school. We have gone ahead of our sluggish ancestors. They made actresses by years of training. We manufacture them in a day. They were eager to bring talent upon the stage. We are anxious to bring money upon it. Women like the Siddons were the results of genius and application. Women like the Olcott are the results of ignorance and presumption. Great actresses were never the product of advance agents, notoriety in the newspapers, purchased puffery and a bank account. But Miss Olcott has profited by these modern improvements, and she is certainly a triumph of Barnumism.

Miss Olcott is a young person from Brooklyn, who made up her mind not long ago that she could not help herself forward more rapidly than by presenting Victorien Sardou's "*Théodora*," which had been performed successfully in Paris and London, and which had been written for Mme. Bernhardt. Miss Olcott felt herself competent to act the character of *Théodora*. She visited Paris. She talked with Sardou. The French dramatist took kindly to her, it is said, rehearsed her carefully in the stage business of the character, and assisted her with practical suggestions. It is

possible that Miss Olcott paid well for the suggestions; at any rate, she returned to this city with a kind of prestige, the sort of prestige that Mr. Barnum bestows with so much dexterity upon a circus rider or an elephant. It was not Miss Olcott's talent, training, education, that we were asked to give thought to; it was Miss Olcott's ability to pay for what she got, her intimacy with Sardou (who is something of a Simpson, of the three gold balls), her magnificent apparel, her superb audacity.

Other women of the stage might grope upward step by step; Miss Olcott was determined to rise at a bound. The result was inevitable. Miss Olcott has exhibited herself in a character that would test the most profound and subtle genius. She has a pretty face, a graceful figure, good intentions and some talent. She has thrust herself into a dangerous prominence. With a fatuous vanity, which it is not easy to comprehend, she endeavors to express the savage passions of a triple-natured woman, an imperial and terrible woman; and she may really believe that her hopeless incompetency is dignified by effort into tragic genius. It is not pretended that Miss Olcott lacks intelligence, nor that, under right guidance and in a right spirit, she might not win a rational place upon the stage. But a primary student does not begin with a "*Théodora*."

There can be little doubt that Sardou has depicted, in this extraordinary character, one of the most effective and powerful individualities of the stage. From a purely theatrical point of view, nothing could be better. *Théodora* is intensely interesting. She is a complex, thoroughly human being. The motives that lead her on divergent lines of purpose and action are dramatic motives, because they reveal the spontaneity of life. There is a superabundance of passionate instinct, brain and heart in *Théodora*. The sides of her character seem at first glance to be so glaringly contrasted as to be inconsistent or inharmonious; but, as a matter of fact, they fit together perfectly. She had been a common courtesan, who earned her living by selling herself and dancing in the circus; she becomes the wife of *Justinian* and empress of Byzantium; finally, she gives her love, awakened after a career of wantonness

and shame, to a man who trusts her and whom she betrays involuntarily. She is simultaneously the vulgar harlot, the brilliant and courageous empress, the tender-hearted lover; she is three women in one, and only an actress whose sympathy with life is broad and exhaustive could make such a woman live on the stage.

To our mind, there is no peculiar force or intellectual scheme in Sardou's play outside of this dominating character. The situations, it is true, are skilfully contrived and are singularly picturesque; the action is large, rapid and luminous. But the plan of the work is conventional, and the work itself really amounts to nothing higher than a melodrama made for a Parisian audience. The intrigue is not fresh, and has, indeed, been used more than once by Sardou. It is the old intrigue of adultery and violent cross-purposes; a gorgeous and romantic background of history, instead of the dull background of a French salon, adds color and novelty to it. But the play resolves itself into a familiar spectacle. All the personages, with the single exception of *Théodora*, are sketchy and declamatory. Their proficiency in speech-making becomes, in fact, monotonous. And Sardou, clever as he is, does not happen to be a poet, nor even a dramatist in the highest sense. The comedy which relieves the somber scenes of "*Théodora*" smacks of the boulevards. The tragedy is boisterous and obtrusive. One feels, also, in watching the progress of this heavily built play, an occasional want of sincerity, as though the work were a dexterous piece of mechanism rather than a noble and beautiful drama. It should be added that Sardou has not endeavored to construct what is called an historical play. The *Théodora* of history was a woman of intellect and force, who, it is even surmised, codified the Roman laws, and died honorably. As to *Justinian*, whom Sardou depicts as a whining coward and bully, he is supposed to have been a wise and just ruler. But the writers of history do not agree on this point, and Sardou had undoubtedly a right to take the worst, rather than the best view of the Emperor's character. Matthew Arnold says: "History is a Mississippi of lies." The dramatist can

scarcely be blamed, therefore, for a little lying on his own account.

"*Théodora*" is, on the whole, an exceptional and interesting drama, and it affords brilliant opportunities for spectacular effect. The spectacle at Niblo's is an imposing one. It is worth seeing, and will be seen by crowds for many weeks. But the acting is uniformly bad, although Mr. J. H. Gilmour, an English player, handles the character of *Andreas* with skill, vigor and good taste. G. E. M.

LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD.

Jonathan Wild	Mr. N. C. Goodwin
Blueskin	Mr. C. B. Bishop
Sir Roland Trenchard	Mr. E. F. Goodwin
Kneebone	Mr. Frank Currier
Mendez	Mr. F. T. Ward
Mr. Wood	Mr. A. Hart
Marvel	Mr. Robert McIntyre
Quilt Arnold	Mr. Geo. F. Campbell
Little Jack Sheppard	Miss Loie Fuller
Thames Darrell	Miss Rose Leighton
Winifred Wood	Miss Addie Cora Reed
Mrs. Sheppard	Miss Jennie Weathersby
Polly Stanmore	Miss Lelia Farrell
Edgewood Bess	Miss Helen Sedgwick
Kitty Kettleby	Miss Mabel Morris
Captain Cuff	Miss Ida Van Osten
Ireton	Miss Maude Leicester
Shotbolt	Miss Maude Waldemere
Gog	Miss Lillie Craig
Magog	Miss Mabel Craig

This is the cast of something-or-other which Messrs. Yardley and Stephens, the English writers, are pleased to call a melodramatic, operatic burlesque. It was brought forward in this country Monday last at the Bijou Theatre, presumably as a vehicle for Mr. Nathaniel Goodwin to display his rare mimetic gifts and peculiar qualifications for stage entertainment. But the part of *Jonathan Wild* does not do anything of the sort; *Blueskin* could be easily made the chief thing, and in the character Mr. C. B. Bishop is extremely funny. Mr. Goodwin has endeavored to find something which might do him service as "*Adonis*" did Dixey, but he has certainly failed in this, for a more stupid lot of nonsense I have seldom seen. Mr. Goodwin is a wonderfully bright comedian, and should not sell himself to such a second-rate attempt, which "*Little Jack Sheppard*" assuredly is. In order to attract the people as Mr. Dixey did, Mr. Goodwin must find a part that will enable him to interest by his personal magnetism.

D. W.

BOTH SIDES OF THE CURTAIN.

LAST week was to have been the "booming" period of the dramatic season. By this I mean that, on the authority of managers, actors and newspaper critics, the week beginning with September 13 was to be the real and unmistakable inauguration of a dramatic season without equal since the "war, sah." Your dramatic critic will, of course, have his say about the two notable productions of the week, namely, "Théodora" at Niblo's, and "Jack Sheppard" at the Bijou. I am concerning myself only with what the actors in these plays say, and what the play-goers at each house announced as their thoughts. At Niblo's the curtain fell at 1:15 A.M., giving the audience just five hours and a quarter of M. Sardou's "Théodora." Nevertheless, very few people left the house except for refreshments, and hundreds were heard to say that "Théodora" was worth a second visit if she could only get through her stormy career before midnight. On the stage, however, something very like chaos reigned. Miss Olcott, who had spent about \$30,000 on the production, naturally nervous about the task she had undertaken in trying to act Sardou's heroine, was nearly distracted at the long "waits" caused by the heavy scenery and settings. Mr. Hudson Liston, who acted the leading male character, was just preparing to "go on" for his "great scene" at 12:30 A. M., when the management "implored" him to cut it short. Just fancy Salvini being asked to cut his great scene in the third act of "Othello" short and you can imagine Mr. Liston's feelings. That gentleman honestly strove to cut his scene down, but in striving to find where he could leave out a line he, of course, prolonged the situation and did justice neither to his author nor himself. Everybody in the cast was similarly harassed, and the wonder is that the performance was so smooth. Miss Olcott had promised M. Sardou to give his play to America without abridging a line, and so she did for one night, after which the cutting that play received may be imagined from the fact that, on Tuesday night, the curtain fell at 11:30, and on Wednesday at 11:15. Thus, in two nights two hours were cut out of Sardou and the stage carpenters, and when another half-hour is saved "Théodora" will be ripe for the public.

THE young, handsome and talented leading man is the *rara avis* which theatrical managers are persistently seeking. While the ordinary play-goer was, on Monday night, following the fortunes of "Théodora," some dozen managers had eyes only for Mr. Gilmour, the *jeune première* of the cast, who made his first appearance in New York. I can say nothing

of his acting, as I have not seen it, but I can report what the managers say, and, though they are not unanimous, a majority of them declare that Montague's successor has arrived. One up-town impresario announced that Mr. Gilmour had the form of an Apollo and the voice of an Orpheus, while a Western manager declared that the only trouble was that Mr. Gilmour had no "intellect into him;" but when the said manager's daughter decided that the actor in question was "just too lovely for anything," he backed down by insinuating that actors needed no brains nowadays. Mr. Gilmour is a young Canadian, hailing from Montreal. He is a gentleman of birth, breeding and education, and whatever his gifts may be, his character will certainly make him welcome to those who wish well to the stage. By the way, it is an open secret that on Monday night Mr. Gilmour was in a terrible state of nervousness, and just before the cue came for his first entrance he hesitated whether he would go on the stage or get out into Crosby street, get into a cab, and drive to the Grand Central Depot on his way back to Montreal. Fortunately he decided to do his duty and has, according to general opinion, begun a highly successful career in this country.

WHEN dramatic critics are unanimous their unanimity is something wonderful. Had Mr. Nat. Goodwin depended entirely on the "opinions" of the morning journals, he would on Tuesday morning, as Lord Byron did eighty years ago, have got out of bed and found himself famous. But Mr. Goodwin, though enthusiastic, is not blind. Neither he was he deaf to the absence of applause after the first act of "Jack Sheppard." But the critics, bless their honest and unbiased souls, united in saying that all previous fun had been eclipsed by Mr. Goodwin's *Jonathan Wild*, and that he had revived that "harmless gaiety of nations" which Lord Byron, again, mourned over some seven decades ago. But about 10 P.M. Mr. Goodwin looked over the heads of his audience, and saw friends and strangers slowly straggling out, and he made up his mind that "Little Jack Sheppard" would have some trouble in keeping the Bijou flock together. The rhapsodies in the morning papers did not console him in the least, and several hours of each day last week were spent in revising the English burlesque, cutting out the atrocious cockney puns, and importing a little native humor into it. By to-night "Little Jack Sheppard" will be considerably improved, and there will be considerable more Nat. Goodwin in it. But when Humpty Dumpty fell off that fabulous wall all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't set him up again. I hope Mr. Goodwin will fare

better, but he requires authors more "to the manner born" than Messrs. Yardley and Stephens. By the way, as a strong but honest expression of opinion, I may quote what a veteran lady journalist and an ardent admirer of Mr. Goodwin said on Monday night. She arrived promptly and threw a bouquet at Nat. on his first appearance. She was wreathed in smiles until the end of the first act, when a gloom fell over her face which never left it till the curtain came down. At the end of the second act a gentleman of somewhat coarse phrase approached the lady and ventured to suggest that the performance was a "rotten one," to which the lady promptly replied, "Yes, sir, rotten with a double-you—wrotten, that's the way to spell it."

ENGLISH theatrical managers are already hard at work on the coming Christmas pantomimes. But why, oh why, will they not try a few fresh themes? I find by their own announcements, that the old fables are all going to be worked over again. London will have "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," "Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp," "Cinderella," "Mother Goose" and "Goody Two Shoes." "Ali Baba" furnishes thirty provincial theatres with pantomime themes, while "Cinderella" appears in seven different country cities, and "The Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe" turns up all over the United Kingdom. I suppose the pantomime-loving Britisher likes these old stories with a good conservative relish, but the average American, I think, would prefer sighing even for the unattainable to crying, while pretending to laugh over nursery rhymes and echoes of a lost youth. Thackeray tells us that the "spring-time is the best," and I quite agree with him. But it does not make a torrid midsummer or a melancholy autumn any the more enjoyable to be reminded of the faded beauties of the spring-time.

A VERY curious and somewhat amusing error came across the cables recently. A London correspondent announced the fact that a great emotional drama, "Tom Taylor's Retribution," was about to be revived at the Haymarket Theatre. This seemed a very strange title for an emotional play. It hardly appeared possible that Tom Taylor's anything could be emotional. But it all lay in the manner in which the telegraph clerk affixed the inverted commas. What the correspondent meant was "Retribution," by Tom Taylor. The genial Tom Taylor, I trust, has never met with any retribution. The telegraph clerk was probably as innocent of dramatic literature as was the librarian of romances when he put in his catalogue "Mill on Political Economy"—ditto "On the Floss."

The Man in the Street.

BURTON'S OLD THEATRE.



STANDING near the entrance of the old Court House on Chambers street, yesterday, I saw old Tom Smith gazing at the huge building of the American News Company. "What is the matter, Tom?" I inquired. "Oh! nothing; I was only thinking." "Thinking about what, Tom?" "Well," said he, "thinking how fast time flies, and what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue. You see that big building over there, the American News Company? Well, you remember when Burton's Chambers Street Theatre stood there, and I was looking up at the figure of the newsboy in the niche, and recalling when the late Judge Dowling was a newsboy with John Hoey and used to sell newspapers around the theatres. Judge Dowling afterwards became a police officer at Burton's, and Hoey went with Adams' Express Company, and I became gas-man and general janitor for Burton's Theatre; that's a good many years ago, when you were with Jonas B. Phillips, the dramatist for the theatre. Next to the theatre was a low frame building with a long front stoop; it was a well-known public house, then kept by the famous Charley Foote. Next to Foote's stood the heavy walls of the celebrated Manhattan water works, then moss-grown and ivy-covered. You see now only these magnificent marble buildings on their sites. Under Burton's Theatre were the best-known bar and billiard rooms and restaurant then in New York, kept first by Charley Herbert and afterwards by Harry Rabineau. The walls were decorated with the life-size portraits of all the celebrated actors of France, England and America, in addition to a theatrical gallery of rare pictures of great value; it attracted visitors from all over. That was the place where all the actors, journalists, politicians and prominent men of the town congregated. I've seen there the great Ogden Hoffman, the brilliant James T. Brady, the witty John Van Buren, Francis B. Cutting, Major M. M. Noah, the founder of the *Sunday*

Times; the first James Gordon Bennett, Gen. James Watson Webb, Horace Greeley, Ned Wilkins, Bob Holmes, Edgar Allan Poe, Edwin Forrest, Tom Hamblin, the elder Wallack, Booth, John R. Scott, Edward Eddy, Couldock and Dion Boucicault, when he first came over a young man, and aye,

"Ah, what a great company the old man Burton always had, and he was the greatest of them all, and how he did cast and produce plays to perfection. Why, only think of the cast when he produced Dr. Northall's dramatization of Dickens' 'David Copperfield' thirty years ago. Dr. Northall was a distin-



Chas E Burton

my head swims to think of them, and hundreds more like them; and I was just thinking when you came along — they have nearly all passed away — they have strutted their brief hour on the stage of life and have all gone over to the great majority.

guished dentist, located in Bleecker street, then one of the most fashionable streets of New York, and took to play-writing. He dramatized 'David Copperfield' and sent it to Mr. Burton, but Jonas B. Phillips, who was then the leading play-writer, had to remodel it after the

first night, and it had a wonderful success for several seasons. Old man Burton played *Micawber*, and he was the only man who ever could play it. He made up exactly like the



WILLIAM E. BURTON, IN HIS CELEBRATED CHARACTER OF FOZZLES.

gentleman whom Dickens caricatured, and who was and still is, or was a couple of years since, living in New York. Burton was all over *Micawber*, every inch of him, and he kept the house in continuous roars of laughter by his inimitable acting. George Jordan, the handsomest man and the best light comedian of the day, was the *David Copperfield*, and he played it too; the ladies fairly went crazy over him. Lester Wallack, young, graceful, with a wealth of black, curly hair and a pale face, was the *Steerforth*, and he did the accomplished villain to perfection, particularly the death scene. Humphrey Bland, a fine, conscientious actor, was the *Ham*, and the famous William R. Blake, the greatest actor in his line, before or since, played *Peggotty*; and I tell you, in

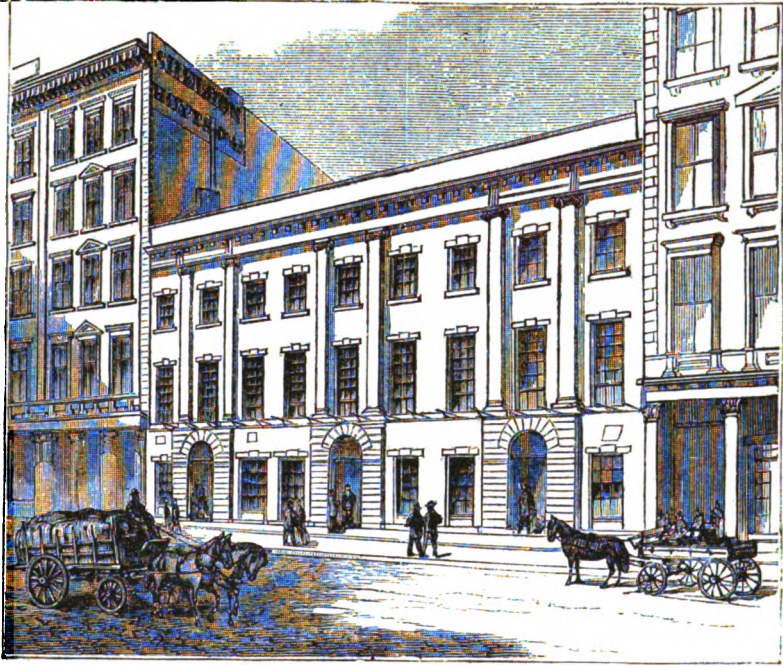
the scene when he started out to find his *Little Em'ly*, there was n't a dry eye in the house. Then there was the best of all eccentric comedians, and I shall never look upon his like again, Thomas B. Johnston—poor Tom Johnston, he played *Uriah Heep*. He created the character and took the critics and the town by storm; his performance of that miserable sneak was simply immense. The actor who comes nearest to Tom Johnston's methods of elaboration of detail is Stoddard. Among the ladies was the famous Mrs. Hughes, who played *Betsy Trotwood*. Mrs. Gilbert, of Dalv's company, is



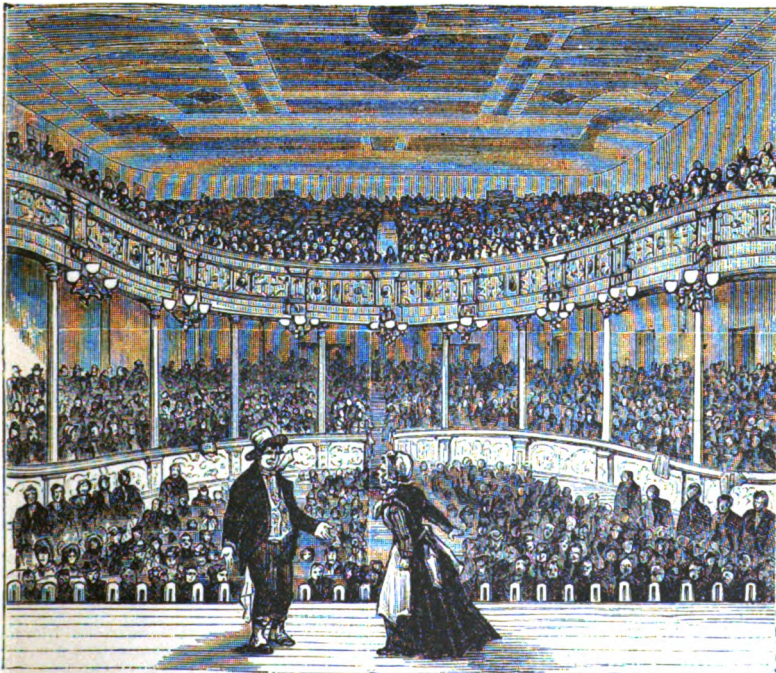
WILLIAM E. BURTON, AS FOZZLES, IN THE CELEBRATED "DRUNKEN SCENE."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GURNEY.

very like her as an actress. She was a very cultivated lady and mother of Charley Hughes, who was formerly clerk of our Court of Appeals, and who has been a member of

Congress and the State Senate, and who is now a leading lawyer of the State, living at Fort Edward, and made the great defense of Billings, who was tried twice and acquitted upon the charge of murdering his wife. The charming Mrs. Sherret, who is now the mother-in-law of Lem Shewell, played *Mrs. Micawber*, and made an admirable companion picture to Burton's *Micawber*. Mrs. Russell, who is now Mrs. John Hoey, the accomplished and



EXTERIOR OF THE OLD PALMO OPERA-HOUSE, AFTERWARDS BURTON'S THEATRE, IN CHAMBERS STREET, THE SITE OF THE AMERICAN NEWS CO.'S BUILDING.



INTERIOR OF BURTON'S THEATRE, CHAMBERS STREET.

devoted wife of John Hoey, and who was one of the most superb actresses ever on the stage, was the *Rosa Dartle*, and she was truly the beautiful, haughty *Rosa Dartle* that Charles Dickens pictured her. Then there was the pretty little Mrs. Burton, who had formerly been a Miss Hill, she played *Little Em'ly*, and made it pathetic in its simplicity, and last, but not least, was the beautiful brunette, Miss Western, she played the unfortunate out-cast, *Martha*. She was the

cause of a sensation once, when Capt. Jim Turner horse-whipped poor Humphrey Bland on her account. She afterwards married 'Dolly' Davenport. Subsequently she married the famous comedian, Charles Matthews, and I believe is still living in England as his widow. There were others in that famous cast in minor parts, among them Ralph Mattison, then a young man, who made quite a feature of *Wilkins Micawber, Jr.* He is now the paying teller of the Nassau Bank. Some of the greatest actors of their day and generation played in old man Burton's company. I can't remember them all, but there was John Brougham, Lysander Thompson, the great dialect actor, John R. Dyott, Harry Perry, Charles Fisher, Norton, Ranisford, Chippendale, little Fisk, George Holland, Dan Setchel, Charley Parsloe, who was once call-boy, Billy Florence, Larry Barrett, and — well, as I said, I can't remember all; but among my pleasantest recollections was Jokey Keyser, the costumer, and old Barnett, the treasurer, and Frank Tryon, his assistant, who a couple of seasons since was with John Stetson. But most of them have gone and we shall never look upon their like again. Good-bye," and Tom Smith heaved a heavy sigh, and slowly turned his steps within the shadow of the portal of the Court House.

Thomas W. Pittman.

DISCOVERING A NEW COMPOSER.



RECENTLY a number of friends, and several musicians and critics who subsequently became his friends, have had the privilege of hearing a young composer recite on the piano some of his own works, and have been astonished by the development of a genius in classic music which very shortly will demand public attention. He is a young man — an American: Edgar S. Kelley, and was born in Sparta, Wisconsin, April 14, 1856. His first studies in musical composition were under the instruction of

Clarence Eddy in Chicago, and he very quickly acquired a thorough knowledge of technique in the sciences of counter-point and fugue. Then he went to Stuttgart, Germany, and for a number of years devoted himself unremittingly to the serious study of whimsical form and instrumentation. He worked under leading masters, and several of his compositions were performed at the Stuttgart Conservatory with a success that was certainly pronounced. One of his manuscripts was examined by the eminent Capellmeister, Josef Rheinberger, of Munich, who was enthusiastic in his praise and insisted that young Kelley was destined to become a famous composer. Since his return to this country, in 1880, Mr. Kelley has resided in Oakland, California, and it was there he composed a symphony on "Macbeth," the performance of which, in San Francisco, brought him immediate local fame. It was given public recital by a large orchestra, and also in connection with a spectacular production of "Macbeth," and in both instances created a deep impression.

In regard to its wonderful effect a man whom I think is to be depended on as an intelligent judge, and who heard its first performance in San Francisco, told me that he and a party of friends entered Platt's Hall with a sneer upon their faces at this then unknown composer's audacity in attempting to portray the grand passions of Shakespeare's play by music; but the very first bars of the overture did away with any such idea, and scorn and levity were changed to wonder and delight; and when, at the close of the performance the audience rose at the young composer, he joined their cries of "bravo," and could no more have refrained from doing so, than he could have helped cheering Patti and Scalchi in "Semeramide." The following condensed extracts from the San Francisco papers of the day after, show how Mr. Kelley's music affected both critics and public.

The Chronicle :

It is not often that San Francisco grows enthusiastic over a home production, but yesterday's applause formed an exception to this icy rule, and if the expressions of the lobby go for anything, Mr. Kelley has touched a height of composition that should make him famous. That pleasurable sensation which comes from finding unexpected genius, was vouchsafed to the audience, and the enthusiasm over the work has given Mr. Kelley a reputation which should almost guarantee anything he chooses to write. At 3 o'clock, on Thursday afternoon, he appeared before the public half suspected of being a musical crank. At 4 o'clock he was remarkably clever, and at 5 o'clock he was a genius. Mr. Kelley's triumph is a very genuine and a very flattering one.

San Francisco Alta :

With beautiful strains and powerful harmonies still lingering in our minds and still exciting our imagination, it is difficult to write calmly of the symphony on Shakespeare's

great play, for such is the real character of the composition by Edgar S. Kelley, that was produced for the first time yesterday afternoon at Platt's Hall.

The province of a critic is to judge, and just and accurate judgment requires a calmness and deliberation which it is almost impossible to command immediately after listening to the work of a musical genius; for such we believe we are doing the composer of this symphony on "Macbeth" no flattery to call him. It has been our good fortune to have heard nearly all of the great musical works of the foremost modern composers in the last ten years, produced with much larger orchestras and more complete choruses than Mr. Kelley

call genius, and in the universal language of all nations — music — true music.

In conclusion we would say that we may be the first who have called the composer of the music to "Macbeth," a genius in print; but we know we will not be the last, and that had the performance of yesterday afternoon been given in Paris instead of San Francisco, the musician who signed his name to the score would awake this morning and find that he had become famous.

San Francisco Newsletter:

By his "Macbeth" music, Edgar S. Kelley, with one bound, has placed himself in the front rank of great musicians.

This composition is not merely a display of wonderful inventive powers, guided by a complete knowledge of all the possibilities of musical evolution; it is a foundation of thought and feeling — the result of an intellectual analysis of another's great work expressed in a language which is universal.

San Francisco

Argonaut:

Genius is scarcely common enough to be recognized at a glance; yet from all that tradition offers concerning the manifestations of this incomparable quality, its features are undoubtedly impressed upon the work of Mr. Edgar S. Kelley.

These press notices I have picked out among perhaps a hundred, which I found in Mr. Kelley's scrap book. Some are even more enthusiastic, but these are evenly tempered and well considered. The portrait which is herewith published shows the face of a young man with possibly a German cast of features. He might readily be taken for a German, and in speaking of this, he laughingly says: "My name is Irish. I look somewhat Dutch, and I am

an American!" Mr. Kelley, like all of his kind, is of a nervous, fidgety disposition, but he has no exaggerated ideas of himself, and his modest bearing and generous estimate of others is refreshing. He is now in New York, and has just finished the music for a new comic opera, the libretto of which was written by Mr. A. C. Gunter. A few evenings since I had the privilege of hearing both words



EDGAR S. KELLEY.

could command yesterday for the interpretation of his composition, but with perhaps the exception of Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," we can remember none that left so vivid and powerful an impression on our imagination, or a greater amount of pleasing recollection, than this symphony on "Macbeth." It is one of the advantages of genius to so excite us by the splendor of the beauties it creates that we pass by its faults unmarked. This, we confess, it is difficult to avoid in the work we are about to describe; but, striving to eliminate all undue enthusiasm, we will endeavor to analyze its merits, as well as note what defects appeared to us on first hearing this symphony. . . . As a symphony, which is its true musical form, we expect to hear Mr. Kelley's work sung the world over, for he has written with the power that men

and music recited by the authors. In passing reference, let me say that the libretto will prove the most original of its kind ever seen here. As to the score, I hesitate to say all that I might. It was a revelation! Here was some music written for a comic opera, that was original and classic; full of dreamy numbers, grand choruses and marches, delicious opportunities for orchestration, and ingenious juxtaposition with the humorous and serious lines in the libretto. Here was music that was *new* indeed, and as I sat in rapt attention and heard it all, and afterwards listened to the young composer's improvisations on the same, I said to myself: A new master has been born — an American at last!

D. W.

WILLIAM WARREN.

William Warren was born in Philadelphia, November 17, 1812, and came of truly theatrical lineage. His father, who came from England in 1796, at the age of nineteen, and was in his lifetime an actor and manager of repute, married in New York a Scotch girl, Esther Fortune, who, like her sister Euphemia, the grandmother of Joseph Jefferson, was a good and popular actress. Young Warren's first appearance was made on October 27, 1832, at the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia, the occasion being a benefit to his father, and his part *Young Norval*. He was sufficiently successful to be allowed to give up the mercantile life which had been mapped out for him, and to take to the stage instead. After some irregular exercise at different times and places, he became a member of the Boston Howard Athenæum company, which he joined on October 6, 1846, playing *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*. Here he made his mark, and was engaged at the end of this season for the Boston Museum, where he began his work on August 23, 1847, as *Billy Lackaday* and *Gregory Grizzle*, and where he remained until his withdrawal from the stage at the end of the season of 1882-3 — a period of thirty-four years, broken only by a short time of touring in 1864-5 as head of the Warren-Orton combination, under H. C. Jarrett's management. During all this extended professional life Mr. Warren only played once in New York, on April 14, 1841, when he appeared as *Grizzle*. He also acted once in London, for a benefit, at the Strand Theatre, in the year 1844, when he played *Con Gormley* in "The Vermont Wood-Dealer."

When the half-century of his work was nearing its close, Mr. Warren was invited to accept a testimonial benefit tendered him by fellow-citizens who represented the best in Boston society, art, and literature. Performances were given on the afternoon and evening of October 28, 1882, and the Museum was crowded, although to the double price of the seats was to be added in most cases a considerable auction premium. In the afternoon he acted *Dr. Pangloss*, and in the evening *Sir Peter Teazle*, and a special programme, bearing a

fine steel portrait and some biographical details, was distributed. The local press printed several appropriate sketches, and it was noted that he had performed, in his thirty-four years at the Museum, 13,345 times, in 577 parts, 5,799 of these performances having been in only 68 characters. After the evening performance there was a small gathering of friends at his residence, when some testimonials were presented to him, among them a silver pitcher from the Boston Theatre company, and a "loving-cup" sent him by Booth, Jefferson, Barrett, McCullough and Mary Anderson, Mr. William Winter being the messenger, and accompanying the gift by a eulogistic poem.

Shortly after this the regular season closed, and Mr. Warren then severed his long connection with the Museum, and, as the result has proved, withdrew finally from the stage.

In the course of his long, unbroken career, beginning in the time when a single part a year was never so much as dreamed of for an actor's stock in trade and test of his ability, but when, on the contrary, a half-dozen new parts a week were a not uncommon task, Mr. Warren necessarily assumed the enormous number of nearly six hundred different rôles — from the trivialities of extravaganza, burlesque, and fairy spectacle, the oddities of farce, and the "character" parts of regular and sensational drama, to the highest walk of elegant comedy and the dignity and wit of Shakespeare. Beginning with a faithful determination always to consider his duty first and himself last, his powers widened, strengthened, deepened and rounded with each year, until he not only did the old things better every season, but also annually added to his repertory something which until then he could not have mastered. The genuinely ridiculous earnestness of *Poor Pillicoddy*, *John Small* and *Box* prepared him for *Tony Lumpkin*, *Fathom* and *Dr. Pangloss*. From these he passed to *Touchstone* and *Polonius*, to his *Sir Harcourt Courtly*, high bred for all its vanity and selfishness, his *Sir Peter Teazle*, unrivaled for finesse, delicacy and point, and to his *Triplet*, full almost to excess of irresistible pathos. Acquiring in the mean time the French language, and studying the French character, he was able to make other great successes in such digressions from his vernacular parts as *Haversack*, *M. Tourbillon* and *Jacques Fauvel*, in most of which mere humor was laid aside for deeper and stronger traits.

Mr. Warren's face is mobile, and, "better than that word," belongs to that class through which, as *Macbeth* said, the "spirits shine," conveying a hundred impressions with comparatively slight modification of feature — like Rachel's, Neilson's, Salvini's and Edwin Booth's. The changes which pass over it can rarely be analyzed and detailed as examples of expression, and yet the thought, the purpose, the meaning and the feeling of the moment can be read there infallibly. He was never skilful at dancing or singing, or in any gymnastic accomplishments; but these limitations have seldom impaired his effects. His voice is of a peculiar *timbre* — reedy, and with a kind of edge to it. It may fairly be called unique, and is always

recognizable on the instant; yet this strange quality is not unpleasant, and the organ is susceptible of many modifications as truly expressive of tenderness and pathos, of woe and weakness, as of piquancy, eccentricity or dry humor.

Although Mr. Warren has always remained a bachelor, he has nothing of the recluse about him. His residence has been for tens of years in the quiet boarding-house of the Misses Fisher, in central, old-fashioned, almost forgotten Bulfinch Place—a little street of a dozen houses hidden away behind the Revere House, at the foot and back of Beacon Hill. Here he has had really a home, other boarders being few, and then only specially favored members of the dramatic profession, while the mistress of the house has watched his comfort with sisterly care, and made his personal friends welcome heartily. As a consequence of this tranquil, regular life, the natural placidity and gentleness of his disposition have been nurtured in the intervals of his study, and he has at the same time preserved a *bonhomie* and an original humor which are rare among comedians of the higher and more thoughtful types. He is kind-hearted, generous, quickly responsive to any worthy appeal—often, indeed, more willing to be imposed upon to his own cost than to believe another to be an impostor or a cheat—and very fond of the nieces who come occasionally to make him happy by a visit. He is a man of good taste, but easily pleased, fond of reading and of friendly unprofessional chat, and takes a real uncritical satisfaction in seeing and encouraging a good amateur performance. Beyond and above these traits, he is honorable, dignified, loyal and upright, with a conduct, a character, and a reputation which many a pillar of a church might honestly wish to parallel.

Howard Malcom Ticknor in Harper's Weekly.

—Mrs. D. P. Bowers opened the season of the New Chalet Theatre in Pittsburg two weeks ago, and the *East End Bulletin* of that city thus speaks of her and the company:

"'Lady Audley's Secret' has seldom, if ever, been acted, as a whole, more effectively than it has been presented by the company supporting Mrs. Bowers. In general conception, thoroughness and finish, Mrs. Bowers' work in 'Lady Audley's Secret' is as superior to the lame performances of stars whose ineffectual efforts to portray the passions simply weary us, as high art ever is to mediocre displays. There have been very few actresses in any age or on any stage whose art enabled them to effect the transitions from lightness and grace to fierceness and over-awing force, with the skill that Mrs. Bowers displays. As *Marie Stuart* she masters the poetic phase of the character. Mr. Joseph Wheelock's *Robert Audley* is one of the most natural, easy, graceful and forcible portrayals our theatre-goers have witnessed. Miss Fanny Gillette has maintained a praiseworthy excellence in all that she has done. Mr. John A. Lane, in the main idea and in the detail that assists in defining character, has perfectly realized the highest anticipations. Miss Alberta Gallatin displays the grace, delightful intelligence, intensity and force that marks the true artist. Miss Jennie Carroll has mastered the gesture and expression that reinforces admirably conceived eccentricities in character coloring. Mr. Mark Lynch and Mr. Rudolph H. Strong are capable actors. It is a pleasure to witness a company combining the degree of intelligence and experience that these people exhibit. In their hands; whatever requires grace, force, or the play of fancy finds adequate expression."

EDWIN BOOTH'S PERSONALITY.

(From the *Charleston News and Courier*.)

A CHECK for \$1,000 sent by Edwin Booth, the tragedian, to an old and dear friend in this city, whose home was destroyed by the earthquake, was received yesterday. The munificent gift was accompanied by the following beautiful and feeling letter:

BOSTON, September 1, 1886.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: The earthquake horror reminds me that I have (or had) many dear friends in Charleston. I can't help all of 'em, but if the inclosed can relieve you and the dear ones, use it—would to God I could offer more. Bad as it is, it might be worse. The Almighty loves us despite His chastisement. Be true to Him. He will not desert you. My little life has been a chapter of tragedies, as you know, but I have never despaired—never lost my "grip" of the Eternal Truth. "The worst is not" so long as we can say "this is the worst."

Give my love to all old friends of mine and assure them that, though I may never see them again in the flesh, they are vivid in my memory. "wreathed with roses" and red ribbons.

Your old friend,

NED.

A LETTER FROM BOSTON.

September 14.

FOR the first time in this city, "The Minute Men" was presented at the Boston Theatre last night. Its late production in New York, coupled with extensive criticism in the metropolitan papers—freely quoted in advertising it here—had prepared Bostonians for its reception in the Hub. Recalling, as it does, many stirring features of our revolutionary struggles, in which the battle of Bunker Hill and General Warren's death play an important part, the action of the plot frequently aroused the patriotic sentiments of the large audience present, the elemental qualities proving sufficiently strong and connected in the presentation of what can be called a "catching" play. Mr. Herne has written a clean, wholesome drama, interesting, and, in the main, well acted.

At the Hollis Street Theatre Miss Clara Morris last night opened a week's engagement as *Corra* in "Article 47." It is a pity that her wonderfully powerful and finished acting cannot find its highest level in plays that are pure in plot and action. The inference obtained from a consideration of her plays for this season leads to the conclusion that the French school in its wealth of immoral productions contains the highest scope for dramatic ability, and therefore must be accepted if we desire to witness such in our favorite stars. We must forget that a play illustrates the life and business of those whom the world marks as unclean, in the quest after emotional ecstasies born in contemplation of their delineation by the gifted artist. If in reply to the oft-repeated question, Is the stage a public educator in its moral tone? would its friends point to "Article 47" and "Camille?" True, one swallow does *not* make a summer, nor do these plays preponderate in our land; yet how far-reaching in their effects upon susceptible hearts no one can tell till the cause of modern degeneracy in high places of trust is laid bare.

Miss Morris, with excellent support, showed the value of her emotional powers in repeated climaxes

which thrilled the audience to painful sympathy in her naturally depicted sufferings.

"Harbor Lights," at the Museum, continues to pack it to the fullest extent of its seating capacity. The play runs brilliantly and smoothly, and Miss Evesson and Mr. Vanderfelt, with Miss Craigen and Mr. Wilson, form a quartette which Mr. Field is to be congratulated in possessing.

"The Little Tycoon" entered its second week at the Park Theatre with a rush, and its popularity is now so well defined that it is fashionable to be thought a Japaned-American. *H. W.*

BROOKLYN NOTES.

LAST Monday night Mlle. Marie Aimée appeared in Jessup & Gill's comedy force, entitled "Mam'zelle," at Colonel Sinn's Park Theatre to the proverbial large audience, and one roar of laughter characterized the evening's entertainment. Mr. Newton Chisnell as *Col. Hiram Poster*, the prosperous manager, was exceedingly good, and his very appearance without utterance, was the signal for laughter. Mlle. Aimée sang several songs during the evening, but she scored her greatest success in "His 'Art was true to Poll." In this she forced to respond to five encores, the song seemingly having struck a popular chord. At the Grand Opera House "Clio" has been doing very well during the week, and left Brooklyn last evening with many admirers behind them.

The benefit at the Park Theatre recently given in aid of the Charleston sufferers, amounted to \$1,403.75. This was the first theatrical benefit in this country, and, adding the \$106 sent the week previous, makes in all \$1,509.75 sent to the relief of Charleston from this theatre.

Robson and Crane appear at Henry Miner's Brooklyn Theatre shortly, when a treat in the way of genuine fun is expected, for their entertainments are always good and their houses always well filled.

The Brooklyn Academy of Music opens next Wednesday evening with Miss Clara Morris in "Article 47," Thursday evening she will appear in "Miss Multon," Friday evening in "The New Magdalen," and Saturday afternoon in "Camille." The rush for tickets is already very great, and those who wish to witness the efforts of this superb actress will have to purchase seats early. "A Rag Baby" opens a week's engagement at the Park Theatre on Monday night, and this company will give place on the 27th to the Carleton Opera company. *D. F.*

WALLACK'S.

BROADWAY AND THIRTIETH STREET.


Tickets purchased from speculators not received at the door.

JOSEPHINE SOLD BY HER SISTERS.

Artistically presented by the McCAULL OPERA COMIQUE COMPANY.

EVENINGS AT 8.

SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2



Broadway and Thirty-Ninth Street.
RUDOLPH ARONSON, . MANAGER
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 Roof Garden Promenade Concert after the Opera.
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24th St., near Broadway.

THE SUCCESS OF THE SEASON.

WILLIAM GILLETTE'S

American Drama,

HELD BY THE ENEMY.

EVENINGS AT 8.30.

MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.



THIRTEENTH ST. AND BROADWAY.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20. Fourth and Last Week of

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT.

CHANGE OF PLAY NIGHTLY.

RICHELIEU, HAMLET,
JULIUS CÆSAR, DAVID GARRICK,
YORICK'S LOVE, MERCHANT OF VENICE,
FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.

EDWARD HARRIGAN, . . . PROPRIETOR.
M. W. HANLEY, SOLE MANAGER.

MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 23, 1886.

The preliminary season will be inaugurated with
MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN'S
 Successful Local Comedy, in three acts, entitled

INVESTIGATION,

with all the original music, by Mr. DAVE BRAHAM, viz.:

"AS LONG AS THE WORLD GOES ROUND,"

"THE PLUM PUDDING"

"THE BOODLE, THE BOODLE,"

"HELLO, BABY!" A new local song entitled:

"ON UNION SQUARE."

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY
 at 2. BOX-OFFICE OPEN DAILY AT 9 A. M.

THE THEATRE.



TANNHÄUSER AND VENUS.

— From a Painting by Otto Knille.

THE THEATRE.

VOL. II, No. 2.

SEPTEMBER 27, 1886.

WHOLE No. 28

THE THEATRE: AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF
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DESHLER WELCH EDITOR AND MANAGER.
G. E. MONTGOMERY ASSOCIATE.

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*** The Editor solicits contributions from the readers of *THE THEATRE*, and suggests that old play bills, and scraps relating to the stage, notes, news and items appertaining to the different arts, would be acceptable. It is the desire of the Editor to establish a widely circulated magazine, and to further that end every good idea will be acted upon so far as possible.

*** All articles appearing in *THE THEATRE* are written especially for it unless credited otherwise.

*** Address all communications to the Editor.

THE FIRST VOLUME.

With Number 26 was finished the first volume of THE THEATRE. Anyone wishing to complete a file for binding can be accommodated with back numbers at the rate of ten cents per copy. Handsomely bound volumes will be supplied to any address for \$3.00.

ENTRE NOUS.

I UNDERSTAND that that bright and clever actress, Charlotte Thompson, is trying to obtain a position in a stock company. She certainly ought to find it here in New York. The last few seasons she has lost a great deal of money trying new plays, and before that made considerable—one season as high as \$35,000. She and her husband, Lorraine Rogers, are living on a farm about thirty miles from the city. They also own a small plantation South, but in either instance they are unable to derive sufficient to live as they desire and should.

SPEAKING of Miss Thompson, I am reminded of an experience she once had in Buffalo, where she was astonished to find her audiences unaccountably thin. The play was "Jane Eyre." A friend explained the cause: "The name of the chief character," said he, "is *Lord Rochester*, and Buffalo can't stand that." Suddenly comprehending the rivalry between two cities thus

named, Miss Thompson called her advertising agent, and the next day the dead walls of Buffalo flamed with the announcement, "At the Saturday matinee the chief male character will be re-named *Lord Buffalo*." There was "standing room only" on that occasion.

"JANE EYRE" has been a singularly successful play; not perhaps in coining an overwhelming amount of money, but it has always been extremely popular in certain portions of the country. I believe that if it were produced here now with a carefully selected company, and well mounted in a small theatre, say the Lyceum, it would have a run. There are two or three good actresses who could do very strong work with *Jane Eyre*. This piece, by the way, was adapted from the German by Mr. Alfred Ayres, the author of the "Verbalist," "Orthoepist," etc., and a frequent contributor to *THE THEATRE*.

THE story of the play of "Harvest," which is to open the season at Wallack's Theatre, October 12, is briefly this: Several years after his marriage has taken place the husband is told that the marriage is illegal, and, as he has the opportunity of marrying a wealthy lady, he throws over his wife and child and marries her. Twenty years after his son meets and falls in love with his father's step-daughter. The father's second wife is dead, and the lonely man is willing to remarry his first wife so as to legitimize his son, whom he desires to be his heir. The wife, at first obdurate, yields, and a double marriage is the consequence.

ROSINA VOKES and her company sailed on Tuesday last, for America, on the *City of Chester*. Her repertoire comprises "The Schoolmistress," by Pinero; "The Double Lesson," by B. C. Stephenson; "Hyde and Jekyll," by George Grossmith; "Cousin Dick,"

by Val Prinsep, A. R. A., and a burlesque melodrama by George and Weedon Grossmith. The company comprises Rosina Vokes, Helena Dacre, Mabel Millett, May Carew, Agnes Miller and Gwendoline Dalzell, all very beautiful women, and Weedon Grossmith, W. G. Elliott, Courtenay Thorpe, Malcolm Bell, Gordon Dalzell, T. Roberts, C. Rivers and T. Rolfe.

**

MRS. ELDRIDGE, who is the popular "Aunt Louisa" to the profession, writes to me very enthusiastically concerning the production of John W. Keller's new play of "Tangled Lives," which had its initial performance in New Haven on the 16th, and thinks it will be a genuine success. Mr. Mantell has a particularly good part. The company is cast as follows:

Raymond Garth	Mr. Robert B. Mantell
Josephus Howson	Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft
Herman Foster	Mr. B. T. Ringgold
Digby Dainty	Mr. Archie Lindsay
Reginald Bronze	Mr. W. F. Blande
Addison Raphael Pope	John Jannus
Samuel Draper, <i>alias</i> Diogenes	Louis Wilson
Darius Potts	Mr. J. D. McKittrick
Helen Rathbourne	Miss Eleanor Carey
Edith Ainsley	Miss Effie M. Shannon
June Wilton	Miss Marie Sheldon
Gladys Delorme	Miss Agnes Elliott
Aunt Eliza	Mrs. Louisa Eldridge

**

THIS Monday Miss Helene Dauvray begins her season at the Park Theatre, Boston, in "One of Our Girls," with the following strong cast: *Dr. Girodet*, Joseph E. Whiting; *Mr. Fonblanque*, George F. De Vere; *Capt. John Gregory*, E. H. Sothorn; *Comte Florian de Crebillon*, J. G. Saville; *Henry Saint-Hilaire*, Frank Rodney; *Le Duc de Fouche-Fonblanque*, J. W. Pigott; *Andre*, Gus Brooks; *Pierre*, Wm. Payson; *Mme. Fonblanque*, Miss Ida Vernon; *Julie*, Miss Enid Leslie; *Miss Kate Shipley*, Miss Helene Dauvray.

**

WILSON BARRETT writes: "As to my American tour, I have no fear about that. The fact that I have received the best of terms from the managers who have seen me play *Hamlet* in England proves conclusively to me that they expect my rendering of the part to be successful. In fact, they all assure me that my *Hamlet* is certain to be one of the great attractions of the season there.

American audiences, moreover, are very quick at receiving new impressions in Shakespearian plays, and, under all the circumstances, I have absolutely no fear as to the result. Speaking of my American trip, I may give you an idea of the amount of luggage we are taking out, when I tell you that the original estimates for ocean transport of scenery have been exceeded by about £600."

**

THE great concert hall which has been built on the site of the old Theatre Royal, in Dublin, will be reopened on November 1. The inaugural concert will be under the direction of Mr. Henry E. Abbey, who takes Madame Adelina Patti for a week to Dublin on her road to America. Signor Arditì conducts, and Madame Scalchi, as well as Signori Galassi, Novara, and Guille, will take part in the proceedings.

**

MME. PATTI will begin her "farewell" American tour in this city, under the management of Mr. Abbey, on Nov. 7. When Mme. Patti left us, not long ago, she had decided, much against her patriotic inclinations, not to return again to America. Mme. Patti will, of course, sing in concert. One of the most popular features of her programme will be the principal act from "Semiramide," sung by herself and Mme. Scalchi.

**

IT is stated positively that Mr. Mapleson will certainly reappear in New York next winter, and will have an Italian company at the Academy of Music. Yet few persons will be inclined to put faith in this promise. Mr. Mapleson has just completed his company for a professional tour through Great Britain; it is headed by Mlles. Donadio, Nordica, Dotti and Föhlstrom. Mlle. Nordica is Miss Lillian Norton.

**

EDMUND YATES says in his *London World*:

Mr. Brander Matthews, an American author and journalist, is writing to the Philadelphia press letters descriptive of the inner life of our London newspaper offices. In one of them he speaks of British respectability, "with its thousand gigs." This is sheer nonsense. Mr. Matthews has heard something about respectability and gigs, and makes his own quotation. The connection dates from the trial of Thurtell for the murder of William Weare, when one of the witnesses having stated that Weare was a respectable man, and being questioned what he meant, said "Well, he kept a gig." By the way, Mr. Brander Matthews wrote a comedy, which was produced in London, at the Court Theatre, if I mistake not.

I wonder what the *Daily Telegraph* said about that comedy! I wonder—after reading what Mr. Matthews says about the *D. T.* and its young and old lions.

Nevertheless, Mr. Matthews has been writing some very entertaining letters.

* *

MR. YATES also informs us that "Norwiza," the new opera by Cordes, will be performed for the first time by the Carl Rosa Opera company at Liverpool between Christmas and the new year. The opera is entirely finished, the third act having just been copied. Carl Rosa, during a recent voyage to Norway, acquired a number of valuable models, costumes, shoes and even carriages for the "Norwiza" scene, which is supposed to be in Norway.

* *

MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW returned from abroad last week, and many of his observations upon Church, State, and Theatre are well worth publishing. He also says:

An odd feature of Continental journalism, or so it seemed to me, is the manner in which American news is treated. The political and serious occurrences in this country are never noticed at all. The only American item I saw was a very full account of how President Cleveland caught a trout in the Adirondacks, and how Mrs. Cleveland stood on the hotel veranda and smiled when he brought it up. The fight on the floor of the House of Representatives between Congressmen Laird and Cobb was very fully treated in the Russian papers, so a friend of mine from St. Petersburg told me. He said that it was the only American item printed in the St. Petersburg papers for three months. I noticed the European papers all gave that affair in detail, generally adding something like this: "This affair clearly shows the trend of republican institutions."

It seems to me we are not much better in this sort of thing. To be sure our newspapers print a great deal of European political gossip, and they print yards about Dixey dinners and Dixey's chumship with the Prince of Wales. Besides, our own local affairs are treated by American newspapers in a manner which must be very puzzling to the Englishman. Our politics are relegated to an obscure corner, and our theatrical scandals and society nonsense are given big head-lines and illustrations.

* *

THERE were some very inconsistent things in the first production of "The Main Line" at the Lyceum Theatre. The scene is laid in the wilds of Colorado, in a gully, and yet two travelers who have come a thousand miles or more are dressed as if for some afternoon reception in a city. The girl wears a complicated adornment, chiefly a red velvet gown,

and the man, with his "Prince Albert," highly polished silk hat and white scarf, is only excused in this absurdity by two or three more highly polished silk hats in the last act, in spite of a driving snow storm!

* *

IT seems to me that Mr. De Mille might increase the substantial popularity his play may obtain by making several alterations which would in no way destroy his scheme, and yet enhance its artistic value. The introduction of biblical phrases in juxtaposition with vulgar street idioms is especially to be condemned. The "professional" talk of the "actor" and "actress" in the last act is not generally understood or appreciated by refined people. It smacks of the variety-hall adventure, and is certainly neither characteristic, nor is it essential as revealing the private trials of the better class of people on the stage.

* *

MR. E. E. RICE, Mr. Dixey's astute manager, has purchased a new burlesque on the London Lyceum "Faust," containing the same number of scenes as the drama. Mr. Dixey will make up as Mr. Irving in *Mephistopheles*. The libretto is by a Mr. Joseph Tarbar, who has also arranged the lyrics and music. It is expected that after a tour Mr. Dixey will return to New York, and prepare this burlesque in conjunction with the author.

* *

ON the occasion of Mr. Dixey's last appearance in London, an *apropos* addition to his famous song, "It's English, you know," was the following neat and appropriate "farewell verse" by Mr. Cunningham Bridgman:

'Tis always a hard thing to bid friends "Good-bye"
In English, you know, *plain* English, you know;
It sends the salt water up into one's eye
When friends are so English, you know.
And so as I hope to return to your shore—
That is, if you really don't think me a bore—
Instead of farewell, let me say *au revoir*,
In English, *French*-English, you know.
For the things that we say and the things that we do
Are English, you know, quite English, you know.
So don't forget me, and I'll not forget you,
Who are English, quite English, you know.

* *

TWO of the London Crystal Palace concerts this year will be conducted by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The first programme will be his own setting of the "Golden Legend," which is to be

given on Dec. 4, when Mme. Albani will sing. On Dec. 11 Sir Arthur will direct a mixed programme, including Beethoven's fourth symphony and concerto in G, played by Mlle. Kleeberg. The regular concerts will begin on the 16th, and for these Mr. Augustus Manns has made up an interesting programme. It includes Mackenzie's "The Story of Sayid," Villiers Stanford's "The Revenge," and Dvorák's "St. Ludmila," all conducted by the composers, besides a Liszt programme, and a Berlioz programme ("The Childhood of Christ") on Nov. 20, a Weber centenary programme on Dec. 18, Prout's new symphony in E, and works new to these concerts by Liszt, Cowen, Praeger, Mackenzie, Gadsby, George Bennett and others.

**

LORTZING's posthumous opera, "Regina," will have its first public performance at Augsburg, Bavaria, this winter.

**

THE once famous singer, Adelina Spech, for whom Adelina Patti was named, died a few weeks ago in Rome. She was in her day considered the rival of Malibran, but her sudden and remarkable corpulency compelled her to withdraw from the stage at the age of twenty-four.

**

IT is said that Liszt's posthumous pianoforte method, to which all pianists have been looking forward so eagerly, is not complete in the manuscript. Last autumn Liszt had considerable correspondence on the subject with his biographer, L. Ramann, but there is doubt now what will be the outcome of it all. *Apropos* of Liszt, the Mayor of Weimar has requested Frau Wagner, in the name of the city, to be allowed to transfer Liszt's body to Weimar, where he offered to erect for him a mausoleum. Frau Wagner has not decided what to do.

**

I AM sorry to learn that Joseph Jefferson, several times within the last two weeks, has been compelled to give up a performance because of illness. Mr. Jefferson is now well advanced in life, and for nearly forty years has been upon the stage. In all this time he has

never missed an engagement until now. It is declared, however, that he is still vigorous, and his present indisposition is nothing serious.

**

MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND appeared in a new play in Detroit, last Monday night, entitled, "The Woman Hater," which was written for him by Mr. David D. Lloyd, author of "For Congress." Mr. Raymond's character in this piece is *Samuel Bundy*, a well-to-do bachelor who pretends to dislike women. The scene is laid at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. *Bundy* is engaged to be married to four women, three of whom appear in the play, while the fourth is always just about to appear, to the discomfiture of *Mr. Bundy*. After many complications he is married to one of the four and comforts himself with the hope that he has seen the end of his troubles. But when about to start on his wedding tour he is mistaken for another person and locked up in a private asylum for insane. All the patients, like himself, are sane, but each regards all the others as insane. Mr. Lloyd is also the author of "The Dominie's Daughter," which will very likely be produced at Wallack's Theatre the latter part of the season.

**

SOME time ago THE THEATRE rather sharply criticised the magazine entitled *Literary Life*, of which Miss Rose Cleveland is responsible editor. The typographical appearance was a sad reminder that the cellar printing office still exists in Chicago. Through this suggestion Mr. Joseph Fleming, the artistic member of the firm which prints THE THEATRE, forwarded, by request of Mr. Elder, the publisher of *Literary Life*, the design for a new cover. This was duly accepted and with much grace. It will adorn the next number of the magazine.

**

AN American recently met M. Francisque Sarcey, the clever French dramatic critic, and suggested that he should visit the United States. "Why?" asked M. Sarcey. "It is a great country, and is worth seeing," answered the American. "Besides, you are well known there, and you would be received kindly."

Sarcey regarded the speaker with a half-hidden cynicism. "I am not convinced," he said. "Must I go to America to get something to eat? I have all I can eat here." That ended the discussion.

MR. JOHN GILMOUR (as his name is given in the programme), is the leading actor in Miss Lillian Olcott's company, at Niblo's Garden. This is such a weak company, that a man of moderate talent might reasonably be expected to shine in it. But Mr. Gilmour is something better than an actor who makes a good impression among bad surroundings. He is the sort of actor that is valuable in a strong, well-balanced stock company. A tall, fine-looking man, with a frank face, clear and bright eyes, a sweet and rich voice, a quick intelligence, and dramatic instinct — that appears to be Mr. Gilmour as he is seen in "Théodora." It is unfortunate, in the circumstances, that Mr. Gilmour's reputation is not to his credit in one sense. He is a Canadian, and he has produced American plays at Montreal and elsewhere across the border. But he obtained these plays by questionable means. Mr. Louis Aldrich insists that Mr. Gilmour "stole" Mr. Campbell's "My Partner."

A SYNOPSIS of Mr. William Warren's life and career upon the stage was printed in THE THEATRE last week. This article was condensed from a still longer one, printed in *Harper's Weekly*. In the present number of THE THEATRE the reader will observe a portrait of Mr. Warren, which is both faithful in a strictly photographic sense, and faithful in a much larger and more artistic sense. Mr. Warren has a face that, once seen, is not easily forgotten. It is a well marked, thoughtful face, and it brings back to one who regards it earnestly, some of the most brilliant memories of the Boston stage.

Mlle. AIMÉE has announced her intention of producing this (Monday) evening, at the Union Square Theatre, a play entitled "Marita," which is described as a three-act musical comedy, arranged by Mr. Barton Hill. "Marita" is actually an adaptation of Sardou's

clever play, "Piccolino," which is now in Mlle. Rhea's repertory. In what sense "Piccolino" can be spoken of as a musical comedy is not clear to us. The play is very bright, with a brisk and clear action and a pleasant story. *Marita* is a modest young girl, who is betrothed to a French artist, *Frederic d'Avril*. Their love-making is bucolic and honest, but when *Frederic* gets back to town, he falls in love with the *Countess Elena*. *Marita* disguises herself as a boy, calls herself *Piccolino*, and starts in search of him. After undergoing the usual tribulations that befall a woman who loves, is discarded, and then loves again, she marries *Frederic*, gives up trousers, and also the name of *Piccolino*. Mlle. Aimée's interpolated songs may give this romantic little play the air of a musical comedy.

THE frontispiece this week is a copy of a photograph made from a celebrated painting, by Otto Knille, now in one of the German galleries. The original is remarkable for its exquisite coloring and elaborate detail. Another charming illustration in this number of THE THEATRE is "The Trio."

VERY recently a young and charming girl, well known in the society of Washington, New York, and Ohio, contemplated going on the stage, but her marriage to a young man who bears a distinguished name changed her plans. She had been much encouraged by Madame Modjeska, who expected to introduce her this season. In answer to a letter from the fair bride stating the circumstances and desiring to be released from her engagement, Madame Modjeska wrote as follows:

CLARENDON HOTEL, NEW YORK, Sept. 17, 1886.

MY DEAR MRS. — I was so happy to hear from you and to know that the dream of your life has been realized.

I shall miss you, of course, but it is far better for you that you are not going on the stage after all. Our life is not all strewn with roses, and an existence of a young, beautiful girl in our profession is sometimes very sad, believe me. You were born to shine — but not on the stage — you will shine in society and be the pride of your husband and yours, and when you are old you will have a circle of devoted friends around you, which will make your life sweet and easy.

An actress is appreciated only at the time of her glory — when she has given to the world all that was best in her, she is like an empty bottle — no one cares for her any more. Oh! it is far better for you as it is, and I congratulate you with all my heart.

Mr. Bozenta joins me in greetings and good wishes.

With many kisses and blessings,

I remain yours always,

HELENA MODJESKA.

Every good woman on the stage will appreciate this letter.

Trophonius.

THE WEEK.



THE MAIN LINE.

SEVERAL of our native dramatists have endeavored to construct plays out of this very simple material: an ignorant Western girl, very pretty and very wild, whose lack of worldly knowledge merely enforces the picturesqueness and natural charm of her character; a still more Western young man, gruff and burly, who persists in a conviction that he is the person chosen by Providence to be the girl's husband; another young man, this one from "polite" civilization, who falls in love with the girl, and is, therefore, obliged to encounter the passionate and even savage protests of his rival. In "The Main Line," a new play which was presented last Saturday evening, at the Lyceum Theatre, the authors of it being Mr. Henry C. De Mille and Mr. Charles Barnard, the same material is used again, this time, however, with a certain delicacy and novelty of effect, though not with a perfectly balanced or entirely strong dramatic effect. "The Main Line" might be described as an ingenious and somewhat interesting play, which falls short of its own purpose. There is a pleasant unforced, natural movement in the first and second acts; the third act reveals two startling situations; the fourth and last act is poverty-stricken and conventional. How Mr. De Mille and Mr. Barnard could have permitted themselves to bring so promising a play to so impotent a conclusion is hard to understand. Moreover, this conclusion is not merely impotent; it is too evidently a desperate attempt to wind up an intrigue which had been left in mystery at the climax of the third act—a climax that should and might easily lead to a still bolder result.

The heroine of "The Main Line" is modeled after the fervid, untutored, warm-hearted little

creatures that Bret Harte depicts in so droll and so pathetic a manner. Her name is *Possy Burroughs*, and she is the daughter of the station-master at Rawson's Y, a railway junction in the mountains of Colorado. A brakeman who hangs about the place, is the lusty, wild-western lover, who insists upon marrying her against her will. This brakeman is not quite a villain, perhaps; but he does not hesitate to use his influence over the station-master to carry his point with the girl. At an embarrassing moment *Possy* falls in love with a tourist from the East, an artist, who also falls in love with her. Unfortunately he is engaged to *Miss Dora Van Tyne*, a character (if it can be called a character) of not the slightest importance in the play. *Lawrence Hatton* is not heroic enough to know his own mind for many days consecutively. He breaks with *Miss Van Tyne*, and, shortly afterwards, concludes that he had done wrong. And so he forces poor, love-sick *Possy* to send a telegraphic dispatch to *Miss Van Tyne*, requesting her to give him back her hand. This is a very ungallant, not to say brutal, thing for a nice young man from the East to do, and there is no particular reason why he should do it. But if he should not do it, the authors of the play would miss their brightest opportunity for an effective situation. The climax of the third act shows the departure of *Lawrence Hatton* from Rawson's Y, on top of a freight car; *Jim Blakely*, his rival, is also on top of the car. But *Jim* has now the promise of *Possy* that she will be his wife, for she had given him the promise after discovering the perfidy of *Lawrence*. The freight car rolls away on the track, and is supposed to disappear with a train in the distance. Suddenly it detaches itself from the train and comes rushing back down-hill, towards Rawson's Y. *Possy* is, for a moment, dumb with terror. Then she turns the switches, giving a free track past the station to the detached car. At the same instant, the whistle and rumble of an express train, coming in an opposite direction on the same track, are heard. *Possy* is in a dilemma. She must either sacrifice the passengers on the express train or sacrifice her lover. Her first impulse is, naturally, to save her lover. But, in a flash, a sense of exalted duty takes possession of her. She gives the express a right of way, and lets the freight car sweep to destruction. It turns out, in the last act, that the person on top of the freight car was the wild-western bully and not the perfidious *Lawrence*. Two years after the accident, by means of one of those impossible contrivances that are held precious by the average dramatist, all the important characters of the play meet at the same instant at Rawson's Y. And so *Possy* gets back her lover.

Mr. De Mille and Mr. Barnard have written what they would probably describe as a realistic play, and yet it would not be difficult to point out incidents and characters in "The Main Line" which belong wholly to the stage, and not to life. The character of *Lawrence Hatton* is particularly obnoxious; there is a painful incongruity between what he is apparently meant to be and his own actions. It is not felt that everything in the piece occurs with rational motive for its occurrence. The closing scene is discursive, and is clumsily accounted for, and the humorous personages whom the authors have introduced by way of contrast, rather than for any well-defined purpose, are almost painfully commonplace. The best thing that one may write of "The Main Line" is that it possesses substantial merit enough to gloss over its faults and weaknesses, and to make these less glaring than they would otherwise be. Moreover, the play has a quaint and picturesque charm of its own. It suggests the romance of the railroad, and it throws a halo of imagination around the smokestack of the locomotive.

Miss Etta Hawkins is a pretty and sincere little woman, and her *Possy* is a touching performance. Mr. Mason has, clearly enough, little faith in his business, and is both slow and unsympathetic. Mr. Charles Overton has peculiar ideas of the dress and manners of a gentleman. The other characters are in fairly competent hands, Mr. F. F. Mackay, an excellent and experienced actor, being chiefly prominent in a part which offers him slight opportunity. It is believed that "The Main Line" is interesting enough, after a fashion, to achieve success. But one who observes it must not be too exacting. *G. E. M.*

THE SCAPEGOAT.

MRS. HENRIETTA CHANFRAU has been playing in the Fourteenth Street Theatre this week a new play called "The Scapegoat," which had its first performance in Philadelphia two weeks ago. It is by Sir Charles L. Young, the author of the play, "Jim the Penman," which Mr. Palmer will shortly produce at the Madison Square Theatre. In Philadelphia "The Scapegoat" was sharply criticised as slow in movement and full of frequent worn-out devices. The New York papers have been divided, and it has been either harsh criticism or great praise. The *Post*, it seems to me, was unnecessarily severe; the critic of that paper is usually well designing and honestly independent in his notices, but in this instance I am surprised by several remarks which appear unkind.

The story of the play is this:

The elder son of a noble family, who is a wild but good-hearted boy, *Victor Broughton*, has

been wrongly convicted in New Orleans of a murder which was really committed by the villain, *Lord Parkhurst*. While awaiting sentence the prison was burned and he is supposed to have perished, the villain having identified his body. The latter returns to England and assumes an ascendancy over the younger brother, who succeeds to the estate. To England comes also *Victor Broughton*, disguised as a tramp, who escaped from the fire, and at the same time the heroine, *Linda Colmore*, an actress whom the hero had married under a false name in Chicago.

Meanwhile *Parkhurst* makes desperate love to the actress, but she is warned against him by a friend—*Lady Broughton*. The final discovery of her husband and the villainy of *Parkhurst* by the actress in a most dramatic manner finishes the play.

The first act does not open encouragingly; the relating of what had happened, with introduction of the characters, is not spirited enough. The comedy part also starts in a clumsy way. The second act moves with more interest, and the dialogue is brighter, but even here there is much unnecessary detail. The third act tells the story, and there is some little wonder excited in the audience as to a future development which is mainly given over to proving the guilt of *Parkhurst*.

But there are a number of very strong situations in "The Scapegoat," and there is certainly sustained interest in spite of the fact that the revelations of the play could be easily guessed in advance. Many of the lines are neatly turned, and at times the comedy is sparkling. There is, perhaps, too much moralizing over theatrical life, and there is a great deal of sentiment expressed which has a clap-trap effect. But as this all brings loud applause from the galleries, and not a little from the people down stairs, who are, very likely, uncertain as regards their own position, the wisdom of cutting it out would be denied by the business management. Altogether the piece is well calculated to please a miscellaneous audience, and it will delight the "Mary Janes," who, being the large majority, will insure its financial success.

As to the performance of the company, there is much to be considered. Mrs. Chanfrau plays *Linda Colmore* with discretion. She exhibits more dramatic strength than she has been generally credited with, and on several occasions is touchingly pathetic. She is a fine-looking woman, with charming manner, and dresses in good taste. She has a personal magnetism which brings one into immediate friendship, and this resulted in several enthusiastic calls before the curtain Monday night. Horace Vinton makes a consummate villain. To my mind his

Parkhurst was an admirable piece of acting. He failed in the last climax somewhat, for his voice was husky, and some of his words unintelligible, but in previous scenes his manner was absolutely the disgusting insinuation which is frequently introduced in real life, and which he intended it should be. Mr. Sydney Drew, who is very plainly a brother of Frank Drew, was exceedingly droll and artistic as *Z. J.* He is very like Francis Wilson in his appearance and comedy, and the enterprising manager will watch him. Mr. Leffingwell has an unsatisfactory part as *Victor Broughton* — an attempt at a decent sort of a fellow who confesses himself a roué and a gambler. Miss Helen Bancroft, an English girl who is very English and angular, is graceful and interesting. She displayed all proper earnestness, and there is no reason why she should be the object of the *Post's* ill-mannered remarks. Miss Boniface cheered the people and the players by her healthy and happy effect.

D. W.

"HOME AGAIN!"

MR. DIXEY has been considerate enough to come back to us, at the end of what may be described as a rather mysterious engagement in London. He has come back to us more exalted, more illustrious than ever. He can talk glibly now of his friend, the Prince of Wales, who, by the way, appears to be the faithful backer of all our comic singers and buffoons. Last Monday evening Mr. Dixey was hailed with enthusiasm at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The house was crowded with Mr. Dixey's admirers. His least significant motion on the stage provoked an amount of hilarity, which threatened occasionally to burst the walls of the theatre, just as too great a force of steam bursts a boiler. The star-spangled banner waved in all parts of the house. Dixey sang "Home, Sweet Home." Mr. Rice's new quickstep dance, "Adonis," rang with patriotic fervor upon the brain of the huge and superheated multitude. Everybody was happy. The bird of freedom screamed, and the wonder is that Dixey neglected to stand on his head. But he had blood in his eye, and it would have been more prudent for him to soak his feet between the acts in mustard and water. Mr. Dixey has been too long in danger of congestion of the cerebrum.

Mr. Dixey is a great man. He is an international episode. His personality pervades the universe. The stars warbled at his birth, and the bright angels that are supposed to hover about the heads of virtuous and noble men caress him in the exuberance of their love and solicitude. Here, at last, is a man who

conquered the fog of London, whose name has rattled (in our imagination) along the deep-sea wires with a clang of triumph. Here is our representative, our Actor, our Artist, our Hero. He is the Talked-About, the exquisite result of Hesperian civilization. He is the salt of the earth, the lily of our valleys, our rossignol, our Dixey. Side by side with the incomparable John L. Sullivan, he stands as the perfect illustrator of American progress. Famous poets, thinkers, statesmen, even actors, lurk in his shadow, as the modest star lurks and disappears in the shadow of the moon. What, we ask, would our stage be without its Dixey, this glorious product of the newspapers and the advance agents? If we should lose him — ah! the very thought of such a disaster upheaves us like an earthquake — our columns would gape with emptiness. Not to have Dixey to write about, to cajole about, to argue about, to dream about, would be the final climax and collapse of our reporterly energy. The itinerant brass band would be hushed, and the flag of our country would droop like a wet towel. But Dixey is alive. His nimble feet are more nimble than they were. His sweet songs and gentle actions purify the cesspool of the stage. The dollars of three generations pour water-wise into his coffer. His influence is like the quality of mercy, not strained. He is the People's idol, the Tony Pastor of the nabobs. A few hardened sinners may still worship the art of Booth and Jefferson; we adore our Dixey, and we have placed him on an enduring pedestal. Let no one call him the triumph of Humbug. To call an eagle a crow is an intolerable insult.

We repeat: Mr. Dixey is a great man.

G. E. M.

TWO NEW PLAYS IN BOSTON.

Boston, September 24.

A NEW play was presented Monday night at the Park Theatre, entitled "The Deacon's Daughter," by Mr. A. C. Gunter. As *Ruth*, the daughter of a stern, old-fashioned New England couple, Miss Annie Pixley created a part for herself which bears favorable contrast with those in which she has won the reputation of an original and humorous actress. The plot, hinging on *Ruth's* efforts to earn money with which to raise a mortgage on the old homestead, requires four acts in its development. Unbeknown to her parents the deacon's daughter becomes an actress, and in displaying her ability to conceal this from their hearts while executing her designs, Miss Pixley is given many opportunities in which laughable situations and pathetic dilemmas reign with excellent effect. Toward the last, *Ruth's* energies are devoted to the displacement of her parents' prejudices, for they hate the play-house.

A victory on all points is scored at last. About this central idea, Mr. Gunter has woven a light, though interesting play, certainly well adapted to the peculiar talents of Miss Pixley. Her songs were not the least attractive of these, being suitable to the action of the plot, and her appearance in the third act in male attire of the Little Duke style was a hit. The moral taught by this play is timely, and is intelligently portrayed. Mr. Gunter deserves credit for his recognition of Miss Pixley's sterling qualities, in *Ruth* giving her a liberal chance for their illustration. Miss Irene Avenal and Mr. M. C. Daly received much applause for their excellent acting. The play won a flattering verdict from the large audience present. The mounting was very good, and Miss Pixley's handsome dresses gave additional effect to many very pretty stage pictures.

A new society drama written by John W. Keller, for Mr. Robert B. Mantell, received its initiatory performance Monday night at the Globe Theatre. It is called "Tangled Lives;" in action deals with the present day, and objectively presents the evils produced by the marriage laws of New York State. The scenes in four acts, are laid in New York and on the Hudson, and are dealt with in a most artistic way. Mr. Mantell, as *Raymond Garth*, is a fashionable New York gentleman who falls in love with an obscure woman, whose husband is alive, though unknown to *Garth*. For this woman's sake, *Helen*, he forfeits his social standing, and with her lives a Bohemian life. He soon, however, tires of this; and on her part the love deepens. After a long seclusion he reappears among his set at a party where he is hailed as the rescuer of a young lady from drowning, who is also present. Being urged to return to his proper place in the world, *Garth* demands a formal marriage with *Helen* to enable this. She refuses, knowing her husband to be alive, charges her lover with a new infatuation, and quarrels with him. Then *Helen* discovers that her husband is searching for her, and to elude him and free *Garth* from further knowledge of herself, goes to Cuba. There she manages to have her name placed on the fever death-roll; *Garth* learns this, returns to his old life, seeks the love of the girl he saved, and when secure in this, tells his history, as he proposes marriage. Just as he has obtained this promise from *Edith Ainsley*, he finds that *Helen* has returned, and disguised, has become a servant in the Ainsley family. She forces *Garth* to acknowledge her as his wife. He does so, provides for her support, and decides to leave the country. Before doing the latter he goes to *Edith* to clear himself, and while there learns of the deception practiced on him by

Helen. He casts her off, and is accepted by *Edith*, all ending well for him and his love. This plot avoids objectionable French methods, teaches a good lesson, is concisely written, and abounds in strong situations. At times the contrast between high and low life characters is overdrawn, but the play is to be praised as a whole. It affords Mr. Mantell the required opportunities for his dramatic powers, and his success therein is acknowledged with little cavil. His support is singularly good, the Misses Shannon and Carey deserving special mention.

At the Hollis Street Theatre the spectacular drama "Clio" opened this week with good results, which can also be said of "Around the World in Eighty Days," at the Boston. At the Museum "Harbor Lights" continues to grow in popular favor, as its fourth week easily proves in point of attendance.

H. W.

PHILADELPHIA NEWS.

September 24.

"ZITKA," although presented by a company not strong, was a genuine popular success at the Walnut, where on Monday night a crowded house sat with keen interest absorbing the great situations of the play. The company came over the new Baltimore and Ohio Road, and was detained three hours. But the B. & O. sent to Miss Behrens, the *Zitka* of the play, a magnificent floral offering, which required the joint strength of two men to lift upon the stage. Mr. Levick, as the proud Russian Count, shared the great honors of the evening. After the play I rode up in the car with Manager Flieshman, who was smiling with pleasure at the success of "Zitka." R. B. Mantell comes next week.

During the course of the play I was reading THE THEATRE, and offered it for perusal to a gentleman who sat next to me. We got to conversing, and I ascertained that he was Charles Stanley, the comedian, a capable, refined actor of twenty years' standing, who takes one of the leading roles in George Brotherton's Comic Opera company, which will produce "The Mystic Isle" at the Temple Theatre early in October. George Peeks and Louis Harrison are the other comedians of the opera. On Monday night little Harry Pincus, who will manage for Janish again this year, sat in a private box, and was rendered conspicuous by the big patch of white hair that stands out in bold relief on his otherwise real black head.

Downing as *Spartacus* has in some degree impressed an individuality upon his portrayal of the famous Roman of history. He is a man of fine stage presence, he has intelligence, he shows evidence of having given hard effort to

his labors, his company is good, and these together ought to bring him success. John McCullough played *Spartacus* here not very long before his death. I saw him. What a face and form! No Roman ever looked nobler than this poor dead actor. Downing has not been very kindly treated by all the critics, but I believe there is good stuff in him. He is not a Forrest nor is he yet a McCullough, but years of patient work see him developed into a great actor of the robust school.

Ada Gray in "A Ring of Iron," at the Chestnut. Neil Burgess in "Vim," at the Arch. The "Mikado" at the Casino, and the usual funny business at the minstrel shows. Edwin Arden in "Eagle's Nest," at the National, to the usual jammed houses. The cool weather has been welcomed by the profession. The managers are happy, the coffers are filling, the people enjoying the theatrical repast spread before them.

M. G. W.

BROOKLYN NOTES.

THE Academy of Music was opened last Wednesday night for the first time this season, by that wonderful actress, Miss Clara Morris, for three evenings and a matinée on Saturday afternoon. Nothing seems to detract from the grand masterwork of this woman, for no matter whether she appears in the title rôle of "Article 47," "Miss Multon," "Camille," or "The New Magdalen," Miss Morris always holds her audiences spell-bound with wonder and admiration at her display of genius and ability. She is a thoroughly finished actress, and commands the admiration of the most exacting critics.

At Col. Sinn's Park Theatre, "A Rag Baby" has held the boards during the week, to the great amusement of large audiences at each performance. An unusually large number of pretty faces and figures were noticed in this company, and the play has secured a firm hold upon its numerous admirers.

Miss Kate Claxton, the heroine of many fires, has been playing to good-sized audiences at the Grand Opera House, in "Arrah-Na-Pogue" during the past week.

"Talked About" has been doing fair business at the Criterion Theatre, now under the management of Mr. Frank Bixby. This theatre is a veritable *bijou* and deserves better patronage, but people have gone to the vicinity of the City Hall to be amused for so many years, that, as yet, they do not take very kindly to the little theatre "on the hill." More's the pity.

D. F.

VIOLET CAMERON.

It is well known that Miss Violet Cameron, the popular English actress and singer, who will shortly appear at the Casino, has become involved in a painful scandal which has brought herself, her husband, and the Earl of Lonsdale, into the Divorce Courts. Personally, we have no desire to prejudge Miss Cameron, although it seems to us that certain persons have been in indecent haste to make use of the scandal for advertising purposes. Miss Cameron has now addressed a letter to the public, through the *London Era*, and, in fairness to her, we reproduce her letter in THE THEATRE. This is what she writes, under date of September 8:

My attention has only just been called to a letter signed D. De Bensaude, which appears in *The Era* of August 14, and I should have been disposed to let it pass unnoticed, except that the statements it contains are of so misleading a character that I feel compelled to say a few words, if only in protest against them.

Mr. De Bensaude alleges that his character as to cruelty to me has been cleared before Mr. Justice Butt! No such thing! That is a matter to be inquired into and dealt with upon the hearing of the petition which I have presented to the Divorce Court praying for a judicial separation; and here I may state that my husband's cruelty towards me dates from a time long prior to our acquaintance with Lord Lonsdale.

Further, let me say, in the most positive manner, that my husband was never, to my knowledge, in a good position, though he led me to believe he was; that bankruptcy proceedings have been for a long time, and are now, pending against him; that he has never contributed one farthing to my support as his wife, nor has he ever provided a home for me or my child; that it was a matter of actual necessity that I returned to the stage; and that my husband's statement that until my acquaintance with Lord Lonsdale my husband and I have lived on the most affectionate terms is a wilful and deliberate falsehood.

My husband in his letter to you, Mr. Editor, refers to a husband's rights and duty. I wish from my heart that while he bears in mind his claim to "rights," he would feel and act up to the duties and responsibilities of a husband, and do what every true and upright man delights to do for the woman who is his wife, namely, work for that wife rather than *live*, if it is fit to apply that word, upon her hard earnings.

In conclusion, I feel that I need not say a word to those who know anything personally of me or of my husband; but to those of a generous-hearted and justice-loving public (not only here in my native land, but also in America, whither I am longing to go), who do not know either me or my husband, I would say most earnestly and fervently, "Pray do not prejudice me, but reserve your decision until I have had an opportunity of bringing my case fully before the legal tribunal to which I have appealed for protection."

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

VIOLET CAMERON.

— The second, or counter plot of the new play, "The Main Line," that opens the Lyceum Theatre, is a story of the stock-jobbing game of a railroad vice-president. He and his friends attempt to wreck the railroad, and get wrecked themselves in a most amusing and unexpected manner that will delight the hearts of all the "lambs" in Wall street.

— Young Mr. Stoddard, son of the poet, has become an actor. It may be that like his father he will in time illustrate Ben. Disraeli's axiom and turn critic. — *Buffalo Express*.



THE TRIO.

A LETTER FROM "LORD ARTHUR."

MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH, who was over here with the Vokes company, and who made such a hit as *Lord Arthur Somersault* in "A Pantomime Rehearsal," is now in London, preparing for his second trip to America. He writes an interesting letter to the *Chicago Saturday Evening Herald* as follows:

MY DEAR UNOMI: At last! Well, better late than never. We shall be in Chicago, I believe, on October 18, when I shall tell you many things. My last year's Academy picture, which will be reproduced in the Christmas number of the *London Graphic*, is now in New York. As we shall be in Chicago a month, this, with one or two other important works which I intend bringing with me to America, will be on view in your city. The Academy picture was hung in the place of honor in one of the rooms, and created a sensation.

Frank Holl, R. A., the great portrait painter, tells me he sails for New York on October 23.

He goes over to specially paint some prominent people in New York. They have been trying their best to get him over the last two years. He has at last consented, and will look upon the trip as a Holl-iday, but will have to postpone some very important commissions in England to do so. I don't know whether he will visit Chicago, but I think he ought to.

We have got some awfully strong pieces this season to play. I am engaged as the leading man. W. G. Elliot and Courtenay Thorpe and Miss Miller are coming. Miss Chester is rehearsing a piece in London. We have got three or four very pretty girls, so beauty will be well represented.

I am very much interested in the chaps who have been swimming the Niagara Rapids, and would have given anything to have had a full account in an American paper. I want to know what was the conversation of the two fellows who went down in a tub. Did they discuss the present state of trade or the Canadian fishery question? I would like to know.

BOTH SIDES OF THE CURTAIN.

THE "dog days" have passed and the "dog drama" expired nearly a quarter of a century ago. The dramatic dog, however, still exists, and is yearly becoming more popular. When the "dog drama" flourished, a pantomimic actor trained a couple of canines to perform certain tricks, the most important of which was the seizing of the red rag the villain of the play carried round his throat. The "Forest of Bondy, or the Dog of Montargis," was, I think, the most popular of the dog dramas, and, I fancy, there are many old play-goers in New York, who remember when Mr. Blanchard, with two trained mastiffs, made fame and fortune in the theatres of the Bowery. It used to be the custom at that time for the stage manager to appear before the curtain on a night previous to a great occasion and announce the special attraction in preparation. Mr. Blanchard was to have a "benefit" on a certain Friday night at the old Bowery Theatre, and on Thursday, Mr. Louis Mestayer, the stage manager, came before the curtain and soberly announced that "to-morrow night's performance would be for the benefit of Mr. Blanchard and the other dogs." When behind the curtain Mr. Mestayer explained that his remark was a slip of the tongue, but Mr. Blanchard, who declared he hadn't "forgotten" his Latin, said that Mr. Mestayer couldn't fool him with a "slapsus slingum."

THE dramatic dogs of the present day are, strange to say, the play-goers of provincial towns within easy distance of New York. A long time ago Brooklyn was the theatrical dog on whom new plays were tried. The sister city was soon found too adjacent, and Newark succeeded to the questionable honor of being the playwright's scapegoat. Newark was also found too contiguous, and hence New Haven has been selected as the hunting ground of playwrights who fear their fate too much to trust it to the metropolis. Last week no less than four new productions were tried on the New Haven dog, and judging from the fact that while the dog lived through them all, and three plays perished, the remaining one, "Tangled Lives," by J. W. Keller, may be pronounced a success. The New Haven press went into ecstasies about Mr. Mantell, who owns the play, and Mr. Keller, who wrote it; but the soberer and more ascetic Boston critics are coldly encouraging. The audiences, however, appear to be unboundingly enthusiastic, and there is little doubt that "Tangled Lives" is a genuine success. The wisdom of trying it on the New Haven dog was amply justified by the result, as one half of the play was rewritten between its initial performance in New Haven and its first production in Boston.

Talking of trying it on a dog, I remember Mrs. Mary Fiske, the famous first-nighter, correspondent and critic, was invited to a dog trial at Newark. She arrived at that city, accompanied by a pug, which she calmly nursed during the entire performance. When the curtain fell on the new play the author rushed out and asked Mrs. Fiske what she thought of the play. She pointed to the pug and said, "You see the animal lives. To be sure he looks weak and worn, but life still lingers in his breast." This somewhat enigmatical reply confounded the playwright, and I really forget what became of his drama.

APROPOS of first nights and new plays, let me commend to you the economical system adopted by certain journals which devote most of their space to musical and theatrical affairs. They give much prominence to "telegraphic" news, which invariably announces prodigious and triumphant successes. One morning I noticed a considerable reduction in the telegraphic news of a certain journal, and having occasion to visit its office, asked for an explanation. The editor merely explained that the theatrical managers had not sent many dispatches. "Ah, then," I innocently remarked, "these telegrams come from the managers, and not from your correspondents." "Of course," was the answer, "we're not such fools as to spend money for telegraphing. The managers send the telegrams and pay for them and we print them." "And thereby," I ventured to remark, "you get honest and unprejudiced opinion." The reply was "Of course," and I left that editor, disgusted with him, not for his business methods, but for his failure to see my scathing sarcasm.

THE poet Browning has many admirers in this country and more than a few in New York. These latter are asking why Mr. Lawrence Barrett does not revive the English poet's play, "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon,'" acted for the first time on any stage by Mr. Barrett two years ago. To be sure, the little tragedy was not much of a pecuniary success, the story being repulsive and the action slow; but there was much good poetry in it, and Mr. Barrett as the hero was seen at his best. Hence there have been numerous inquiries about Browning's play. The actors of Mr. Barrett's company are not by any means sorry that "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon'" has been shelved. It was for two seasons an instrument of torture to them. If things went wrong at night, Mr. Barrett mercilessly used Mr. Browning as a punishment, and before the actors left the theatre they saw a notice which read "The Blot at 10 A. M." which meant that a rehearsal of Mr. Browning's hated play would take place next morning. The real reason of Mr. Louis

James's defection from the Barrett forces has never been made public, but I shouldn't be surprised if successive "Blots at 10" had something to do with it.

VERY young play-goers are somewhat startled as well as amused at the tricks played in Mlle. Aimée's "Ma'amselle," by which actors appear in private boxes and other parts of the auditorium, and take a share in the performance. This device is, however, very old. The first use of it that I can discover occurred in Madison Morton's famous farce of "Slasher and Crasher," first played about forty years ago at the Adelphi Theatre, London. In this really "screaming farce" *Slasher* chases *Crasher* all over the stage, rushes him in and out of private boxes, and chivies him through pit and gallery. A marked, indeed, and almost incredible peculiarity of "Slasher and Crasher" was that during its first run, it was "encored nightly." Songs and dances have been encored without number, but a whole farce repeated is something marvelous. It happens, however, that when the curtain rises on this farce the whole cast are standing in the traditional semi-circle as though the play was just over. Old *Blowhard* speaks the "tag," giving one of his nieces to *Slasher* and another to *Crasher*, and is just thanking "his kind friends in front" when, as the curtain is half-way down, a messenger rushes on with a letter. The curtain remains half-way down while *Blowhard* reads the letter. Having finished it, he gives the signal, the curtain rises again, and the farce begins. Of course when it is over, the characters again form the semi-circle, and *Blowhard* speaks the tag. The audience on the first night, a little bewildered by this ingenious device, soon appreciated its humor and called for an encore. The management protested, but the audience refused to leave their seats. The players were compelled to act the farce all over again, and for months afterwards the Adelphi play-bills contained the unprecedented announcement of a farce "encored nightly."

MR. ARCHIE GUNTER will have to look out for his laurels. He produced "Prince Karl," at the Madison Square Theatre, as an original comedy-drama. At Manchester, England, recently, a play was acted for the first time called "My Cousin," which proves to have every scene and incident of "Prince Karl." The author of "My Cousin" candidly admits that he adapted the play from the German. Now, did Mr. Gunter adapt "Prince Karl" from the German, or is the resemblance between the work of the American and Teutonic dramatists

one of those "literary coincidences" we so frequently hear about?

MR. ROBERT JOHNSTON, a veteran actor, has just completed a prodigious work. It is called "The American Encyclopedia Dramatica," and is a history of all the actors who have appeared upon the American stage since the advent of the first players on this continent. All the by-ways of the drama have long biographical notices to themselves, and Mr. Johnston has collected nearly three hundred authentic portraits of the famous players of the past. The author has spent nearly three years of labor on the "Encyclopedia Dramatica," and the work consists of eleven thousand pages of MS. All Mr. Johnston now wants is a publisher. Gentlemen, do not all speak at once.

MR. JOE JEFFERSON has been acting for nearly fifty years, and until last week it was his proud boast that never from sickness, accident or design had he disappointed an audience. To be sure, of late years he has played seasons of three months only, but still there is something to boast of in fifty years' faithful service. Mr. Jefferson's noble record was, however, broken last week, when he failed to appear at the Opera House of St. Paul, Minnesota. The failure was due to a slight attack of incipient paralysis, which happily passed off after a few days' rest, and the great comedian is again on his legs and delighting large audiences out West.

MR. JEFFERSON'S prodigious popularity as *Rip Van Winkle* with our western citizens was notably illustrated by an incident I have heard him relate with much quiet satisfaction. He was doing "one-night stands" in Indiana, and arriving late at his destination, was informed by his manager that the advance agent must have "jumped this town," as not a poster, lithograph or announcement was out concerning the performance. Mr. Jefferson was pleased rather than disappointed. He had traveled much, and was fatigued. He knew that his company were in the same condition, so he told them there would be no performance that night, and invited them to dine with him and have a good time. They all dined wisely and well, and were just beginning to have the "good time," when the manager rushed into the room urging them to get ready to act. "But I thought the agent had 'jumped' this town," said Mr. Jefferson. "So I thought," replied the manager, "but it seems that a fortnight ago a three-line paragraph appeared in the local paper giving the date of your performance, and in four days the house was all sold out." The merry party broke up and went to the theatre, and Mr. Jefferson to this day is not sure whether he was proud or disappointed that night.

The Man in the Street.

THE QUEENS OF BURLESQUE.



I.—MME. COTTRELLY
AND
LILLIAN RUSSELL.

ABOUT two hundred years ago the famous and favorite singer La Maupin found time, in the course of her career in Paris, to do a great variety of things. She sang. She danced. She fought duels. She flirted. She traveled about in men's clothes. She wrote verses. She broke into a convent. She robbed on the highway. She repented, and spent her old age in a religious retreat.

Our singers in opera comique, operetta and bouffe do not, nowadays, lead an existence quite as adventurous as that of La Maupin; but, as I will, in a rambling way, endeavor to show, their lives are interesting for all that. Though we live in a prosaic, analytic age, we are still under the magic charm of stage illusion, our interest is still aroused and held by the rumors that float to us from the lobby and the green-room.

Mathilde Cottrelly had a hard time of it in her youth. Her father, leader of opera in Hamburg, died when she was a mere child and left her penniless. She made her first bow to an audience in her eighth year, played minor parts in melodrama; danced Spanish dances; sang German songs. At fifteen, when she had risen to be the leading soubrette at the Vaudeville Theatre of Berlin, she suddenly lost her voice. A dashing, headstrong girl, with gray eyes, fine, fluffy hair, a most mocking mouth, she chafed under the misfortune. Perhaps it was at this

period that she made that curt remark to a bore in swallow-tail coat, who entered her dressing-room and said:

"Fräulein, I come merely to wish you good evening."

"O, there would have been time enough for that to-morrow morning."

Fortunately, her voice came back to her and she renewed her triumphs. It was during a Russian tour that she met George Cottrell, an Englishman, and became his wife. The favorite did not leave the stage, however, by reason of a little event like that.

When in 1875 she made her first visit to America, Cottrelly was heralded as the leading soubrette of the Wallner Theatre at Berlin. She opened at the Germania in this city, in her native tongue, and followed up her luck here in some of the large cities throughout the country. With pluck and perseverance she speedily mastered our language.

Her début in English was made in 1879, at the Thalia. "Fatinitza" was the play. The critics applauded so much tact and refinement, mingled so dexterously with hoydenish impertinence. They admired even her accent. It gave the flavor of Johannisberger to her work. Cottrelly managed the theatre herself in those days, introduced Geistering to New York, worked at new rôles, appeared in "Boccaccio," and the "Royal Middy." In the midst of all this bustle she kept her high spirits and pert good humor.

She made repeated hits as *Irene* in "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," as *Elsa* in "The Merry War," as *Brainslava* in "The Beggar Student," as *Heloise* in "Apajune," as *Adele* in "Fledermaus," and as *Barbara* in "The Black Hussar." Versatile, intelligent, with a thorough knowledge of stage business, whether impersonating a rakish lieutenant of to-day or a powdered gentleman of a century ago, she is an artist to the tips of her fingers. You



M. Cottrelly

can best judge of her cleverness as a vocalist, perhaps, by that ingenious bit of song in "Chatter," and also in "Josephine," which they translate into "Comes a birdie a-flying."

Therein, as you remember, she shows how the composers of different schools would treat a simple air, and she captures the house with it every time. When in town Madame Cottrelly lives in an up-town flat, and does not allow excellent breakfasts and dinners to interfere with her professional duties. She is easy of access; has the free and genial way of a Viennese, rather than of a Berline, and is spicy in her talk. "I always see him to the door," she once said of a persistent caller, "to make sure that he is gone."

When Helen Louise Leonard, from Canton, Iowa, entered the convent of the Sacred Heart, in Chicago, to pursue her studies, the sisters took such a fancy to the beautiful child that they wanted her to sit for a picture of St. Cecilia. When, during a vacation, the girl visited a friend in a small town in Kentucky, two cavaliers, sons of the first families of the place, fell in love with her and arranged a duel that ended like a duel in opera bouffe. When, under the name of Lillian Russell, this same girl first appeared in the chorus of "Pinafore" and "Evangeline," the swells went to the opticians and bought stronger glasses, hurried to the florists and sent bouquets.

They encored her as a ballad singer at Tony Pastor's. They were fascinated by her in the "Snake Charmer" at the Bijou. They became perfect devotees of "Patience" at the Casino. Just at this time, in the midst of all the bravos of the gentlemen with bangs and a monocle, she suddenly disappeared and married Edward Solomon, leader of the orchestra, composer of the "Silver Line," which he had written for her. The couple went to England, and the fair American played at the Gayety and Novelty in "Polly," in "Pocahontas," in "Billee Taylor," to good houses. The theatre-goer who only sees Lillian Russell as she trips toward the footlights would be surprised to get a peep at her in the quiet domestic surroundings of her flat on Lexington avenue.

The place is fitted up with an eye to elegant comfort. Heavy rugs lie on the waxed floor. Mahogany furniture, rich with plush, decked with ribbons, lends a neo-antique charm. Pictures, some drawn by the mistress of the domain, cover the walls; articles of bric-à-brac, with unstudied art, lie scattered around. Lillian Russell is, of course, the chief attraction of this delightful nook. Next to her is her two-year-old child, Lillie. The tot lisps some song to her parent's piano accompaniment, and fills the rooms with gladness.

Lewis Rosenthal.



*Your truly
Lillian Russell*

MRS. LANGTRY'S NEW ROLE.

ONE of the most amusing incidents on record, relative to the Jersey Lily, is related by Mr. Alfred Foote, of Philadelphia, who is a world-famed collector of mineralogical specimens.

Last summer Mr. Foote decided to explore the land of fair Mexico, and had been over considerable territory and collected quite a number of valuable specimens, when he happened to stop over Sunday at a small town in the interior.

Being accustomed to pay his usual devotions, and no other church being in the town, other than one of Romish faith, he turned his footsteps thither, and arrived just as early mass was

being concluded. After the service Mr. Foote loitered around the edifice, looking at the various curiosities and paintings that adorned the walls of the building, and while deeply engaged in admiration of one painting, much superior to the others, he was approached by the Rev. Father-in-charge, who thus addressed him in very poor English: "Excuse me, Signor, but I take it that you are either an American or an Englishman, but in either case you are most welcome. What do you think of the paintings of the Church of Our Lady?" Mr. Foote expressed his admiration for them, not wishing to hurt

the priest's feelings by an artistic criticism—for, in fact, but three paintings were worthy of more than passing mention—and remarked that he was an ardent admirer of art. "You are a blessing to me, then," responded the priest, "for I have longed to meet with some one from the outside world who could enlighten me as to the name of a new saint, whose picture is in the sacristy, and whose power for healing the sick is truly wonderful. The picture reached me some three months ago, and since that time many persons have worshiped before it and received almost instant cure from bodily ailments. It is the picture of Saint Lilli, but I am so cut off from the world that I never heard of her until the picture came. Since you have visited us, I feel quite sure that you will be able to enlighten me, and if you will come with me I shall be delighted to show you the picture." So saying, the priest led the way down a long, narrow passage, at the end of which Mr. Foote discovered several men and women kneeling before a picture, the face of which at once impressed him as being very familiar. "There," said the priest in an undertone, "is Saint Lilli, and now pray tell me what you may know of her." As soon as his eyes became used to the dim light of the candles, he made a discovery that well-nigh caused him to roar out with laughter, for there hanging on the wall between two tall candles hung a large oil chromo of Mrs. Langtry, with an expression of such merry mischief upon it that it almost seemed to say, "How's this for a saint?" Recovering his composure very quickly, Mr. Foote pretended to study the picture closely, and then turning to the priest said in a voice of great solemnity: "I do not know of any such *saint* as this picture represents, although the face is remarkably familiar to me. Would it not be a good idea to have the picture photographed and the copy sent to Rome? The fathers there will certainly be able to give you a full history of this new *saint*. America is a Protestant country, you know, and that accounts for my lack of information on the subject. She looks like a young lady better known as the Jersey Lily, who, I believe, makes no great claims upon saintliness." The priest thanked his informant and said he would follow out his suggestions. What the result will be when that picture reaches Rome can better be imagined than described. Mr. Foote is not going to Mexico very soon again.

D. F.

—Mr. Joseph Wheelock has been cast as *Napoleon* in Mrs. Bowers' new play, which is said to be a singularly beautiful dramatic work. *Napoleon* would enjoy the comparison if he were alive.—*Dalsiel's News Letter*.

A WOMAN'S WEAPONS.

THERE 's a smile, and a glance, and a blush, and a sigh,
And perhaps, on occasion, a tear;
There 's a delicate touch of a hand on the sly,
And a flower she may wear when *he's* near.

There 's a note in her voice that but one may awake,
And a gleam in her blue (or brown) eye;
There 's a kiss on her lips that *some* fellow may take,
(Now why the deuce is n't it I?)

There 's the turn of an ankle, the size of a waist,
And the way that she does up her hair;
There 's the fit of a glove, and, according to taste,
The tint of the dress she may wear.

There are words that are often but semi-expressed,
And some are hid others below;
For instance, a "yes" may be frequently guessed
Through a clearly reversible "no."

Yet her infinite change is her strongest of arms,
As the song says, "*Femme souvent varie*;"
But what does she want with such numberless charms
When *one* of them finishes me?

S. D. S., Jr.

MARY ANDERSON AT KILLARNEY.

KILLARNEY'S lakes so bright and pure,
Beneath the Irish skies:
Ye'll smile a happy welcome, sure,
When ye see Mary's eyes.

In Ireland's em'rald bosom set
Ye shine like jewels rare,
But never gem was fairer yet
Than she who wanders there.

But warning word I give to thee:
Ere she has seen ye twice,
The Irish boys and girls will be
A skating on the ice.

Buffalo Express.

—Another newspaper man in luck. Mr. Will R. Wilson, one of the brightest of the *Sun's* bright young men, assisted by his brother James, has written, and, what is more to the point, had accepted, an American play. It is a melodrama, entitled, "Among the Pines," and treats of life away down East in Maine. Edwin F. Thorne, who purchased it at sight, is particularly *pleased* with his own part, a dialect one, and feels positive that the play will be a go. He will bring it out early in the season. We welcome a *Sun* pen "in our midst."

—"A Wall Street Bandit" is not, as its title may lead some to construe it, a comedy or burlesque of the Stock Exchange, but it is a powerful drama built upon incidents connected with transactions in the street that will be readily recalled by those who witness the play. Its first production is announced for September 25, at the Standard Theatre.

—Speaking of Charles B. Welles' performance as *Prince Paola*, with Mr. Barrett last week, the *Tribune* said: "His performance possessed the weight appertaining to a resolute character, the sentiment and ardor that are natural to youth, and the theatrical merit of strong and free expression."



FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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WILLIAM WARREN.

— Cherubini's advice was on one occasion sought by a young man whose voice was more powerful than musical. "Suppose you sing me a few bars," said the master. In response, the enterprising would-be artist sang so loudly that the walls fairly shook. Proud of the magnitude of his voice, he said, "Now, what do you think I am best fitted for?" "*Auctioneering!*" replied the master with ready and caustic wit.

— An old-time friend of Mr. Edwin Booth, speaking of the tragedian, said: "His nature is the most unique of any man in public life. His indifference to money, society and the things which the world ranks as pleasures is absolute and definite. Few understand him and he tries not to be understood. He is really the *Hamlet* of the nineteenth century—the melancholy dreamer of the Western world."

STABBED? SMOTHERED?

The realism of to-day is brutal. It has lifted its hand and smitten *Desdemona*. What killed her? Was that untimely death brought on by a pillow, or did her maddened husband drive a dagger into her white bosom? Deaths on the stage run through the gamut of human wickedness. If dramatic literature takes its suggestions from romance, the first follows but slower the latter, and is not "in at the death." Novelists, English ones, are at their wits' ends for tragical *denouements*. You can't conveniently paralyze a hero or heroine on the stage by means of an electric current. It is not visible enough, nor can drowning in a bath-tub be made exactly effective. There was a suggestion presented the other day in an English romance, which the author took a great deal of pride in, and seemed to think might be adapted to the stage. The hero and heroine were to walk on a gravel bank overhanging the scene, with practical precipice below. The woman had sworn vengeance, and her betrayer was to be done away with. She knows the ground, and is so light-footed, that like a second Atalanta she can "skim over the plain." The hero is necessarily a heavy-weight. There is a dainty flower blooming just at the edge of the treacherous gravel bank. She lures him on; bids him pluck for her "that one sweet flower." He ventures, when down he comes, and there is an avalanche. Several cart loads of real gravel and a barrel of genuine cobble-stones are shot or dumped on the resounding stage. Would not that bring down the house?

Returning to *Desdemona*, it was Garrick who first used cold steel, and leading American and English actors have followed suit. Dr. Furness is quite certain that Shakespeare never had any idea of using a dagger for *Desdemona's* death. "I'll not shed her blood," says *Othello*, and again, "Your niece, whose breath indeed these hands have newly stopped" may allude to suffocation, though as an indication, it is by no means as suggestive of how *Desdemona* was killed, as "I'll not shed her blood." Did *Desdemona* have her neck broken? There is a realistic American surgeon, who having studied Shakespeare, gives in his evidence as if it were an opinion delivered before a "crown's quest." He insists her neck was broken. *Desdemona* died "of fracture of the cricoid cartilage of the larynx." To smother is a very unusual death. Criminal records present it but rarely, and perhaps only in cases of very young children. Suffocation, to be critical in regard to such a dreadful subject, is, according to popular opinion, confined to the use of something as a pillow, which is stuffed or thrust into the mouth and nose, so as to pre-

vent breathing, but suffocation may be better brought about by a tight clutching of the throat. Did then *Othello* use the pillow or his nervous hands when he throttled *Desdemona*? We incline to the latter method as the one he used, inflicting then death, and that he never stabbed his wife. German critics insist, for the major part, that the dagger is out of place. Realistic effects may be quite well in their way, but it would be too horrible, too dragging in its ugly action to smother *Desdemona* with a pillow; *Desdemona* would be dying for ten minutes. *Othello* may have used the pillow to stifle her moaning. We think with his sinuous fingers tight set 'round her *svell* neck, he killed her. In the hands of a strong, powerful man a death of this kind, thus brought about, would be speedy and fearfully dramatic. The Thugs, though they used a cord, sometimes killed their victims with a peculiar clutch applied to the windpipe. As it is, how *Desdemona* ought to be killed, is a subject still worthy of discussion.

Barnet Phillips.

A POEM TO WILSON BARRETT.

AT the great banquet at Leeds, given in honor of Mr. Wilson Barrett, a copy of the following poem was offered to each of the guests:

We speed thee o'er the wide Atlantic waste,
With words and wishes full of loving fire;
We pledge thee in a farewell cup, whose taste
Hath nothing bitter. What can we desire
More for thee, master of a glorious art,
Than ever-widening circles of renown?
And since for thy new laurels' sake we part,
And for the winning of another crown
In art's wide world, our farewell words are said
With right good will, with wave of friendly hand:
And with our hearts' best wishes art thou sped
Forth on thy voyage to the younger land,
Go thou thy way with purpose high and true,
We guard old laurels while thou winnest new.
Leave them to us, those shining leaves of fame,
Won by thy worthy work in by-gone days,
Leave thou to us the glory of thy name
Bright with the lustre of deserved praise.
Win thou new laurels, we will guard the old,
Yea, with the loyal faith of English hearts,
And when the hours of absence are all told,
Come back to us, thou Player of many parts:
Come back, and let us learn of thee again
The solemn lesson of "The Silver King;"
Follow thy *Claudian* on his path of pain;
Hear the grand eloquence of *Junius* ring
Through ear and heart; and sadly ponder on
The lonely, awful death of *Chatterton*.
Or bring us, Master, from the western land,
A new romance of opposites enwove,
The wild adventures of some lawless band,
Joined to an idyl of sweet fireside love.
But come, come back to us, ere it be long,
A welcome waits for thee of voice and heart,
The wild applauding welcome of the throng,
The subtler welcome of quick drops that start
When thy rich voice unlocks the fount of tears.
Come back to us in all thy strength and grace,
Not one, no, not the greatest of thy peers,
Can ever fill for us thy vacant place.
Pluck thou new laurels from a younger tree.
Then claim the wreath old England keeps for thee.

THE PRESTIDIGITATEUSE.

FROM FACTS FURNISHED BY THE HEROINE.

IT was my first appearance in New York, so it was only natural for me to be a little nervous. Everything had passed off successfully thus far, however; the house was crowded and the audience appreciative, and each "illusion" had been received with loud applause. When my share of the evening's work was over, I went down to the room underneath the stage, where I could look through a peep-hole and criticise the audience. My brother and I were the only members of the company; he was acknowledged master of his profession; as for myself (his half-sister), I was but a beginner, but I had youth and vivacity, and sense sufficient to learn the "second-sight" and other tricks, and do as he told me.

As I sat looking through the tiny hole in the partition which separated me from the auditorium, I came to the pleasing conclusion that the occasion of my first appearance in New York was a decided success. There was not a sleepy, bored-looking face in the whole house, not an empty seat from gallery to orchestra, nothing but smiles of approval, mystified looks and thunders of applause. Even those tricks that were not altogether original—not to say rather old—but which helped to fill our programme, were applauded vigorously, for my brother knew to perfection the art of mystifying; and possessed, moreover, such a ready tongue and such a merry laughing face, that his audience, beginning with gentle titters, broke at last into loud peals of mirth, and two young newspaper reporters, sitting in front stalls, threw back their heads and laughed until they cried.

I was laughing, too, in sympathy with the rest, when the gentle tinkling of a bell from above made me start up suddenly. My brother was about to perform the since well-known trick of the rings and the doves, and the bell was his signal for me to be ready to do my part. I saw him pass down among the spectators, borrowing "a hat, a handkerchief, and three finger-rings," and then I went over to the table, opened a bird-cage which stood near and let out the three white doves. A few minutes afterwards the trap-door above me opened noiselessly, and down came the rings. It was my duty to tie each of these rings to the neck of a dove, and at a signal from the stage send the birds up with their precious burdens. It was a pretty little trick and the soft, snow-white doves were always greeted with a buzz of admiration when the hat was lifted, and they fluttered out, perching upon their master's head and shoulders. I had ready three bits of scarlet ribbon with which I began at once to tie on the rings. They were all valuable, and the last one I took up was a diamond of such

unusually good quality, and such dazzling brilliancy that I stopped suddenly in the act of putting on the ribbon to look at the stone. I had never seen such a beautiful diamond before; the temptation was irresistible. I put the ring on my finger. It was a size too large for me, and while I was turning my hand this way and that to see the diamond flashing in the gaslight, the ring fell off. I stooped hastily to pick it up, but struck my foot against it, and it disappeared before my eyes. Then I went down on my knees to hunt for it, but in vain; I took up the loose ragged bits of matting which covered the floor, put a lighted candle down beside me and searched again. At last, I found—not a ring, but a hole—a small, jagged hole in the old boards of the flooring. The mystery was explained, and by putting my face close to the opening, I could see the diamond far down below me, shining and flashing in the darkness. What was I to do? My first thought was to call one of the attendants and send him down to the cellar for the ring, but that would not do, for my brother had given me strict orders to allow no one to come into the room beneath the stage, and besides, I dared not trust such valuable property to the care of a servant. I looked at my watch and found that I had wasted several minutes in reflecting. Before very long Albert would want the rings, and suppose I could send him only *two*!

What would he think, how cover his confusion and account for the non-appearance of the third ring? It would not do for him to leave the stage. What would not be the suspicions of the spectators? There was only one thing to do, and that must be done at once—I must go myself and get the ring.

The thought filled me with dismay, for I knew that the cellar was dark, full of rats, and above all, was not an ordinary place at all—it was an old *burial vault*! The theatre had originally been a church, though when we engaged it, my brother assured me that the bodies in the vault had long since been removed. Yet the thought of going down there alone made me shiver from head to foot. There was no other way out of the difficulty, however, so I got up from the floor, where I had been kneeling, picked up the candle, thrust the doves back into their cage, and went out of the room, locking the door carefully behind me. There was a gaslight burning in the passage leading to the door of the cellar, and as I unbolted this door, and threw it open, a cold wind, bearing a damp, musty odor, greeted me and made me wince. Then I lighted my candle, picked up the end of my dress and went down the narrow stone steps, wondering what I should have thought if anyone had told me that I was to be down in a burial vault, alone, at eleven

o'clock at night! And in full evening dress! My arms were bare, my neck covered only by a thin lace material, my kid boots were no protection against the dampness of the stones, and I felt the clinging cold creep through the thin soles. I must have presented rather a queer spectacle, picking my way between those gloomy stone arches, with my train of pale green brocade thrown over my bare jeweled arm, and holding in the other hand a tallow candle in a tin candle-stick! I went on as quickly as I could, over rubbish of all kinds, and as I raised the candle to look about me cautiously, a tall, dark figure glided by, between me and the opposite wall. In a second my heart stood still, and a cold dew broke out upon my forehead, but the next instant I decided that it was my own shadow. "My shadow, of course!" I cried aloud, by way of reassuring myself, and I was trying to forget it, when I heard a low rushing sound and felt a blast of cold wind on the back of my neck. Then I remembered that a window at the top of the stairs had been left open. If only I had thought to close it! A loud banging sound told me that the door of the vault had blown to. A damp, clammy wind enveloped me for a moment, and then my candle's flame flared over, sputtered, smoked and went out. I had no matches, and the darkness was so thick that I could feel it. I turned to retreat, but the thought of the ring and of my brother, and of what the consequence of my cowardice might be, made me stop suddenly, turn round, and then start forward again, grasping at the damp stone walls to keep myself from falling. Something glided over my foot, then rattled in the rubbish near me. Again my courage sank, but only for a moment. I stumbled on, exclaiming, "A frightened rat, that is all!" Then I saw just over my head a tiny chink in the ceiling with the gaslight shining through. It was my first ray of comfort. I strained my eyes to pierce the darkness of the floor, almost sobbing in my eagerness.

"The ring, the diamond ring!" and there it lay, sparkling and twinkling like a star a yard or two before me.

I sprang towards it, stepping in among a lot of miscellaneous articles which I could not distinguish, and stretched my hand to grasp the treasure, but drew back suddenly with a cry of horror. I had tangled my fingers in a long lock of hair—the hair of some dead woman! A sickening sensation came over me, my blood curdled in my veins, and every nerve seemed paralyzed. I leaned heavily against the wall and for a moment forgot the ring, and everything on earth besides.

Then I heard a peculiar muffled sound which gradually grew louder and more distinct, until

I recognized the clapping of hands and the striking of canes upon the floor. That roused me, for it brought a sense of my responsibility—I knew that I ought to be at that moment in my place at the table up-stairs with the rings and doves all ready to send up through the trap. In an instant's flash of thought I saw the trouble and suspicion that would be brought upon my brother by the indignant demands of the owner of the ring—then I set my teeth together, stooped over the diamond once more, clutched at it madly, sprang up, and flew towards the stone staircase. Unmindful of the bruises I received from the walls and arches which I kept running against in the inky darkness; not daring to turn round when my skirts caught on something and I thought that I was being held; possessed only with the idea of escaping from that awful place, I dashed about like a maniac until I reached the steps, ran up, and along the passage to the room where I had left the doves. As I entered I heard the bell from the stage ringing impatiently; I flew to the table, let out the doves, tied on the ring with ice-cold fingers, sent the birds up through the trap, heard a loud sound of applause, and then fell back and knew no more.

The next day, when I had partially recovered from my fright, my brother came to me and said with a smile, "I have been down to that terrible vault, and brought up the bogey that frightened you so—look," and he held up to my startled gaze an old theatrical wig of long light hair.

J. J. F.

—Ernesto Rossi and Tommaso Salvini will star in St. Petersburg and Moscow in the course of the coming winter.

—The Pope has requested M. Gounod to conduct a performance of "Mors et Vita" at the Vatican early next year.

—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*: There is a capital process-photographic picture in THE THEATRE for September 13, likeness of Mrs. Gilbert and James Lewis, taken in London.

—*Boston Home Journal*: THE THEATRE, of New York, on Saturday completed its first volume, and seems to be well launched on a sea of prosperity. The last number is especially valuable in illustrations, having a fine picture of Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. James Lewis as a frontispiece, and several other excellent portraits, with interesting articles relative to dramatic affairs. The dignified tone of THE THEATRE entitles it to respect both from the public and the profession, in the interest of which it is issued.

THE THEATRE.

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Sam Burroughs	Mr. H. C. DeMille
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Victorien Sardou's Three-Act Musical Comedy,

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Canovard, sculptor, } his friends	John Marble
Valentine, student, }	E. A. Ketchum
Comete	Lester Victor
Father Tidman, pastor of Lauzanne	Newton Chisnel
Mathois, } his sons	G. T. Henderson
Christian, }	Chas. Edeson
Vergatz, village crier	Collin Varrey
Marcassoni, innkeeper at Tivoli	L. W. Browning
Marita	Mlle. Marie Aimée
Elena Di Strozzi	Clara Baker
Madam Tidman	Emma Skerrett
Charlotte, } her daughters	Fannie Nash
lost, Didi, and Loulen, Charlotte's children.	Jennie Williams
Rosette	Ada Laurent
Angelique	Elsie Robb



EVENINGS AT 8.30.

MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.

Sole Manager A. M. Palmer

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Colonel Charles Prescott	Mr. George R. Parks
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Brigade Surgeon Fielding	Mr. M. McDowell
Assistant Surgeon Hathaway	Mr. H. A. Moran
Thomas Henry Bean	Mr. Charles S. Dickson
Uncle Rufus	Mr. Harry Woodson
Captain Woodford	Mr. D. J. Sullivan
Hinton	Mr. Jean H. Williams
Sentry	Mr. Hugh Fuller
Clerk	Mr. W. H. Pope
Euphemia McCreery	Mrs. Farren
Rachael McCreery	Miss Kathryn Kidder
Susan McCreery	Miss Louise Dillon

Boxes \$12 and \$15 | Balcony 50c. and 75c
Orchestra . . . \$1.50 and \$2.00 | Gen'l Admission . . . \$1.00



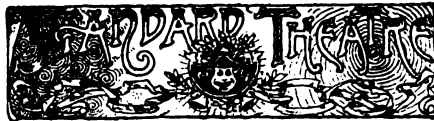
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Kneebone	Mr. Frank Courier
Mr. Wood	Mr. Albert Hart
Little Jack Sheppard	Miss Loie Fuller
Thames Darrell	Miss Rose Leighton
Winifred Wood	Miss Addie Cora Reed
Polly Stanmore	Miss Lelia Farrell
Edgeworth Beas	Miss Helen Sedgwick
Kittie Kettlebey	Miss Mabel Morris
Captain Cuff	Miss Ida Van Oaten
Ireton	Miss Maud Leicester

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Orchestra \$1.50 | Balcony Reserved75
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Production of A. C. Gunter's new play, a kaleidoscope of
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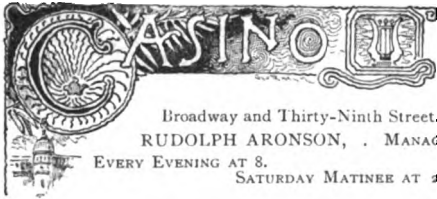
THE PROLOGUE, 1857.

Weston Minton, President of the Great Pacific Life Insurance Company, Mr. Charles Wheatleigh	Justus Sharkey, his clerk Mr. Robert McWade
Joshua Joab Jinks, solicitor for the com- pany Mr. Charles Bowser	Dr. Ralston, the medical examiner Mr. Frank Losee
Politician Broadstretch, the porter	Mr. Lysander Thompson
Steven Mawley, shepherd of the fold Mr. W. J. Ferguson	Jonathan Wayne, a plain farmer Mr. Atkins Lawrence
Jonathan Wayne, his son Master Tommy Russell	Ethel Wayne, his daughter Miss Bijou Fernandez
Mrs. Patience Mawley, the shepherdess	Miss Fanny Addison
Annie, the head lamb of the fold Miss Marion Russell	Mattie, a stray lamb Miss Edith Bird
Katie, the youngest of the fold	Little Ollie

THE PLAY, 1873.

Justus Sharkey, now President of the Great Pacific Life, and a Wall Street Bandit Mr. Robert McWade	Weston Minton, a retired banker Mr. Charles Wheatleigh
Joshua Joab Jinks, still a solicitor Mr. Charles Bowser	Col. Philip Ralston, a business man Mr. Frank Losee
Johnny Graham, a young locksmith Mr. Atkins Lawrence	J. Edison Shocks, walking electricity Mr. W. J. Ferguson
Gentleman Jimmy, pride of the Bowery Mr. J. H. Farrell	Politician Broadstretch, a butler, Mr. Lysander Thompson
Ethel Minton, adopted daughter of Min- ton Miss Georgia Cayvan	Mrs. Marion Longdale, the doom of Jinks Miss Sadie Bigelow
Katie Morton, in cloak department at Lacy's Miss Anna Boyle	Mrs. Patience O'Flynn, landlady of a Grand street tenement Miss Fanny Addison

THE THEATRE.



Broadway and Thirty-Ninth Street.
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ERMINIE.

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Javotte	Agnes Folsom
Marie	Sadie Kirby
Delaunay	Miss Varry
Cadeaux	Francis Wilson
Ravenne	W. S. Daboll
Marquis de Ponvert	Carl Irving
Eugene Marcel	Henry Hallam
Chevalier de Brabazon	Max Freeman
Dufois	Murry Woods
Simon	A. W. Maffin
Visconte de Brissac	C. L. Weeks

Boxes	\$8, \$10, \$12	Balcony	\$1.00
Orchestra	\$1.50	Admission	50

— A project is on foot under the lead of Mrs. James Brown Potter for the erection of a theatre for the exclusive use of amateur companies. It is proposed by those conducting the enterprise to lease a piece of property in a good neighborhood for twenty-one years. Of the two available plots under consideration, that at Fourth avenue and Twenty-fifth street is regarded with the most favor. The other is at Fifth avenue and Thirty-seventh street, and is owned by Mrs. Paran Stevens. A proposition has been made to reproduce on one of these sites the Empire Theatre of London, which is similar in many respects to the Casino in this city. It is expected that when the theatre is built all the productions by the Amateur League, Greenwich, Comedy and Wallack clubs of this

city, and most of those by the Amaranth, Campbell and Gilbert clubs of Brooklyn, will be given in it, as well as many readings, concerts, balls and weddings, and thus a considerable revenue will be derived. Among those who have agreed to furnish the money necessary to carry out the project are Ex-Senator John J. Kiernan, G. T. Davidson, of 56 Wall street, T. D. Livingston, of 38 New street, and J. H. Lyon, of 52 Wall street.

— *Pittsburg East-End Bulletin*: THE THEATRE, which we are glad to see is enjoying the first taste of what promises to be a lasting success, fills every requirement of intelligent people in the way of current theatrical literature. Mr. Welch and Mr. Montgomery have elevated the standard of theatrical publications with THE THEATRE and are entitled to the honors resulting.

. "Vinaigre Français au Raifort Epicé" is pronounced by epicures one of the finest condiments for use with oysters, vegetables, salads, etc. It excites the appetite and aids digestion. For sale by all grocers.

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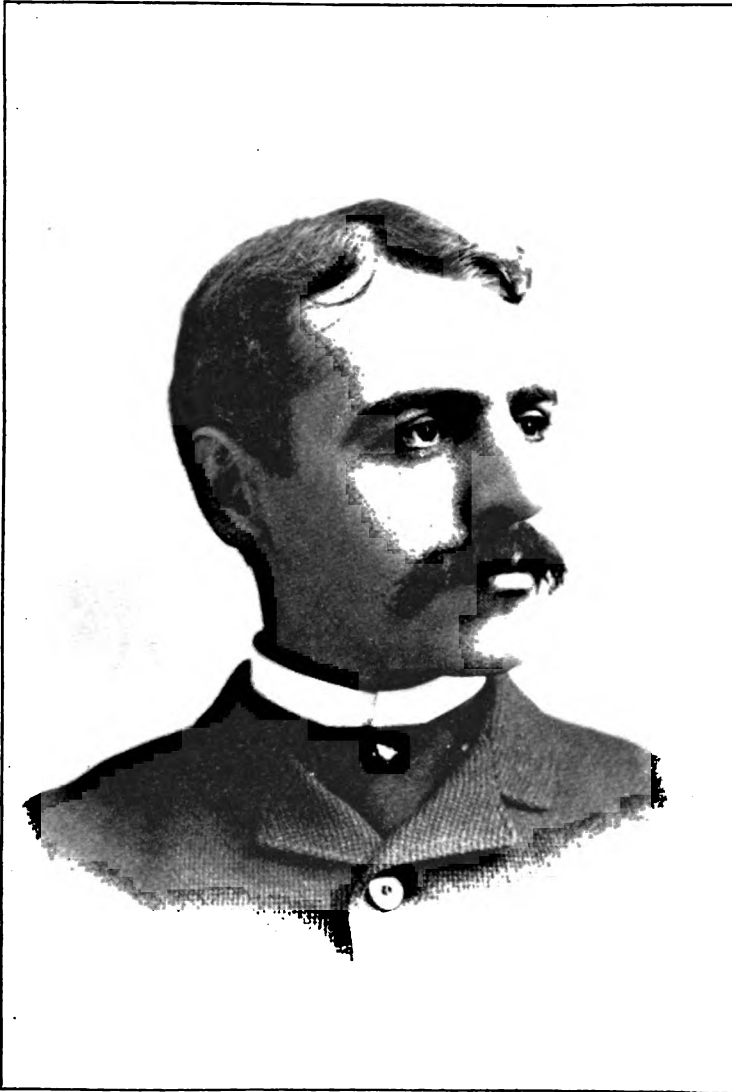
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THE THEATRE.

VOL. II., No. 3.

OCTOBER 4, 1886.

WHOLE No. 29

THE THEATRE: AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF
DRAMA, MUSIC, ART AND LITERATURE.—Published
every Saturday at Nos. 31 and 33 West Twenty-third
Street, New York.

DESLER WELCH . . . EDITOR AND MANAGER.
G. E. MONTGOMERY ASSOCIATE.

The price of yearly subscription to THE THEATRE is four dollars in advance. We cannot undertake to return manuscript that is not suitable, unless it is accompanied by sufficient postage to do so. Care is always taken not to needlessly destroy valuable manuscript.

. The Editor solicits contributions from the readers of THE THEATRE, and suggests that old play bills, and scraps relating to the stage, notes, news and items appertaining to the different arts, would be acceptable. It is the desire of the Editor to establish a widely circulated magazine, and to further that end every good idea will be acted upon so far as possible.

. All articles appearing in THE THEATRE are written especially for it unless credited otherwise.

. Address all communications to the Editor.

THE FIRST VOLUME.

With Number 26 was finished the first volume of THE THEATRE. Anyone wishing to complete a back binding can be accommodated with back numbers at the rate of ten cents per copy. Handsomely bound volumes will be supplied to any address for \$3.00.

ENTRE NOUS.

MR. HARRY PAULTON, who wrote the clever libretto for "Erminie," plays the part of *Cadeau* in England, and people who have seen him and also Mr. Wilson say that the former is even more droll. Mr. Paulton visited New York just long enough to see that "Erminie" was well produced, look into other theatres, and visit Brown's chop-house one night, where I had a little chat with him. He was so full of praise regarding American ideas and people that I was rather inclined to think it was for the occasion only. So many of these foreigners, don't you know, have so many sweet things to say for policy's sake, and talk quite to the contrary when they get out of reach. Mr. Paulton, however, must have been serious, for he has been saying about the same thing to English reporters.

"I was very much struck," said he, "with the apparent prosperity of the country, and particularly with regard to the profession. I

think the people are fond of all kinds of amusements. There does not seem to be any of the prejudice and bigotry against theatres which we have in this country. It does not seem to exist at all. A town of sixty thousand inhabitants will be a really good theatrical town, whilst in this country in a town of that size you will find a very large proportion of the population are people who would not go into a theatre on any account. Then, again, I like their theatres because of their pretty shape. As a rule they are not so deep as English theatres. Unless they are big theatres, they have only two tiers, which gives them a more compact and cosy appearance."

.

SPEAKING of the time when he first went on the stage—he was then twenty-one years old—Mr. Paulton told me of how he was made the butt of good-natured fun the very first week. The farce "Grimshaw, Bagshaw, and Bradshaw" was one of the pieces to be played during the week, and Mr. Paulton found himself cast for the part of *Bradshaw*. In those days there was hardly ever more than one book, and this was passed round, each actor or actress writing out his or her respective part. After plenty of delay on the part of the other actors in order to increase the fun, Mr. Paulton at last secured the book, and repaired to his home with the intention of writing out his part. He waded all through the book but failed to find any *Bradshaw*, until at the end, when there is supposed to be a display of excitement about a mistake in the names, and the question is asked, "Who is *Bradshaw*?" the impersonator of the character comes forward and says, "I am *Bradshaw*." "But the funny part of the whole affair," said Mr. Paulton, "was this: I was determined the audience should have my line perfectly clear, and therefore I thought I would wait until the row was over, but the low comedian

forestalled me by remarking 'He is *Bradshaw*,' and much to my discomfiture, I never spoke at all."

**

IT is not, perhaps, generally known that besides being the author of the librettos of "Erminie," "Babes in the Wood," (Edouin's piece), "Don Quixote," and "Les Manteaux Noirs," Mr. Paulton is a very funny lecturer. He delivers his lectures as if they were impromptu, and in a very quiet way treats the most absurd and ridiculous things in the most absurd way.

**

ROLAND BUCKSTONE never tires of telling me anecdotes regarding his father's experiences. The elder Buckstone had a wig-maker named Clarkson who was always one way or another connecting himself with amateur theatricals. Against this sort of thing Buckstone was very emphatic and frequently spoke in scorn of that kind of performance. One morning he said to Clarkson: "I hear, Mr. Clarkson, you were up at Cheltenham last night, at an amateur performance, and how did it pass off, Mr. Clarkson?" "It was splendid, Mr. Buckstone," was the answer. "You couldn't see a join!"

**

MR. ALFRED AYRES, the author of the book entitled "The Orthoepist," writes in THE THEATRE this week concerning frequent mistakes made by actors in pronunciation, and calls Lawrence Barrett severely to task. Mr. Barrett is not only very faulty in his orthoepy, but he has of late been growing very careless in his own performance. One night recently, in consequence of a small audience being in the house, Mr. Barrett deliberately "walked through his part," omitting several of the most touching incidents, which had prompted the remarks about *Jamie Harebell* in No. 27 of this magazine.

**

HENRY RUSSELL, the old English composer, who wrote the music for several popular songs, among them Morris's song, "Woodman. Spare that Tree," and Mackay's song, "Cheer, boys, cheer," is still living, and may be seen in excellent health any day at the Boulogne Casino, in France.

I AM told that Miss Lord, who is now visiting this country, is a descendant of Richardson, the celebrated author of "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Pamela," and still derives an income from the sale of the two works.

**

JOHN T. RAYMOND should find some good actor, who could be a good companion, for a new play based upon the gubernatorial struggle in Tennessee, where the two brothers, "Alf" and "Bob" Taylor, are rival candidates. Could anything be more ridiculous, or furnish better comedy than this campaign? These brothers speak from the same platform, poke each other with fun, occupy the same bed at night, hold receptions together, and amuse their friends at these gatherings by playing the fiddle and singing old songs together. When the crowd favors one of them and guys the other, the favorite cries out, "Whoever insults my brother insults me," and the best of feeling is said to exist.

**

I UNDERSTAND that one of the founders of the London *Punch* is still alive—Henry Mayhew, of the "Brothers Mayhew." He is a hearty old man of seventy-five years. He is a widower; his wife was a daughter of Douglas Jerrold.

**

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY will deliver his first lecture this Monday evening, at the Academy of Music. It will be for the benefit of the earthquake victims in Charleston.

**

JOHN C. FREUND'S lecture at Chickering Hall Tuesday night last was a mixture of personal experience, in which but few were interested, and a number of undisguised puffs for piano houses and insignificant affairs. If Mr. Freund had left out his own personality, and told what he *knows* about the footlights, behind and before, it would have been a very interesting lecture.

**

A CORRESPONDENT writes that M. Gounod recently directed two concerts laid out on a grand scale at San Sebastian, Spain. Four thousand musicians and over four hundred

bands took part, including some of the most famous of the orchestras of Spain and France. The festival was, in reality, says a correspondent, a competition between the bands, orchestras and choruses of Spain and France. The concerts took place in the bull ring, which held over twelve thousand persons.

"THE Swan's Song," a famous and genuine Stradivarius violin, which dates from the year 1737, was sold in Paris a few weeks ago for the sum of 15,100*fr.* Stradivarius was forty-three years old when he made this much-coveted prize. It belonged to a man well known in the musical world, the late M. de Sainte-Senoch, whose three other violins by the same maker, also brought fabulous prices. One, dated 1704, was sold for £280; an alto violin of the year 1728, went for £480; and, lastly, a violoncello of the year 1696, was bought at £436. Their former proprietor gave £2,640 for the four, and they brought only £1,800.

JOACHIM, the great violinist, will conduct at the first Berlin Philharmonic concert, Brahms's fourth symphony, which has hitherto had only one performance from the MS. A new orchestral suite, by Moszkowski, is on the second programme.

MISS HATTIE LOUISE SIMMS has returned from Europe, and is under engagement to Mr. Angelo as *soprano leggiera* for the season of Italian opera, to open at the New York Academy of Music on October 11.

A BERLIN newspaper says that the Spanish national hymn was composed by Frederick II., of Prussia, and that trustworthy Spanish authors admit his authorship of the "*Marcha real*." The story is that one day, when the Spanish ambassador was in the palace at Berlin, the king handed him the march. The ambassador, who was a great admirer of the king, immediately sent the composition to Madrid, where it was received with tremendous applause, and is still the most popular

melody in Spain. When, in 1869, Marshal Serrano offered a prize for the best melody which could be used as a national hymn, more than five hundred compositions were sent to him, but none of these were found good enough to displace the melody of Frederick II.

MISS CALHOUN, who is a granddaughter of John C. Calhoun, and who is now playing on the London stage with some success, has purchased a play which is founded on the life of Charlotte Corday. It is now her intention to produce this piece in New York during the season.

THE cost of the Wagner representations at Bayreuth this summer was a little over \$45,000. The profits amounted to about \$3,000 more. "Tristan" did not draw as well as "Parsifal," the average number of seats sold for the latter being 1,280. The heaviest expense incurred was the orchestra, which cost \$15,000. Except in the case of two or three of the singers, there was no payment made in that direction only for traveling expenses.

THE American Opera company open their season in Philadelphia, and will present "Faust" and "Aida," in elaborate style. The New York season will not commence until February 28. The four principal dancers engaged are Mlles. Giuri, De Gillert, Carozzi, and M. Cammarduo, a famous male dancer and pantomimist. The first quadrille is composed of Mlle. Riccio, Vio, Castegiani and Mave-roffer.

I HAVE received the following letter:

SEPTEMBER 14, 1886.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE THEATRE:

I beg you will—very kindly—correct a paragraph in your issue of the 2d ultimo, wherein you state that "Miss Zeffie Tilbury was dying of consumption." Will you be good enough to correct this, and say that Miss Tilbury is in excellent health, that she has never suffered from consumption, that she is now playing successfully at the Royalty Theatre in London—and furthermore, that she is engaged to be married to

Your obedient servant,

ARTHUR LEWIS,

A member of Miss Anderson's company in America.

Mr. Lewis is certainly to be congratulated.

MR. HENRY E. ABBEY, the theatre manager, denied on Monday last rather petulantly, the imputation that he was to be married to Florence Gerard, the actress, yet on the next day he committed the deed in Boston. Some men resent a friendly inquiry on these occasions as something not only diabolical but funny.

DUMAS *père* and Paul Meurice's "Hamlet," first produced by Dumas *père* at Saint-Germain in 1846, was revived at the Théâtre Français, and the acting, the way in which the play was mounted, the perfection of the scenic and mechanical details, according to the *Herald* correspondent, were worthy of the claim of the Comédie Française to be considered the first dramatic stage in the world. Mounet-Sully's *Hamlet* is described as being much different from Irving, and very similar to Fechter. Mlle. Reichemberg's *Ophelia* is said to be graceful, M. Got an admirable *Polonius*, and M. Couquelin, *cadet*, a fine *Grave-digger*. The fencing scene was artistic and scientific, as both Mounet-Sully and Duflos (*Laertes*) are expert swordsmen.

BUT Shakespeare in French must be exceedingly "light-wasted."

CERTAINLY burlesque now falls back in the ranks. Tragedy — the legitimate — which was feared some time ago to be dead and buried, occupies general attention. Wilson Barrett's season at the Star Theatre will undoubtedly be artistically and financially successful; Mrs. D. P. Bowers will play a round of her famous characters at the Fourteenth Street Theatre; and Fanny Davenport will do stately tragedy at the Union Square. Down on the Bowery, at the Windsor Theatre, Mme. Janascheck will thunder for the gods, and at the Star Theatre majestic Miss Ward will soar into tragic heights.

THE production of "The Queen's Favorite," by Miss Ward, was an intellectual treat. The lines in this comedy are brilliant and witty, and the acting of the play was delightful. I know of no other actor who

can equal Mr. Vernon in charming old style manners and delicious *finesse*. It would be very gratifying to have such an actor retained permanently in New York.

OF Mr. Eugene Oudin, whose portrait is published in this issue of THE THEATRE, Mr. Labouchere says in *London Truth* of September 16:

I hear from America that Mr. Eugene Oudin, who made his mark here during the season at private concerts and soirées, has achieved a great success in New York, at Wallack's Theatre, in "Josephine Sold by her Sisters." Mr. Oudin was the *enfant gâté* of New York society when a mere lad; his *début* on the stage, therefore, was watched with interest, but his friends hardly hoped that he would have come out so brilliantly.

THE pen drawing of Mr. Wilson Barrett, by Mr. Knauff, given on another page, represents the actor in his well-known character of *Claudian*. In a previous number of THE THEATRE Mr. Barrett's career has been described.

AT the Leeds music festival Sir Arthur Sullivan's orchestra will consist of 120 players — nearly every one of them Englishmen.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER & CO., the celebrated music publishers, have again acquired the copyright for all this festival's novelties, and this fact has excited considerable attention among London music critics, who say they (N. E. & Co.) now hold in their hands, for what purpose they may elect, Gounod's two oratorios, Dvorák's "Spectre Bride" and "Stabat Mater," Cowen's Birmingham Cantata, Mackenzie's two operas, besides the forthcoming cantatas by Sir Arthur Sullivan, Corder, Villiers Stanford, Mackenzie, and Harford Lloyd, and the new oratorios by Rockstro and Dvorák. For the next forty years and upwards the firm will be complete masters of some of the best compositions of our generation.

IT is further insisted that this music firm could, if they chose, withdraw those works from the public altogether, or can impose whatever pecuniary or other considerations they please upon their publication and performance. This is rather a startling monopoly, and in thus locking up in one house all the notable compositions of the day might cause a speculation which would be exceedingly uncomfortable for musicians.

Trophonius.

THE THEATRE.



WILSON BARRETT AS "CLAUDIAN."

ABOUT ADVERTISING.

MOST of us, who belong to the new age of steam and electricity, have sucked in, with the traditional bottled milk, a firm conviction that every man was placed upon the earth to advertise himself. It is, in fact, a matter of self-defense for one to advertise himself. The world is large, it is numerously peopled, and its inhabitants are widely scattered, like sparse trees on an unfructuous soil. When one has wares to sell, therefore, one must use methodical appliances to reach all those persons who might be tempted to purchase them. That is the logic of advertising. A man that is not judiciously advertised is a hermit among his kind. He is not known, not felt, not visible. His existence is a matter of indifference to the millions that are active and progressive; he may have invented a panacea for the ills of the flesh, an exquisite elixir, an incomparable soothing syrup; but of what avail is the panacea, the elixir, the soothing syrup, if no one except the inventor happens to be aware of the fact that such a thing has been invented?

An artist—and we mean by artist either painter, poet, sculptor or actor—is, to a large extent, under the new conditions of the time, somewhat in the position of a merchant. The latter has merchandise to sell. He affixes his placards where people cannot fail to observe them; he sticks his name in railway cars and in other public places; he buys a column, more or less, in some newspaper which everybody, or at least a good part of everybody, is supposed to read: the result is that he gets rid of his merchandise quickly and profitably. In what are known as “the good old days,” an artist was painfully dependent upon accidents of public taste, and upon that sort of advertising which runs, so to speak, from mouth to mouth; men discussed his work, when they took pains to examine it. But the chances were that they would not examine it. To-day an artist is in quite a different and more encouraging position. He paints a picture. The newspapers proclaim its faults and merits to thousands of readers. He acts a part. The newspapers fall to criticising and gossiping about it. He composes an opera, and this becomes at once an interesting subject for

thought and opinion at every extremity of the telegraph. How many actors that are now popular would be popular if the newspapers had not made them so? Without the modern methods of advertising, they might be still unhonored and unsung. A few actors might, indeed, be unhung.

The value of practical, straightforward advertising is, therefore, candidly acknowledged. But there is another kind of advertising which appears to be growing in favor, and which, while it is frequently effective, enormously effective at times, places the person who is benefited by it in a disadvantageous and discreditable situation. This is the advertising which is distinctly not legitimate, which is acquired by vulgar and indecent methods, by brazen trumpetings, by the sacrifice of character and honor, by buncombe and brass bands. A Booth could not be made by such advertising, and a Booth would shrink from it. A Dixey can be made by it. Almost any charlatan who is unable or unwilling to let his work speak for itself, can be made by it. A bad and vicious book becomes through it the talk of a town, perhaps the talk of a world. Some picture, marked by sensationalism and bravado, is lifted by it into glittering prominence. Some actor, who has never been known to act, yet who may have the skill of pleasing thoughtless persons with his buffoonery, finds in it the pathway to a reputation, the opportunity that creates a fortune. There is a dissimilarity striking enough to impress the least serious observer between the advertising which built up the fame of Charlotte Cushman, and that which won notoriety for Mrs. Langtry. Women that lack talent, honesty, and modesty, are now transformed into personages of importance and distinction by their own loose acts, the scandals of their lives, and their indifference to just criticism. There is a young and attractive woman on our stage to-day, whose popularity—for she is likely to be popular—will be due chiefly to the scandalous intrigue in which she is involved. Miss Cameron may be quite innocent of wrong-doing. Her “manager,” the Earl of Lonsdale, may not have given her husband cause to sue in the divorce courts for a separation. But when these two

men, apparently enemies, make an open exhibition of their *entente cordiale*, as they have done since their arrival in this country, there seems to be reason for thinking that they are trifling with a woman's honor to advertise her. If the case of Miss Cameron were not one out of many, it might be held lightly; but the fact is too often revealed nowadays that men and women are ready to sacrifice what the rest of us — old fogies that we are — hold precious, for "popular success."

G. E. M.

KEAN AND BOOTH.

ANOTHER volume in that very interesting series of books, edited by Brander Matthews and Lawrence Hutton, and entitled, "Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States, from the days of David Garrick to the present time," has just been published by Cassell & Co. The plan of the series has already been described in this journal. It is a good plan, practical, judicious and suggestive. As to the new volume, there are many reasons why it should be more interesting to us than those which preceded it. It comes nearer to our own time and own thoughts; it discusses questions and persons that we have our own frank opinions about, and it presents in a sharp, bright, brilliant group, fifteen of the most famous names that have been associated with the stage during the last three-quarters of a century.

The members of this group are — as the title of the work undertaken so skillfully by Mr. Matthews and Mr. Hutton indicates — either British or American. They are: Edmund Kean, John Howard Payne, James W. Wallack, Mary Ann Duff, Junius Brutus Booth, Eliza L. Vestris, Henry Placide, James H. Wallack, Benjamin Webster, John B. Buckstone, Charles J. Mathews, William E. Burton, Frances Ann Kemble, Clara Fisher and John Brougham.

The articles are invariably brief, compact, and cautiously written. As the writers are all well known and expert, and as the labor assigned to them is comparatively light, the book could hardly fail to be a satisfactory one. The editors have, in this volume, supplemented the biographical and critical statements with copious notes touching the personality, the idiosyncrasy, the appearance, and also the art, of each actor.

The fact will not be overlooked by the reader that, whereas the majority of the actors who are mentioned have been closely identified with the American stage, and are even spoken of as Americans, few of them were born in this

country. Junius Brutus Booth, James W. Wallack, Mary Duff, William E. Burton, Clara Fisher, Fanny Kemble and John Brougham were British born. Payne, Hackett and Placide were born in this country.

It may be recalled that a large part of the very clever, correct and entertaining article on Charles Mathews, by Henry Gallup Paine, was printed several weeks ago in THE THEATRE.

There are two articles, however, to which the reader will turn most eagerly, and he will certainly find them the least conventional and most charming contributions to the volume. They are written by Edwin Booth, whose disinclination to put his thoughts on paper heretofore has been observed with regret. The ideas, the emotions, the convictions of an actor like Mr. Booth; his sagacious judgments and the conclusions evolved from his large experience; in fact, his self-analysis and his broader analysis of dramatic art — the value of these things expressed in criticism and comment would be invaluable. It may be said that we know what Mr. Booth thinks through his acting. Nevertheless, we should be glad to be brought into off-hand, friendly intimacy with him, to see the man beyond the actor, to pierce that mystery of the stage which surrounds great players. In his two brief articles, one relating to Edmund Kean, and the other to his distinguished father, Mr. Booth has, for the first time, made an effort to throw aside the mask of the actor and speak as a man. And, while he says little, that little will be keenly relished. Half unconsciously, perhaps, Mr. Booth defines the delicate kinship between the character of a man and the genius of an actor, between human nature and the nature that re-creates itself in the theatre.

"The word imitation," Mr. Booth writes, "seems to be used as a slur upon the actor alone. The painter and the sculptor go to Italy to study the old masters, and are praised for their good copies after this or that one. They are not censured for imitation, — and why may not the actor also have his preceptor, or model? Why should he be denounced for following the footsteps of *his* old master? . . . In the main, tradition to the actor is as true as that which the sculptor perceives in Angelo, the painter in Raphael, the musician in Beethoven; all of these artists having sight and sound to guide them. . . Kean knew without seeing Cooke, who in turn knew from Macklin, and so back to Betterton, just what to do and how to do it. Their great mother Nature, who reiterates her teaching and preserves her monotone in motion, form and sound, taught them there must be some similitude in all things that are true."

Of his father, the wonderful actor who, some English critics still persist, imitated Kean, in spite of the fact that Booth's methods were quite unlike those of Kean, the son writes with pathetic intimation: "Only those who have known the torture of severe mental tension, can appreciate the value of that one little step from the sublime to the ridiculous. My close acquaintance with so fantastic a temperament as was my father's, so accustomed me to that in him which appeared strange to others, that much of *Hamlet's* mystery seems to me no more than idiosyncrasy. It likewise taught me charity for those whose evil or imperfect genius sways them to the mood of what it likes or loathes."

A PROGRESSIVE ART SCHOOL.

WE call the attention of young students who desire vigorous and sound instruction in the arts, to the prospectus for this season issued by the Art Schools of the Metropolitan Museum. These schools (which form together a strong academy) are now exceedingly popular, and are under competent management. Their standing is already high enough to command general respect, and the various teachers have been chosen with discretion and knowledge.

There are ten of these schools. The first is for color, free-hand drawing, and "the life," and is directed by Mr. John Ward Stimson, of the Paris School of Fine Arts. The second is for sculpture modeling, and is directed by Mr. Olin Warner, who is unquestionably one of the most gifted and original of our younger sculptors. The third is for architectural draughtmanship, managed by Mr. Arthur Tuckerman. The fourth is for chasing and repoussé work in metals, managed by M. Julien Ramar, of Paris. The fifth is for perspective, construction and industrial design, managed by Mr. Lucas Baker, of Boston. The sixth is for anatomy, physiology, and expression, managed by Dr. Edward Ayers, of the New York Polyclinic. The seventh is for window and wall decoration, managed by Mr. P. V. Stiepeviech, of Florence. The eighth is for cabinet drawing, and interior designing, managed by Mr. Ernest J. Gilles, of Marcott & Co. The ninth is for decorative clay modeling, managed by Herr A. Loehner, of the Vienna School of Fine Arts. The tenth is a mechanical

class, managed by Mr. William E. Volz, of New York.

Some of these schools are open only at night; others are open on specified days. The school for chasing and repoussé work is open on two afternoons and three evenings of each week in the season. The price for the entire school year in each department ranges from \$10 to \$15, a comparatively small sum to pay for excellent and thorough instruction. An extra charge of \$5 is exacted for daily attendance in the life class. The school year extends from October 4 to May 1. The school rooms are at 214 East 34th Street, New York. Mr. John Ward Stimson is superintendent.

THE SCHOOL OF ACTING.

MR. FRANKLIN H. SARGENT is to be congratulated on the progress he is making with the New York School of Acting. His programme for the present season is elaborate, clearly defined and admirably arranged. The special studies are Action, Diction, Stage Effect, Make-up, Elementary Dance and Ballet Steps, Fencing, and Lectures on all subjects relating to the culture and improvement of actors. The teachers are Franklin H. Sargent, David Belasco, Miss Abbie Whinnery, Miss Maria Porter Bruce, Mme. Malvina, Miss Ada Ward, Miss Mary Cameron, Lysander Thompson, M. Rondelle, Alfred Thompson, and a prominent actor whose name has not yet been announced. The rooms of the school are now in the Lyceum Theatre building. The school year extends from October 26 to May 1. An examination for entrance is made of every applicant. The tuition for the first year's course is \$250 in advance; for the second year, \$150.

GROWING BRIGHTER ALL THE TIME.

(Boston *Beacon*, September 25.)

With the number for last Saturday, THE THEATRE began its second volume. It has steadily grown handsomer, brighter and better, and the occasional digressions which it makes into literature and art, other than those of the stage, are harmonious with the general direction of its thought.

ORTHOEPY.

IN the theatres I have lately heard the following words mispronounced: During a performance of "The Merchant of Venice," at the Star:

Aversion. Miss Gale should not give the *s* the sound of *x*.

Actor. Mr. Barrett habitually mispronounces this word. The *o* is not the *o* of *or*, but the *o* of *major*.

Troth. Miss Gale is admonished that the *o* of this word is not long, but short.

Pize. Miss Gale has, probably, not taken the trouble to look up the pronunciation of this word. The dictionaries tell us to pronounce it *pize*.

Sentence. Miss Gale's utterance of the unaccented vowels is frequently very faulty. For *unce* she gives us *unce*; for *els*, *uls*; for *ed*, *ud*, and so on. Miss Gale pronounces both German and French much more correctly than she does English.

In a representation of "Richelieu," at the Star:

Sagacious. There is no authority for saying *sa-gash-us*.

Dynasty. The best usage makes the first syllable of *dy* and not of *dyn*.

Menial. This word was pronounced in three syllables, according to authority; yet I should not hesitate to pronounce it in two, in accordance with popular usage, unless the measure demanded the additional syllable.

In a representation of "Hamlet" at the Star:

Perusal. Miss Gale's *u* in the word, sounded very like long *oo*.

Leisure. Careful speakers in this country pronounce the word *le-shur*. In England, however, *lesh-ur* is common, although not sanctioned by any modern orthoepist.

Further, the unaccented vowels in *witness*, *gentlemen*, *speechless*, *blanket* and a few other words were badly treated. This mangling of the unaccented vowels does more to vulgarize one's utterance than does the occasional misplacing of an accent. The more breath we give a word, the more care must be taken with the unaccented vowels—the nearer one must come to giving them their name sound.

In a representation of "The Scapegoat" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre:

Luxury. Mrs. Chanfrau errs in pronouncing the first syllable of this word as though it were written *lugs*. The first syllable of both the adjective and the adverb are so pronounced; not so, however, the first syllable of the noun.

Legislator. If Miss Bancroft will turn to the dictionary she will find that the first syllable of this word receives the primary accent.

Genuine. The English are fond of making the *i* of words with this termination long; in this country careful speakers commonly make it short.

Dishonest. The first *s* must be pronounced like *x*.

Immediate. The pronunciation *im-me-jy-ate* has a place in history, but for a generation, at least, it has not had a place in good usage.

Patronage. Miss Bancroft errs in making the first *a* of this word long; it is short.

The diction of the author of "The Scapegoat" is often much more faulty than is the orthoepy of the players. For example, the author frequently uses *perpetually* when he should use continually. *Perpetual* means never-ceasing, continuing without intermission, uninterrupted; while *continual* means that that is constantly renewed and recurring, with perhaps frequent stops and interruptions. This misuse of *perpetual* is more frequent in England than with us. Alfred Ayres.

COMEDY.

Oh, bitter life ! insufferable task,
When some poor mime to earn his daily bread
Must play the clown, or don the Thespian mask,
And hide with *rouge* the tears he may have shed.

Some see their rival with a loved one, strain
Exulting eyes to watch their suffering,
And while swift jealousy fires every vein,
Repeat an odious rôle, or laugh and sing.

The favorite actor by the mass loved best,
Makes his *entrée* while thronged admirers cheer ;
Alas, they see not Death in every jest,
His low, consumptive cough they cannot hear.

The girl whose grace and art cause such delight,
Praised for her charming ways and dainty tread,
Smiles sweetly still, but know you how, last night,
With tearful eyes she mourned her mother, dead ?

No, no, the very man you have preferred,
Whose tragic power among the best is styled,
May think as *Hamlet*, *Lear*, or *Richard Third*,
Of dismal garrets and his starving child.

Yet proud, fault-finding critics of the play,
Carelessly judging without heart or right,
With flippant men and drawing voice may say :
"How badly 'so and so' performed to-night."

F. S. Saltus.

BOTH SIDES OF THE CURTAIN.

I WONDER how many of the non-professional readers of *THE THEATRE* have a clear idea of the meaning of a theatrical "call." The *Herald* during the last few weeks has in its advertising columns printed a number of "calls," some of them in connection with city theatres and others for traveling companies. One would think that the "call," so explicitly printed requesting the presence of Mr. Wallack's company, for instance, on the stage of his theatre, on such a date, would explain itself. Nevertheless, I have received a number of inquiries as to the origin, meaning and effect of a theatrical call. About the origin I will not trouble myself, and its meaning should be obvious. The effect of a call is, however, somewhat interesting and cannot be better explained than by a glance at the stage of Wallack's Theatre last Monday morning, when the company of that famous house assembled in response to their manager's "call."

It requires such an occasion as this or the production of some huge English melodrama like "Hoodman Blind" to appreciate the size and variety of Mr. Wallack's company. This year it is better than ever, and every line of business is duplicated. On Monday, when the roll was called, there were no absentees. John Gilbert arrived from Manchester-by-the-Sea, and his first greeting was offered to Madame Ponisi, whose husband he has been, on the mimic scene, for about six months of each of the last sixteen years. When the graceful ceremony was accomplished all the company surrounded Mr. Gilbert, and congratulated him on his buoyant appearance. The old members shook hands with him, and the new ones struggled for the chance of doing so. Miss Annie Robe, with her usually peach-blow complexion tanned by sea breezes almost beyond recognition, moved about with more than ordinary dignity as the undoubted leading lady of the first theatre in America. An old friend appears on the stage who has long been absent from Wallack's Theatre, and the old Wallackians rush in a body to greet her. This is Miss Katherine Rogers, who will relieve Miss Robe of the heavier and severer leading rôles. It is, by the way, exactly fourteen years since Miss Rogers made her début in this country, when at Wallack's old theatre, she introduced the beautiful "Galatea" to America. Just a little after the appointed time, the "Governor," in the person of John Lester Wallack himself, appeared with a smile and a hand-shake for everybody. He introduces the new members to the old ones, and the stage soon presents the appearance of a conversazione held in a drawing room of vast dimensions and very peculiar furniture. By and by the stage-

manager and prompter are found in consultation with Mr. Wallack, and then again, the "call-boy" is summoned, and to him are given certain type-written documents which he distributes among certain members of the company. These are the "parts" for the opening play of "Harvest," which, by the way, will only demand the services of about a dozen of Mr. Wallack's company, leaving another dozen to "walk about" for two or three months, should this "Harvest" be a profitable one. A date for the first rehearsal is now given, everybody says good morning to everybody else, and the "call" is over. The new members may, perhaps, hover around, admiring the depth of the stage, or may go up stairs in search of their dressing-rooms. But the practical result of the "call" is over, and to the players the fall and winter season of Wallack's has commenced.

WHILE Mr. Kyrle Bellew is the undisputed leading man of Wallack's Theatre, Mr. Herbert Kelcey will play such important rôles that a very determined rivalry is expected to develop itself between the two popular actors. Opinion is already divided about the relative attractiveness of the two gentlemen. Happily, no burning international question will arise through this rivalry, as both competitors for American favor are English. But it so happens that the two gentlemen represent two opposite types of manhood, the ascendancy of either of which has long been in dispute. Mr. Bellew is frail, pale, picturesque and æsthetic. Mr. Kelcey is handsome, sturdy and athletic. Each will have his admirers as each had last season at different theatres. Who will come out ahead at the end of the season is a question which will probably be solved by the lady patrons of Wallack's Theatre. I am inclined to pin my faith to Mr. Bellew for two substantial reasons. He is the leading man, and will, therefore, always have the best parts, and, furthermore, he is not known to have any feminine affinity, whereas Mr. Kelcey is handicapped in romantic and womanly eyes, by his unconcealed devotion to his wife, Miss Caroline Hill. However the struggle may terminate, I trust Mr. Wallack will reap the reward of his comprehensive enterprise.

RECENT events have brought up a subject that used to be frequently and hotly discussed. This is the advisability of actresses getting married. One would suppose that the actress herself was the best judge in such a matter, yet their opinions, though interesting, are not valuable to those who wish to draw profitable conclusions. When Mlle. Bernhardt was in this country she touched on this question in one of the numerous "interviews" printed for her profit, and she strongly and almost

THE THEATRE.



THE JAPANESE MASK.

From a Picture by Alfred Stevens.

violently denounced the marriage of actresses. In her own energetic tones she declared that an actress should be wedded to her art alone, and that the public should be the only family to whom she owed loyalty. Three months afterwards Mademoiselle married M. Damala, and both have regretted it ever since. Less than three years ago Rose Coghlan was interviewed on the same subject, and was just as emphatic as Mlle. Bernhardt about the wisdom of actresses passing their lives as spinsters. She also prattled about an artiste being wedded to her art, and her devotion to the dear, dear public. Three months after this utterance she became Mrs. Edgerly, but I am glad to say, the parties to this union are perfectly satisfied with its results.

It used to be, and is, to a certain extent, a tradition with actresses never to marry inside the profession. "I will never marry an actor," was a speech on every pretty actress's tongue. I believe the famous Mrs. Siddons originated this phrase. When, as Sarah Kemble, she showed signs of the genius that made her the most illustrious actress of all time, her father, perhaps with an eye to business, implored her to vow that she would never marry. She vowed accordingly, but a year afterwards asked permission of her parent to modify that vow. She wished to substitute for the original pledge a promise that she would never marry an actor. Mr. Kemble reluctantly accepted the amendment, but was astonished to learn, a few weeks afterwards, that his daughter had married Mr. Siddons, the second heavy man of Drury Lane Theatre. When Mr. Kemble got his opportunity for reproaching Sarah for her faithlessness, he found Mrs. Siddons at the wings on Drury Lane stage, dressed for *Lady Macbeth*. Mr. Siddons was before the footlights trying to play *Banquo*. "Sarah," said Mr. Kemble, "I am pained; you promised me that you would never marry an actor." "Well, I've kept my word, father; there," pointing to Mr. Siddons, "is my husband, and you can see that he is no actor."

ANOTHER curious case of a similar nature comes within my own recollection. In a provincial town of England was a young and beautiful actress who was in the habit of receiving offers of marriage weekly from various members of the company. But Millie Palmer coldly refused each aspirant, and declared that she too had registered a vow never to marry an actor. In due time the beautiful Millie went to London, and her good looks and talents took the metropolis by storm. Every unmarried actor at the Strand Theatre asked her to become "his own," but Millie mechanically repeated, "I will never marry an actor." Finally, Miss Palmer became leading lady of the

Lyceum Theatre, and there she met the redoubtable Anglo-German tragedian, Herr Daniel Bandmann. That impetuous performer made Millie an offer the first week in the season, and repeated it every salary day for six months. The invariable reply was, "I will never marry an actor." After the thirtieth refusal an idea seized Herr Bandmann, and for the thirty-first time he fell on his knees and asked Millie to be "his." Again she proudly said, "No, sir, I will never marry an actor." Herr Bandmann promptly said, "I am no actor, Millie, I am an artiste." That settled it, and the fair Millie became Frau Bandmann, and as far as I know, has continued so ever since.

SIGNOR ANGELO'S prospectus makes it pretty certain that New York will have Italian opera this season. Anybody who doubts about our having material for Italian opera right here in this city has only to wander in the neighborhood of Union Square some morning before the weather gets cold. Strolling along Irving Place a few days ago, I heard what I first thought to be the shriek of a child run over by a brewer's wagon. I listened again, and the supposed shriek proved to be the high chest C of an Italian tenor. He was singing "Di Quella Pira" for all it was worth. He not only took the high C, but he, so to speak, wrestled with it and brought it down. Had I been an impresario I would have rushed up to that top floor and made a contract with that tenor if I had to use a club or a bowie-knife. A little further on in Irving Place I heard a basso, who reminded me of Myron Whitney with the croup, groaning out "Se Il Regor," from "La Juive," and at the corner of Seventeenth street a young lady was practising the trills and roulades with which light sopranos embellish the score of "La Sonnambula." I turned into Union Square to breakfast at an Italian restaurant. I just began my portion of fish when a babel of sounds reached me that I thought must either be an anarchist riot or an earthquake. I jumped from my seat, but the proprietor kindly tried to soothe me by announcing that what I heard was only his Italian artiste lodgers, who were practising for the coming operatic season. My next course was an omelet, which I devoured to the air of "Salve Dimora," sung dreadfully out of tune, and I consumed two cutlets, while two trumpet-toned friends sang the great duet from Donizetti's almost forgotten opera of "Belisario." Yet at this time Signor Angelo's company had not arrived here. When they do get here what is to become of our local Italian opera singers? Perhaps Signor Angelo imports his "troupe," not from Italy, but from Union Square.

The Man in the Street.



MRS. STIRLING.

MRS. STIRLING'S JUBILEE.

LONDON will, in November next, celebrate what, with chivalrous courtesy, is called Mrs. Stirling's Jubilee. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Stirling has adorned the English stage for sixty

years. She began her professional career as a pupil of a famous ballet-master, and figured as fairies and cupids before she was ten years of age. At the comparatively early age of twelve she acted and sang the part of *Puck* in "The

Midsummer Night's Dream," and a few years later she was found singing and acting the difficult rôle of *Ariel* in "The Tempest."

Arriving at the ripe age of sixteen, the lady the world knows as Mrs. Stirling took to serious work, and played *Juliet*, *Rosalind*, *Ophelia* and *Desdemona*. At the age of twenty-one Mrs. Stirling was a full-fledged star, and so brilliant were her abilities that dramatic authors considered the writing of a play for her the summit of their ambition.

No actress known to history has "created" so many characters. Madame Ponisi, of Wallack's, herself a powerful actress, remembers being present in London on the first production of "King René's Daughter," when Mrs. Stirling created the part of *Iolanthe*. This is nearly forty years ago, yet a few days since Madame Ponisi told me that this *Iolanthe* was the most graceful, pathetic and thrilling performance she had ever witnessed.

Mrs. Stirling has had three periods of triumph. In early youth she was the queen of pathos, in middle age, the queen of comedy, and now in her green old age, she acts *Mrs. Malaprop*, the *Nurse* in "Romeo and Juliet," and similar parts, better than they have ever been acted before. Tom Taylor and Charles Reade wrote "Masks and Faces," in order that Mrs. Stirling should present *Peg Woffington* to the world. Twenty years later the same actress played *Mrs. Malaprop* in Sheridan's "Rivals." Henry J. Byron, the author, witnessed the performance and declared that Sheridan had written *Mrs. Malaprop* for Mrs. Stirling. It was pointed out to him that Sheridan died before Mrs. Stirling was born. "That's nothing," replied Byron, "Sheridan wrote for posterity, and he has just found his ideal *Malaprop*."

In the portrait of Mrs. Stirling THE THEATRE presents this week, it is, perhaps, somewhat difficult to discern the beauty that half a century ago drove all London frantic. But the beautiful eyes remain almost undimmed by age, and the kindly smile is as eloquent as ever. This is Mrs. Stirling as the *Nurse* in "Romeo and Juliet" as she acted it to Mary Anderson's *Juliet*. Do those eyes go back half a century to the nights of triumph when she herself was the gloriously beautiful *Juliet*, at the old Strand Theatre?

A few months ago Mrs. Stirling, at the ripe age of seventy, modestly retired from the stage. But her friends would not have such a farewell, and the dear old lady's jubilee will be the most notable dramatic event of the age. It will occur at the Lyceum Theatre, and all the musical and dramatic artistes of Great Britain are struggling for the chance of doing honor to the greatest English actress of the nineteenth century.

J. M. M.

DOLLAR MARKS.

I HAVE met sensible people who declared that a rich man could actually pass through the historic eye of that rusty old needle. They meant that every necessity, luxury, desire, hope, and possibility, including heaven, was on sale. Their assertions were just a trifle too extravagant for truth. The smell of a rotund wallet will not alleviate the burning of a firmly gripped case of hay-fever. In other words, health is born, not made. Further than that, you can't purchase love. That is all right, my knowing friend. Of course, you have a case in mind just as I have, where a satiny, pure-browed maid ground her sharp heel into the exulting heart of a poor young man—a worthy, intellectual fellow, whom she had sworn to cleave to in spite of the ghostly income, that he was not certain of—eluding his expectant arms for those of a heavy-jawed, bulbous-nosed, bald-headed old mummy whose hinges creaked, but who could rain down diamonds with a turn of his wrist. But the old man never got the fervid heart of the woman. I say No every time that anybody else says Yes. He got the sleek, elegant body of her, the unresponsive shell of her, but he never got *her*.

But there! Give me health and love, and then, ah! then, for heaven's sake if not for mine, give me money.

What actors we might have if the certainty of baked meats and dry shelter would warrant them in leaving their horse cars, their shopping blocks, their ribbon counters! What *littérateurs* might purify the sensation-soaked souls of our newspaper-reading millions, if the figure of their weekly incomes could ever be persuaded to jump across the single decimal point! As applied to theatricals, money is the grandest poultice extant. Give me plenty of cash or credit and I will take anything that speaks English without a brogue, and after giving it a gurgling name, I will send that name rippling resonantly all the way from New York to Frisco, and guarantee to ring the curtain up between its owner and a paying house every night for forty weeks. Give me nothing but myself and a poor talented star, and nothing can entice me further west than Jersey City, because I am of no earthly use as a pedestrian.

When you come down to personalities you are breathing a dangerous air, but if you fasten your name to them, that, at least, proclaims your courage in your convictions. Therefore I tackle a few men and women who actually exist. There is Fred Bryton. He is a young actor who deserves considerable success. He has a poor play and a fair company. He himself is magnetic, natural and virile, while a long look at his splendid figure is alone worth the price of admission. But all this was the same with

him last season, and he lost money then. He is making it now. Why? Because he has it to make it with. That is, he has obtained backers. Anyone who watches theatricals can see that Bryton is safe as a winner this season. In his last engagement here the press discussed him with patience and praise. Ah, it is a great thing, that press. Money and the press — blending agencies, by the way — can put most anything on a pedestal. Mr. Bryton deserved his moderate success before. He has obtained it now, for money is his. Margaret Mather was made a world-famed *tragedienne* by dollars that were scientifically distributed by a keen business man who loved his star well enough to free it from obscuring clouds. There is that very good actress's history.

Helene Dauvray bought the time and talent of a sagacious playwright, bought gorgeous toilettes, bought a clever company, bought a theatre and its appurtenances, bought a long run, and now we rank her high as a star actress. She has not made a failure. No one makes a failure till his bank refuses to honor his check. But Miss Dauvray can thank her lucky stars — Louis James, Sothorn, Mackay, and the rest — that she did not have to stand before the *world* alone, stripped — excuse me — of wealth.

Steele Mackaye, that great inventor of situations, folding chairs, phrases and obscured orchestras, discovered a wonderful little genius a short time ago, and tried to spring her before an unwarned public in all her single, unpropped superiority. He evidently calculated that her metropolitan victory would win him lucre enough to "blush her thro' the West" in a parlor car. Yet, though "roses were her cheeks, and a rose her mouth," her little red head only flickered for a brief spell before uncertain audiences, and then down came the curtain on the strong play, the perfect cast, the genius-fired artiste, and away went little Minnie Maddern, robbed of all ornamentation, down to hard pan, earning her bread and butter on the crowded, tiresome, unimpressible Western circuit. There was no special car about it. It was "one upper," with meals caught on the fly.

I shall not exert myself further to illustrate my argument by putting in terse language the stories of those many other money-bought successes, such as "Théodora," "Little Jack Sheppard," and "Little Tycoon."

John Stetson knows all about it. Edward Aronson can tell you just how much success can be got for a dollar. Miles and Barton are being forced to learn the lesson. Ask the critics, the paragraphers of the daily papers. A few conscientious ones are still holding their positions. These will tell you how their

confrères look at art. The swish of a \$5,000 dress is the swish of a bank note to them. They never can hear the true ring of genius unless the ring of a negotiable coin precedes it. I am not guessing. I am an observer, and I get the cold, naked truth told me from many reliable sources. Are there any unborn stars about to come out? If so, what is their quality — gold or silver? Solid gold, eh? Well, can any of that gold be chipped off and passed around? Lots of it? Come out and shine, then.

When a man visits Paris there is one word that he *must* know at the very moment that he steps into the station. The word is: *Combien?* In American theatrical affairs we must be able to translate that word, and also be able to subscribe when the reply comes.

Let us all sigh and then rush for seats to see Violet Cameron and Mrs. Langtry.

C. M. S. McLellan.

CHINESE MUSIC.

PROFESSOR ASGER HEMERIK, in a recent lecture before the Peabody Conservatory of Music of Pittsburg, said that among the Chinese, music is held in high estimation on account of its moral effects. The Chinese say that the knowledge of music is strongly united to the science of ruling. Whoever understands music possesses the power of ruling well, for music in its calm, simple, and religious mood is the best foundation for maintaining a government.

The Chinese have sixty-nine books on music, besides the encyclopædia written in 1319 by Ma-Touan-lin. The fifteenth section of this work gives a very interesting account of Chinese music. The same writer speaks of three modes — Ya, the great; Hu, the foreign; and Su, the vulgar. The following is the Chinese scale:

Kong, tjang, kio, pien-tje, yo pieng-kong, which correspond in our own scale to the notes F, G, A, B, C, D, E. The Chinese scale does not, like the Hindoo scale, necessarily exclude harmony, but the harmony produced would be entirely different from that to which we are accustomed. Among the musical instruments will be found kin, a kind of banjo; tjeng, a small organ; kong-tje, a pan flute; tje, an instrument of twenty strings, played with a feather; and yo and tje, flutes. Chinese music is very grave and monotonous.

The player must bear a very solemn face and look as if he had every virtue engraved upon his heart. His countenance must depict an expression of great disappointment in earthly things and a hopeful yearning after things unseen, otherwise the effect of his music upon his hearers will be entirely lost.

THE WEEK.



GENEVIEVE WARD.

It may be questioned whether Miss Genevieve Ward has considered her own interests sagaciously in adding "The Queen's Favorite" to her repertory. Mr. Sydney Grundy, who adapted this piece from the French, is an exceptionally clever writer, in fact, one of the brightest young writers who are now contributing work to the English stage; those who remember that smart little comedy of his, "In Honor Bound," must have perceived that his command of dialogue is vigorous and brilliant. The same command of dialogue is observed in "The Queen's Favorite," although it should be borne in mind that Mr. Grundy has here followed closely the most ingenious and witty of recent French dramatists. Eugene Scribe, whose "Verre d' Eau" has been transformed by Mr. Grundy into "The Queen's Favorite," is already old-fashioned, and will soon be quite out of fashion and public favor; that is because Scribe, in spite of his remarkable talent and dexterity, merely used the stage to "show himself off." He was never altogether in earnest, he was scarcely human as a writer, his characters repeat themselves and are easily forgotten, and he was much too ready to sacrifice history, drama, nature, or what not, to glittering theatrical effect. He wrote within limits, and those limits, unfortunately, were rather sharply drawn. He was fecund and amusing, and that is why so many lesser men, whose inventiveness is

not their most fertile resource, have repeatedly adapted his work or stolen from it.

"The Queen's Favorite" must be regarded now simply as it stands in the English text. It is skilfully and neatly written, almost ingenuous in its purpose, and lacks both the movement of a comedy and the situations of a drama. It violates the facts of history, as nearly all French plays that pretend to be semi-historical do. Its action is merely the changing of men and women from one part of the stage to the other. One situation — the opposition of a bright man, *Bolingbroke*, and an equally bright woman, the *Duchess of Marlborough* — appears in the first act, and reappears in the succeeding three acts. The play has no significant or, for that matter, useful personages outside of *Bolingbroke* and the *Duchess*. The play might be described accurately as a dialogue, for it is little more than this. As to the dialogue, that is marked on both sides by absence of generosity, honorable feeling, or tenderness. *Bolingbroke* is keen, cruel, and unmanly; the *Duchess* is hard, icy, unsympathetic. There is not a dim glow of natural feeling in their bitter, rapier struggle for place and power.

Miss Ward's *Duchess of Marlborough* brings back to mind, quite naturally, her *Stephanie* in "Forget Me Not." Both characters have a sharp tongue, a quick and cutting wit and unwomanly disposition. But there is something more of the woman in *Stephanie* than in the *Duchess*, and the former character is, by all odds, more dramatic, picturesque and interesting. Moreover, in a theatrical sense, *Stephanie* is an unusually effective character for Miss Ward; the *Duchess of Marlborough* is considerably less effective. The striking and valuable element in "The Queen's Favorite" is the bold, fluent, flippant, brilliant personality of *Bolingbroke*.

Miss Ward belongs to the small class of intellectual women on the stage. She has the polish, the dignity, the mental acuteness of great actresses. Her luminous eye looks into the soul of a character with unerring intelligence. Her manner is full of significance and distinction; her diction is always beautiful and pointed English. Her temperament — in art,

we mean—appears to be cold and unimpulsive. She does not possess the spontaneity and emotion of great actresses; and so she has fallen short invariably of great tragic acting. No one on our stage can express the meaning of pungent and aggressive words as she does; few are unable to be more sympathetic than she is. The metallic quality of her voice suggests the metallic quality of her acting. It may be added that Miss Ward understands herself, and does not often attempt to move us. The icy brilliancy of her style delights and stimulates us.

It is because *Bolingbroke*, rather than the *Duchess of Marlborough*, is most conspicuous and most interesting in "The Queen's Favorite," that we are disposed to regard Miss Ward's experiment with this play as somewhat perilous for herself. "Forget Me Not," which is to be given this week, is a wise substitution for Mr. Grundy's work. There can be no question that Mr. W. H. Vernon impresses upon the character of *Bolingbroke* an exquisitely balanced mind, a demeanor marked by graceful ease and perfect self-possession, and a wit that is caustic and natural. Mr. Vernon is undoubtedly a comedian of talent, solid training and unforced humor.

Two of the young women in Miss Ward's company may yet accomplish something in the way of good acting. Miss Gertrude Kellogg illustrates the weak and oscillating character of *Queen Anne* with a kind of faithfulness that should not be mistaken too hastily for feebleness; and Miss Tyndale, who is new to the stage, has sweetness of manner and gentle disposition.

G. E. M.

THE WALL STREET BANDIT.

MESSRS. Randall and Frohman must be credited with discretion and wise perspicacity, for they have a firmly established policy between themselves, no doubt, which means business and money. In renting Mr. A. C. Gunter's drama of "A Wall Street Bandit," and employing a good company, these men know full well that the large majority of people are fond of sensation and ordinary humanity on the stage, and they have much of it in Mr. Gunter's piece. Its performance at the Standard Theatre is remarkable for its employment of a number of actors who have at one time or other been considered "stars." Notably among them Mr. Robert McWade, who is totally out of place in this instance—as incon-

sistent as it would be for Mr. Lester Wallack to travel about the country as *Fritz*. Mr. McWade has been long known outside of New York as a most excellent comedian (he is now playing low deviltry) and a *Rip Van Winkle* of no mean order. In fact, I once heard Joseph Jefferson say that Mr. McWade's performance of that character was especially fine, and he felt that he had in him a successor of an agreeable kind. I was very sorry to see Mr. McWade descend to the business of *Sharkey*. Miss Georgia Cayvan made a distinct success. This young woman shows to me very clearly that we have but few better actresses. She improves constantly and seems to grow handsomer every day. Mr. Wallack will allow me to whisper that *his* perspicacity will follow the right tread by an eagle eye fixed upon Miss Cayvan. Mr. W. J. Ferguson is exceedingly clever in his double part which indicates him to be one of our best eccentric actors. Mr. Charles Wheatleigh, Mr. Charles Bowser, Mr. Frank Losee, Mr. Atkins Lawrence and Mr. Lysander Thompson are other strong names which fill up the cast, and Mr. Gunter perhaps realizes that this accomplishes much for his drama. In regard to the play there is no necessity of a lengthy argument. It is probably just exactly what the author intended it should be, and there is money in it.

D. W.

MARITA.

Mlle. AIMÉE made her first appearance here last Tuesday evening, at the Union Square Theatre, as the charming little heroine in Sardou's "Piccolino," which has been adapted into English under the title of "Marita." The play is one of fragile delicacy, and it was cruelly handled by Mlle. Aimée and her company. It is in Mlle. Rhéa's repertory, and has been a popular play, when skilfully and neatly acted, on the French stage. Mlle. Aimée can make nothing of it. She is ill-suited by training and appearance to the character of *Marita*, and her interpolated songs add little to the attractiveness of the play. This (Monday) evening, Miss Clara Morris will begin an engagement at the Union Square Theatre.

EUGENE OUDIN.

MR. EUGENE OUDIN has been known only a very short time to the public of this city, that is to say, he had been well known by name, though not by face or performance. In London last season he achieved a social distinction, which is seldom gained by Americans there. His agreeable personality and delightful singing were the main reasons for his success. While he was staying at Easton Park, Lord Brooks's place, the Princess of Wales played all his accompaniments. It is said that, on one occasion, the Princess requested him three times to repeat "There Is a Green Hill Far Away," a simple and beautiful sacred song. When Mr. McCaull was recently in England, he induced Mr. Oudin to return to this country and join the McCaull Opera company. Mr. McCaull was fortunate in his choice, for Mr. Oudin's success in "Josephine Sold by Her Sisters," which is still on the stage of Wallack's Theatre, has been striking and even brilliant. His rich, fluent and sonorous baritone voice is altogether a rare thing, and his vocal method shows intelligence and wise training. Mr. Oudin is a handsome man, a thoroughly charming gentleman, and he is popular with that large and influential world which may be described as femininity. He is young, of excellent family, and he is a valuable addition to the operatic stage. He will remain for the present with Mr. McCaull, but it is evident that he will eventually acquire his place in a more serious field.

JOSEPH HAWORTH, who is playing the part of *Jack Yewlett* in "Hoodman Blind" at the Grand Opera House, and J. B. Mason, who takes the leading part in "The Main Line," at the Lyceum, are both graduates of the Boston Museum "Nursery for Young Actors." When "H. M. S. Pinafore" was produced for the first time in America at the Museum, Haworth took the small part of *Bo'sun*. Marie Wainwright was the *Josephine* of the cast. In "Patience" Haworth took the part of *Grosvenor*, and Mason that of *The Colonel*, to the undisguised delight of every pretty girl who boasts the gilded Hub for her home. Both these actors have fine baritone voices, and if they cannot win feminine adulation by a *clin d'œil*, they can by a *chanson d'amour*. Mason is deliberating just now whether to work for a living this winter or to go on his yacht to the West Indies.

HENRY DIXEY used to dance as a little boy in Boston bar-rooms with a glass of beer balanced on his head. If he succeeded in finishing his "statue clog" without spilling any of the beer, the liquid was his to drink.

IT is too bad that gambling possesses such a ruining fascination for so many young actors. One of our most popular comedians dealt a faro game in his own apartments all last year. The fat, sleek professional gamblers who infest the uptown theatrical neighborhood ought to be kicked out of Broadway. They have no more right there than "Kid" Miller or Grand Central Pete have. They contaminate the careless members of an honorable profession by their miserable juxtaposition. The managers of the St. James Hotel had better renovate their front stoop and make it possible for a respectable woman to pass their house without being insulted by the stony stares of a lot of card sharps.

"THE WILD WEST SHOW" has produced a dangerous effect on our fair-haired Nathaniel Goodwin. He is hazarding his own neck and the fate of his "melodramatic operatic burlesque," by ascending to the back of a live horse once each day in an uptown riding academy. One day this week his aspiring steed responded to the touch of a spur by trying to read the answers in the stars, and Nathaniel got down, and, walking silently over to the riding-master, pulled his ear down to his lips, and murmured: "That's all."

HELENE DAUVRAY will act as a spark in the volcanic eruption of the next London "season." She produces "One of Our Girls" at the Prince's Theatre next July.

MR. FRANK LINCOLN, who has acquired a wide reputation in the East, and also in England as a delightful and original humorist, will soon visit Chicago and other western cities for the first time. The audiences of the West can hardly fail to appreciate so bright a man. Mr. Lincoln, by the way, thinks seriously of going upon the stage. If he carries out his plan he will make his debut in some new play carefully adapted to his talent.

ON last Wednesday afternoon Chickering Hall was filled with an attentive audience to hear a concert given by the "Grand Conservatory of Music, of the City of New York." The programme for the most part was highly classical, and was rendered with marked artistic effect by the various professors of this eminent institution. Prof. Geo. W. Morgan performed grandly on the organ. Mme. Lehman D'Aquin made her first appearance in America and sang the grand soprano aria from "Queen of Sheba," and also a selection from "Aida." All the sympathetic sweetness which Chopin instilled in his exquisite "Nocturne in E flat" was produced on the violoncello by Prof. Henry Schroeder. The remainder of the programme was performed by Prof. Johannes Ziegler, piano soloist, Monsieur D'Aquin, flute soloist, and the "Grand Conservatory Trio Club."

NOTES FROM BOSTON.

SEPTEMBER 28.

IN several late interviews Miss Helene Dauvray has expressed herself as extremely anxious for a favorable verdict from Bostonians upon her play, "One of Our Girls." In a Western paper awhile ago I read a letter from its New York correspondent, in which the statement that that city could "make or break the reputation of a play," was advanced as the reason why every dramatic author sought its opinion first. Such a claim might have obtained credence "befo' de war" among provincial playgoers. To-day authors and players alike do not rest satisfied under the opinion passed by any one of our larger cities, but seek, if naturally in New York first, where box-returns are among the largest known, the favorable notice of each community wherein lives culture and catholicity of thought. When Mr. Mansfield transferred "Prince Karl" to the Madison Square Theatre after its pronounced success here, with charming unanimity the metropolitan critics recorded the prince's death-blow, and then whittled their pencils anew to review the value of a Hub verdict. To which city belongs the right of true discernment in that case the continued prosperity of Mr. Mansfield's play suggests an answer. Within the year Boston has been called on to launch four new plays. In each case the popular as well as press opinion has stamped an approval on its merits, and the reception of "Tangled Lives" and "The Deacon's Daughter," after that of "Prince Karl," will be noted with interest when each reaches your city. In Miss Dauvray's case, she ought to be satisfied with last night's results at the Park Theatre. In a most artistic way and before a distinguished audience, "One of Our Girls" received every attention that excellent acting and delightful comedy can justly expect. Mr. Howard in this play adds to his reputation as a sparkling and versatile writer, losing none of his dramatic force nor ability to emphasize a moral to the satisfaction of cultured people who witness the development of his characters. His American girl is one who attracts all hearts, of a type whose nature is true in sentiment and purpose, to which is given the chief place by those who admire a young woman of such lineage. And the world pays tribute to such, wherever found. As a recognition of her ability as a fine actress, Miss Dauvray has every reason to feel proud of her reception, and her support fully sustained the reputation it has gained in this play.

One would suppose that the "Mikado" had never been heard before in Boston, judging by the large audience which greeted it at the Globe last night. With his characteristic way

Mr. Stetson has again produced this delightful opera, and the same story of popular admiration for its strong cast asserted itself again and again as Miss Ulmar, Miss Stone, Sig. Brocolini, Mr. Herbert and other favorites appeared therein.

The second week of "Clio" at the Hollis Street Theatre, and "Around the World in Eighty Days" at the Boston indicates no change of bill at these houses. Mr. Field has "Held by the Enemy" ready to succeed "Harbor Lights" when the public demand the change. When the snow flies this may occur at the Museum, and the melodrama is now in its second month. H. W.

— A Washington reader of THE THEATRE sends an item, which he believes is of general interest:

The skull used in "Hamlet," by Henry Irving during his American tour is a literary curiosity, and worth more than when it had brains within it. The forehead of this old "knowledge-box" bears Irving's autograph under those of Kean, Macready, Forrest and the elder Booth.

NOTES FROM BROOKLYN.

Miss Clara Morris's engagement last week at the Academy of Music, fell upon dates which rendered it impossible to do justice to her, before THE THEATRE went to press, so I shall endeavor to make a few passing remarks upon this great actress at this late day. Her portrayal of the mad *Corra*, in "Article 47," was a masterpiece of genius and wonderful acting. But if her character of *Corra* was a feature, her *Miss Mutton* was a revelation. The same may be said of her in "Camille" and "The New Magdalen." Her support was hardly what might be truthfully called strong, for the acting of Mr. Harry Miller, in all of the plays mentioned, was characterized by a stiffness wholly unbecoming to the characters he assumed. The remainder of the support, with the exception of Miss Bijou Heron, was only fair. One feature which I cannot refrain from mentioning, was the wonderful lack of attendance at the four performances. In all kindness I would suggest to Miss Morris that she produce something new. On all sides I heard this remark: "I would like to see Clara Morris ever so much, but I'm tired of seeing the same old plays over and over again." I admire Miss Morris's great genius and natural force, and therefore repeat that something new would pack her houses from orchestra to gallery.

Are Colonel Sinn and Walter happy? They should be. Not once since the Park Theatre opened this season have the attractions at this popular resort failed to bring them crowded houses. Last week the Carleton Opera company produced "Nanon."

Mr. Charles H. Drew kept the audiences in a continual roar of laughter by his grotesque *Marquis de Marillac*. Miss Ray Samuels, who has replaced Miss Louise Paullin, the former *Nanon*, has a charmingly clear and true soprano voice, and is quite at home in her rôle. Miss Clara Wisdom as *Mme. de Maintenon* was very attractive in her somber robes, while Miss Alice Vincent as *Nanon de l'Enclou* attracted general attention by her remarkable beauty. Very rarely do we see so fine a figure and so lovely a face, combined with such refined grace in one woman. Her appearance each time was signalized by murmurs of admiration. The entire cast was good and the singing much above the ordinary.

Mr. John A. Stevens produced "A Great Wrong Righted" at the Grand Opera House during the past week, to large and enthusiastic audiences. The play abounds in incidents of crime to a remarkable degree.

"Zitka" was presented at the Brooklyn Theatre last Monday night. The acting of Mr. Gustave Levick and Miss Charlotte Behrens in the leading rôles was artistic. The scenery was fine and costumes handsome.

D. F.

THE QUEENS OF BURLESQUE.

II.—PAULINE HALL
 GERALDINE ULMAR
 MARIE JANSEN.



HALL lives in a large, new house, five blocks from the Casino. Almost any day at ten you can find her at breakfast. The room you enter is simply but substantially furnished. The woman who sits at the table reminds one of that magnificent Andalousse whom Alfred de Musset has immortalized. Her well-shaped head, encircled by black hair, illumined by dark eyes of extreme limpidity, bends over a morning paper. A white, fleecy gown, caught by a belt of leather incrustated with silver, enfolds

her form. Now she sips her coffee, now she skims the news, now she hums an operatic air and beats time with her foot. Miss Hall was born in Cincinnati, and went on the stage about eight years ago. She traveled successively with the Alice Oates company, with Rice's "Surprise Party," with Haverly's "Merry War" troupe. Her striking impersonation of *Venus* in Rice's "Orpheus and Eurydice" at the Bijou three years ago placed her in the front rank of the queens of burlesque. On the first night, in the second act, as she advanced toward the wielder of the baton, she found herself famous. From that time she has been in vogue. By her *Oberon* in "Bottom's Dream," by her *Prince Orloffsky* in the "Fledermaus,"—rendered in German at the Thalia—by her *Ninon* in "Nanon," her *Angelo* in "Amorita," her *Saffi* in "The Gypsy Baron," her *Erminie* under the Aronson management, she has sung and danced herself into public favor. Flowers, bonbonnières, diamonds have been showered upon her. Is she engaged? Is she married? Interview her, if you please, and you will find her as evasive on the subject as is a Congressman when questioned about his views on the tariff.

During the run of "Nanon," a piece in which she took the part of *Ninon de l'Enclos* and appeared nightly in ball costume, with fan and feathers, Miss Hall received no less than forty-three of the richest fans. One of these was hand-painted on ivory. Another had a handle studded with tiny diamonds. A third came with a couple of couples:

"Fair Ninon of France and Navarre,
 I send you this toy from afar,
 For were I near I fain would swear,
 You'd fan my flame to dread despair!"

Miss Hall, in the full flush of health and spirits, is at rehearsals every morning at half-past eleven. She is the recipient of all kinds of letters. There is the admirer who requests an interview. There is the agent who makes a bid for the exclusive right to her portrait for his cigarettes. There is the distant relative who wants "deadhead" tickets. There are letters for herself and family



Yours Truly
Pauline Hall

asking her assistance at benefits, and there are letters for charity. Miss Hall, like most of the members of the profession, has a kind heart for the needy. Only a short time ago, after a tiresome rehearsal, in a drenching rain she braved the weather and went among her friends to assist in collecting funds for the honorable burial of Daisy Murdoch.

"What an angel!" sarcastically remarked Sneerwell, when he heard of this incident, "what a painted angel!"

"By the way," parenthetically observed Golithly, "did you ever see an angel that was not painted?"

Since questions seem to be in order, it is perhaps right to let *Koko* put his:

"Information I'm requesting
(On a subject interesting:
Is a maiden all the better when she's tough?"

Geraldine Ulmar, a girl brought up in Yankee-land, would probably answer in the negative.

The house where she was born in Charlestown, Mass., is situated directly next to that there occupied by John Stetson. By a unique coincidence the man who afterwards became her faithful manager, knew her when she toddled on the village street in short clothes. Her earliest histrionic work was done under Rice in Boston. She appeared in "Evangeline," in the "Babes in the Wood," in the "Corsair." Self-reliant, hardworking,



Respectfully
Geraldine Ulmar.

she became and has remained the devoted mainstay of her family. In the company of the Boston Ideals, under Mrs. Ober, she during three years won golden opinions from all sorts of people. Her singing in "Pinafore" in Boston was almost as much admired as her singing in the "Mikado" in New York last season. Against that grotesque background of huge bamboo and silken screens, and gorgeous paintings, and drawings in sepia wherein men walk on clouds and women float on the sea, surrounded by fantastic porcelains and heavy, odd-shaped bronzes, Geraldine Ulmar, breathing an exotic beauty, was the ideal *Yum-Yum*, sentimental or silly, artful or ingenuous, as the part required. Small wonder that so attractive and successful an actress created a flutter in dudedom. A goodly number of gentlemen who, by reason of their attenuated legs and slender purses, may be doubly said to have no visible means of support, volunteered to draw her pay for her during her natural life. Miss Ulmar, when in town, lives in a hotel on Irving Place, and last winter, in clear, bracing weather, walked daily to the Fifth Avenue Theatre to rehearse. Off the stage she is a slight, pretty body, with hazel eyes and auburn hair. She is a worker at her art. They tell us that when a gentleman one night complimented Malibran on reaching a remarkably high note, the great songstress simply replied: "I have worked hard enough for that high note. I've been chasing it for a month. I pursued it everywhere — when I was dressing, when I was doing my hair. At last, I found it in the toe of a shoe I was putting on." Has not Miss Ulmar perseverance something like that?

Marie Jansen is a native of Boston. Her family name was Hattie Johnston. The girl early manifested a taste for the theatre, and, scarcely out of school, knocked at the stage door and was admitted. She made her debut in "Lawn Tennis" at the Park Theatre in Boston six years ago. In "Olivette" and "Madame Favart," in "Billee Taylor" and "Patience," in "Manola" and "Iolanthe," she satisfied both manager and public. Two years ago she was a regular member of Charles Wyndham's Comedy company at the Criterion in London, and in *Featherbrain* scored a marked success. But it was not until quite recently, when doing *Rosetta* in the "Black Hussar" in this city, that her name became a club and household word.

Her rendering of the lines which run: "Ohé Mamma!" became as well known to frequenters of the avenue at the time as her little pug dog.

This animal, by the way, was sent to her by an anonymous admirer, and had on his collar the following couplets :

"I'm the pug of a singer in opera comique.
The name by the initials you'll guess.
If you take me home, the reward is unique —
A glimpse of my charming mistress."

"My life is quite uneventful, you see," said Miss Jansen, a smile in her large eyes, the other afternoon. "One day is pretty much like another. I haven't done half the things they say I have. I have neither eloped nor married, nor studied art in Italy, nor danced a dance with castanet accompaniment in Spain, as some of you imaginative newspaper men have reported." But this much, at any rate, is true: Miss Jansen has traveled extensively, and not always on business, both in this country and in Europe. During her stay in London she met some of the best literary and artistic people there. The names of William Black, George Augustus Sala, Bret Harte, Alma Tadema, figure on the pages of her autograph album. Unstudied in carriage, with lots of bounce and go about her, a winning voice, she can be as independent as was Catarina Gabrielli. You know what that diva once replied to the Empress of Russia, who haggled over the pecuniary demands of the artiste. "Five thousand ducats! Why, I don't give more than that to one of my field-m Marshals!"

"Very well," replied Gabrielli, "Your Majesty may get your field-m Marshals to sing for you, then."

Lewis Rosenthal.

DIVUS SHAKESPEARE.

A DISTINGUISHED French critic has advanced a theory of literature that finds its analogy in the natural world. According to this ingenious writer,

there is behind every manuscript a man who is explained and interpreted by and through his manuscript. Just as the shell of a mollusk enables the scientist to tell what kind of an animal lived inside, or just as fossil remains in the hands of the discerning zoölogist or geologist reveal not only a complete knowledge of the lives of the fossils, but the geologic age in which they lived and moved and had their being, so literary remains, manuscripts, books, etc., make known to him who can read aright, the life and motives of the human animal who produced them, and also the "very age and body of the time."

Even before this theory had found so complete an explanation in the writings of M. Taine, such writers as Schlegel and Müller had penetrated the secrets of the past, and in their histories and philosophies of literature had revealed new worlds unknown to the ordinary historian. A corollary of this theory is that the *miracle* is unknown in literature as in nature. All things, even the best, are a growth, a development. A Minerva never springs *full panoplied* from the head of Jove.

In these latter days of culture there is a disposition among dramatists, actors, and

literati to worship Shakespeare (not to mention the American proclivity to adore Bacon.) He appears to them a prophet, yea, more than a prophet! — a very god, a creator, an Apollo whose "eye in fine frenzy rolling doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, and as imagination bodies forth the form of things unknown . . . turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothings a local habitation and a name." Robert Ingersoll even goes so far as to prefer Shakespeare to the Bible, and affirms that he delights more in a "Midsummer Night's Dream" than in Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians. Without dwelling upon the



Sincerely Yours
Marie Faure

impropriety of comparing a jews'-harp with a thunder storm, or butterflies' wings with an oratorio by Mozart, the absurdity of this deification of any particular author may be brushed aside by showing the merits and godlike qualities of other authors. I insist on a pantheon of gods, if any are to be deified. Let us at least be as liberal with our authors as Rome was with the Cæsars. She deified them all alike.

What of John Milton, the great epic poet, the sweeping grandeur of whose numbers have a pomp of sound and energy of expression that Shakespeare himself would have greatly admired? Milton has worshipers as well as Shakespeare. Has the world forgotten Homer? No, nor ever will! He was a creator of gods! Critics, (and great ones,) writing with Shakespeare in their hands, have affirmed that Old Homer possessed more of the poetic fire, the divine afflatus—

"Invention's limbec, contemplation's wing,
Truth's sanctuary, innocency's spring,"

than any of the other poets or dramatists, ancient or modern. It shone evenly throughout all his works and illumined every page. It pervaded every couplet and line and distich; while in Shakespeare it struck like the lightning, unexpectedly. The same fire in Goethe shimmered like a star

"That maketh not haste,
That taketh not rest."

Now, the taste that prefers the lightning to a star, or a star to the all-pervading sun, is the taste that will exalt Shakespeare or Goethe above Homer or Milton.

But it is not essential to enter the Olympus of the literary gods and drag the great ones down. Let us examine Shakespeare in the light of his own writings and in comparison with those of his own contemporaries. A careful study of the manuscripts of the authors of the Elizabethan or "Golden Age" of English literature clearly demonstrates the wonderful impetus that was given to dramatic composition. Shakespeare was not a solitary peak standing in the midst of a wide waste of mediocrity, but the loftiest summit among a group of dramatic leviathans—all snow-capped and cloud-piercing. There was John Webster, the gloomy glory of whose tragedies even Shakespeare's genius could not surpass. There was Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher and Haywood—whose pens were all dipped in the same elixir as Shakespeare's mellifluous quill. Here is a tribute to poetry from Ben Jonson, that I think equals anything in Shakespeare:

"Sweet poetry's sacred garlands crown all your gentry,
Which is of all the faculties on earth
The most abstract and perfect. If she be
True born and nursed with all the sciences,
She can so mold Rome and her monuments
Within the liquid marble of her lines,
That they will stand fresh and miraculous,
Ev'n when they mix with innovating dust."

Here's another verse from Thos. Middleton, whose sweetness cannot be excelled. Speaking of a beautiful nun, he says:

* * * * "Upon those lips
The holy dew of prayer lies like pearl,
Dropped from the opening eyelid of the morn
Upon the bashful rose."

Or what more vivid realization of *death* can be found in Shakespeare than is conveyed in these lines from John Fletcher:

"Tis of all sleeps the sweetest.
Children bring it to us, strong men seek it,
And kings, from height of all their painted glories,
Fall like spent exhalations to this center.
And they be fools who fear it, or imagine
A few unhandsome pleasures or life's profits
Can recompense this place: and mad who stay it
'Till age blow out their lights, and rotten humors
Bring them dispersed to the earth."

We write from memory; and a multitude of others troop before our inner view, all tending, not to dethrone Shakespeare, but to enthrone the universal genius of mankind. We would not shatter his image, or have any of his worshipers say with Homer:

"Dead, and forever gone our idol lies,
Forever lost to our desiring eyes."

But rather stimulate a senseless idolatry into a reasonable worship.

Hamilton S. Wicks.

TO TWO OLD FRIENDS.

As here I sit in shade and tweed
Secure, serene, and idle,
While Pegasus, once restive steed,
Sans saddle lolls and bridle,
Two ancient friends of kindred type
(None trustier or muter)
Benignant gleam—a briar pipe,
A rowing-pot of pewter.

What need to praise Cabana's pride,
Regalias, Cazadores,
Or, howso named, glow deified
His aromatic glories?
These worship, whiff and cast away,
Inconstant if resplendent:
The pipe, the pipe alone can stay,
Like heart and home attendant.

Let crystals brim with costly wine:
A moment's joy they measure,
But which can more than others shrine
The relics prized of Pleasure?
They, unrecording flatterers, ripe
For Fortune, but salute her,
Nor brave her frown like thou, O Pipe,
Thou, monumental Pewter.
Σ., in London Truth.

FRIENDS OLD AND NEW.

MAKE new friends, but keep the old,
Those are silver, these are gold;
New-made friendships, like new wine,
Age will mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test—
Time and change—are surely best;
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,
Friendship never knows decay.
For 'mid old friends, tried and true,
Once more we our youth renew.
But old friends, alas! may die,
New friends must their place supply.
Cherish friendship in your breast,
New is good, but old is best;
Make new friends, but keep the old,
Those are silver, these are gold.

W. B. R.

AMERICA IN PARIS.

(From the *London Truth*.)

It was rather daring of the American comedians in ordinary of Mr. Daly to come here to give a series of three performances. But fortune favors the brave, and, although Paris was technically out of town, and the weather tropical, there were really brilliant houses every night. This, of course, was to some extent due to the clever campaign undertaken on behalf of the Daly company by Mr. Haynie, an American dramatist, and to the brilliant diplomacy of Mr. Chatterton, their business-representative, who is a brother, by-the-by, of Perugini the tenor, hand in glove with all magnates of the artistic world here, a *beau jeune homme* to boot, and one who inspires sympathy wherever he goes.

To the Parisians of the Boulevards and the English residing here, the Daly company was delightful as a novelty—as something that smacked strongly of the United States. The pleasure so caused was greatly enhanced on the second night by the excellence of the performance. On the first night things did not go on so well. Every one but Lewis was nervous. He, who is a bundle of nerves, managed to keep his head cool, and I could see that Coquelin, who was my near neighbor, was tickled almost to death at the quaint and curious effects of his low comedy. It was unique. The strong American ring (it was not at all a twang) of the voice was appreciated most by those not used to it. Coquelin the younger, had come back all the way from Orange, whither he had gone during the fêtes there to act in a play of Terence, in the old Roman Amphitheatre. Most of the actors and actresses who hope to reap golden harvests in the United States, and eke dramatic authors, flocked to the Vaudeville to see the American plays and to try and form an idea of what suits public taste in New York. There were also a number of would-be managers—cosmopolitan and very clever Jews for the most part. One of them who has six children, who have all musical and dramatic gifts, and with whom he intends one day to form a roving troupe, watched the whole series of the plays as intently as if his whole future depended upon the notions they might suggest to him. He means hereafter to start a play-house in America.

All the plays were frank piracies, or adaptations from the French and German, but they are not so fizzing and strong as the original. I had no idea until I saw the American plays on the boards of the Vaudeville, how necessary the unholy element has become to play-goers used to the pieces of Labiche, Dumas fils, Sardou, and other French dramatic authors.

The illusion of being in an American playhouse was (to those who had never been across the Atlantic) complete. But Mr. Daly resented being told this, because the theatre was below his standard of convenience. In America ventilation, he said, is managed otherwise. The French, he learned, regard fresh air as a mortal enemy. He saw that, in the African heat that prevailed, his actors and actresses were ready to sink on the stage from exhaustion, and that the public which came to see them were panting for breath as if in an oven.

The only way that he could possibly mend matters was by keeping the window of the green-room, at the back of the flies, open. But he had to rush in there every moment to see that the persons employed behind the scenes did not shut it. The inconvenience of the pit seats would not be tolerated in New York; but the machinists he found understood their business. A Frenchman placed in a groove moves well and easily in it.

Daly is a curiously American type of manager and adapter. He is, I believe, prospering greatly. He told me that he learned his business as the dramatic critic for three New York journals, and then thought he would like to try his hand at what he had written about so much. He understood what the public wanted; and as he had the *répertoire* of all Europe to cull from and adapt, he would be at next to no expense for authors. So seventeen years ago he started his theatre, and had Lewis from the beginning in his company. I never saw a more diligent and less nagging manager than Daly. He is simply ubiquitous behind the scenes, and, being light of foot, he runs hither and thither in an astonishing way; gives finishing touches to the stage before the curtain rises, is ready with cues to actors and actresses when it is up, watches the aspect of the house, notes what effect brings it down, so as to tell the person or persons to whom it may be due that it is one to repeat another night; darts forward, when bare-shouldered ladies make their exits, to see that wraps are quickly thrown around them; supplements the call-boy when he is not active, and never gets in any one's way or on anybody's nerves. He is a man of few words, and yet not dry; feverishly busy without being in a fever; cool-headed and good-natured, and, so far as I could see, civil and obliging all around. In 1869, he plunged, he told me, into his speculation, and learned experience "going around."

"When a man goes around," he said, "all that he learns is his own, and he gets pretty lively. Now and then he meets with a bad knock, but that don't matter much. It's better almost to be knocked to bits than to crawl along like a snail, running no risk and gaining no experience that will count. You see, a man, however active, has always, if his business widens out, to be trusting agents, and has to depend as much on those he employs as on himself. Your man that has not had the knocks don't know how to choose an agent or any other person to do his work, and when he gets in a bad emergency it don't brighten him up, but muddles his brain so that the difficulty pulls him down, instead of, as all difficulties well surmounted do, leading him on to something better.

"It was pretty stiff work," he continued, "to have to drive abreast the theatrical business for three newspapers, having all different classes of readers. But it was a sort of work in which I gained insight into the tastes of a varied public, got to understand theatrical business, and to know theatrical people."

The first evening the Daly company, as I have hinted, did not do nearly so well as on the next. They felt that perhaps it was rather audacious to come

to show off in a capital where, if the theatres are the worst aired and worst arranged of any in the world, theatrical art is carried to a great pitch of perfection. The critics and the French part of the house, they apprehended would be fastidious. Hence a constraint in their acting, and a too great hurry in the delivery of the dialogue. Miss Rehan, however, had the great advantage of being in an evening dress. Her admirable bust and statuesque arms were in full view. She and Miss Dreher have fine figures, dress very well, and, though tall, are graceful in their movements. Has it ever occurred to you how hard it is for a tall woman to manage long skirts — and short skirts are out of the question in her case. A tall actress is also at a disadvantage in the kissing and hugging part of the business. A lady can *hold up* her lips to be kissed, but to do so in an interesting manner is not a gentleman's privilege — he must kiss *down*. Also I should bar big bustles were I a manager and had tall, fine-looking actresses to get through the embracing parts of the play. As they have to stoop, the bustle becomes a caricature in its prominence.

Mr. Daly and Mr. Chatterton have a very high opinion of Miss Rehan as an actress, and say that she is the most natural one on the stage. She is a Limerick lass, but was "hardly around" when she went to America, and has a soft, sweet voice, and, they tell me, a most genial temper. She showed a good deal of cleverness on the second night; and on the third night, in a man's dress. Miss Dreher, who was a young widow in one of the plays, was nice enough to tempt the most confirmed bachelor present into matrimony.

Mrs. Gilbert has been compared to Mlle. Jouassin, who acts at the Français the parts of duennas, peevish aunts, ill-natured old governesses and mothers of the wet-blanket kind. It was very funny to see a mamma of this sort in an American play in which her newly-married daughter talked of obtaining a divorce. I object to mothers being made disagreeable things on the stage. Marie Laurent is quite right not to play any maternal part that is not noble, sweet and emotional.

I have struck up almost a friendship with the Lewises who brought me letters of introduction, and I had a talk of a couple of hours with Lewis in his bedroom, where he was amid a lot of unpacked traveling-bags and portmanteaus. We talked only of theatrical art. He told me that an accident threw him on the stage. A friend who was going to New York to look for a better engagement than he had in the provincial town in which Lewis then lived, came to him and asked him if he could replace him at the theatre. "All right," was the answer. He studied the part, and when the friend had left went to the manager, who had to accept the substitute or shut up for the evening. His wife is a perfect jewel, and as modest as a country girl. Their home is in New York. She is not on the stage, but travels about everywhere with her husband, and utilizes the odds and ends of time, when she is not in the cars, in art-embroidery for the adornment of their home. Like Daly,

Lewis has had the knocks and experience which teach a man to see with his own eyes and think his own thoughts. He looks off the stage nervous and sensitive. In talking, his ideas flow freely, and he expresses himself in terms that sound like spontaneously-coined aphorisms, which have an original and very American stamp. He would be ugly if his face had not been so trained to obedience to his mind and will. His mouth is very visibly an instrument for expressing what goes on in his brain, and one does not think of it as a cavity for absorbing food.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

— Messrs. Lee and Shepard have now ready "The Book of Eloquence," by Charles Dudley Warner, a collection of extracts in prose and verse from the most famous orators and poets, intended as exercises for declamations in schools and colleges.

— The *Brooklyn Magazine* for September contains a ghastly account of John G. Saxe, now a wreck, and several sermons by Mr. Beecher and Mr. Talmage; also the announcement that the *St. Louis Republican*, a Democratic paper, is the most popular daily with 4,841 out of 7,101 voters. — *Boston Beacon*.

— Mr. Edmund Gosse is called by the *St. James' Gazette* "such a stylist as but few are in these undisciplined times, whenever his bad angel ceases from misleading him into those exasperating affectations which spoil his work here and there. In his 'Life of Raleigh' the air of the sea or some less poetic influence has swept Mr. Gosse's preciosities off into the dim inane, or the abyss, or some other appropriate place."

— A baseball student finds that Shakespeare was very fond of the game, and alluded to it in the following quotations: "The nine worthies." "Pardon me if I speak like a captain." "Will make him fly an ordinary pitch." "No doubt but that he hath got a quiet pitch." "I'll have an action of battery against him." "Masking the business from the common eye." "Kind umpire of men's miseries." "Must have a stop." "Had no other books but the score and the tally." "As swift in motion as a ball." "A hit, a very palpable hit." "It was a black, ill-favored fly." "For nothing can seem foul to those that win." "Our play is preferred." "The base is right." "Tis time we twain did show ourselves in the field." "Taste your legs; put them in motion." "He that runs fastest gets the ring." "Would I were gently put out of office before I were forced out."

— Mr. J. B. Millet, who has been superintendent of the art department at the Riverside Press, will take charge of the illustrations in *Scribner's Magazine*.

FROM THE WEST.

HE was a wild friend of mine from the far West, and he came to New York to see the sights. As he was theatre-crazy, he had read up all about our actors and actresses, and was very anxious to learn more.

On the day of his arrival we dined at Delmonico's, and I introduced him to a chum of mine, with whom he soon became friendly.

After the roast my chum whispered to me:

"Don't say anything, and let me do all the answering."

I nodded assent, and, as expected, our Westerner began talking about actors.

Addressing my friend, he said:

"Who is Edwin Booth?"

"Edwin Booth was once a car conductor. He is to-day our best low comedian."

"Is he married?"

"Oh, yes; he is the husband of Mlle. Aimée, the French tragedienne."

"Don't say so! Who is Miss Mary Anderson?"

"Mary is the wife of Charlie Birch, the tenor, and was the *fiancée* of Cleveland for years."

"Do tell! and who's Lester Wallack?"

"Lester is Madame Ponisi's brother."

"I thought Barrett was!"

"No, Barrett and Salvini are cousins. You have it mixed up."

"And who is Ed. Cleary?"

"Cleary is a half brother of Robson & Crane."

"Ah!"

"Yes. Did you ever hear of Fechter?"

"Oh, yes, I heard of him out West years ago. Where is he?"

"Plays on the Bowery with Miss Kellogg in Shakespeare's 'Louis XI.' Awfully bad luck."

"I should smile. Do you know Miss Arabella Smith?"

"Certainly; Arabel and I were great chums. She was married first to the Count Joannes and got a divorce; to-day she is the wife of Dixey."

"*That's a lie!*" shouted the man from the West. "*She's my wife!* I just yearned to hear one of you New York fellows lie. I've listened, and now I'm going to lay you out."

* * * * *

I took the remains of my friend home in a cab, and paid a \$2.00 court-plaster bill for him on the way up.

Cupid Jones.

— Agnes Booth has taken a handsome uptown house for the coming winter. She is to continue as an ornament of the Madison Square stage.

— Coquelin *cadet* is enthusiastic over Baron, the actor. "Baron's voice," he says, "gives one the idea of its being the product of a cross between a trombone and an elderly feline denizen of the roof-tops. This extraordinary hoarseness, this triumphant and ever-present cold mingled with tones of brass (the trombone), this shrill gruffness while the owner is seeking mellifluous accents (the old cat), this voice that tears the ear like a thunder-clap, this voice that reminds one of a saucepan bounding at a dog's tail, this voice that certainly cannot be compared with the golden organ of the Great Sarah, this voice so unsuited for a *Romeo*, this voice which forces a laugh from listeners through its astounding discordances, this voice which might be compared to that of the gargoyles of Notre Dame (if gargoyles had speech), this very voice forms half of Baron's success. And just fancy! When he was first engaged at the Variétés this invaluable organ was declared impossible and he was prayed to change it. He, Baron, change his voice! Sacrilege! Abomination! Let nightingales be dumb! Let the springs dry up their waters! But let Baron ever speak with his own voice."

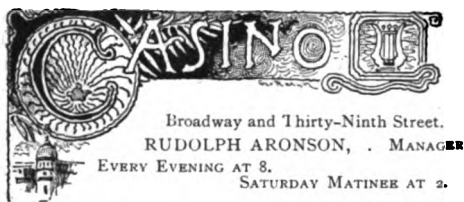
— Editorial in *Washington Critic*: "An event of more than ordinary interest is the engagement of Mrs. Bowers this week at the Grand Opera House. After years of retirement from the stage, she appears again before her old friends and neighbors in rôles made famous by Ristori and Janauschek, and demonstrates that but one American actress can justly claim to be her rival—Clara Morris. Miss Morris is emotional, Mrs. Bowers tragic. In some respects she is greater than Miss Morris. She possesses more nobility of expression. Where Miss Morris is at times careless as to details, and reserves all her powers for the painfully thrilling scenes, Mrs. Bowers is at all times a thorough artiste, never dropping her rôle, but carrying the auditor's interest from scene to scene until it culminates in the *dénouement*. One scene does not stand out in sharp contrast with another, but her whole performance is a finished one. That she has become the leading American tragedienne is unquestioned, and in her talents and success Washington, her old home, takes a gratified pride."

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—JUDY.



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Frontenac	Mr. John Barnum
Antoinette	Miss Edith Brandon
Loe	Miss Constance Louseby
Berthe	Miss Frances Lyton
Lolotte	Miss Nellie Woodford
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Justus Sharkey, his clerk, Mr. Robert McWade
Joshua Joab Jinks, solicitor for the company, Mr. Charles Bowser
Dr. Ralston, the medical examiner, Mr. Frank Losee
Politician Broadstretch, the porter

Mr. Lysander Thompson
Steven Mawley, shepherd of the fold, Mr. W. J. Ferguson
Jonathan Wayne, a plain farmer, Mr. Atkins Lawrence
Jonathan Wayne, his son, Master Tommy Russell
Ethel Wayne, his daughter, Miss Bijou Fernandez
Mrs. Patience Mawley, the shepherdess

Miss Fanny Addison
Annie, the head lamb of the fold, Miss Marion Russell
Mattie, a stray lamb, Miss Edith Bird
Katie, the youngest of the fold, Little Ollie

THE PLAY, 1873.

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Joshua Joab Jinks, still a solicitor, Mr. Charles Bowser
Col. Philip Ralston, a business man, Mr. Frank Losee
Johnny Graham, a young locksmith, Mr. Atkins Lawrence
J. Edison Shocks, walking electricity, Mr. W. J. Ferguson
Gentleman Jimmy, pride of the Bowery, Mr. J. H. Farrell
Politician Broadstretch, a butler, Mr. Lysander Thompson
Ethel Minton, adopted daughter of Minton, Miss Georgia Cayvan
Mrs. Marion Longdale, the doom of Jinks, Miss Sadie Bigelow

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THE THEATRE.

VOL. II., No. 5.

OCTOBER 18, 1886.

WHOLE No. 31

THE THEATRE: AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF
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DESHLER WELCH . . . EDITOR AND MANAGER.
G. E. MONTGOMERY ASSOCIATE.

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. Address all communications to the Editor.

DRIFT.

BRIGNOLI did about as much as anything to popularize "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye" in this country, but the composer of that and other songs, "Simon the Cellarer" and "The Leather Bottle," and a host which have been known to three generations, has always been obscure. John Liphat Hatton died September 20 at Margate, England, at the age of seventy-seven. In 1848 Hatton visited America, but, being unsuccessful, returned to direct the orchestra for Charles Kean at the Princess Theatre, for which he wrote the incidental music for most of the Shakespearean and other productions of the Kean management. Hatton never gained much money by his songs, and an album of nineteen melodies, including the famous "To Anthea," set to words by Herrick, Jonson and Sedley, was once offered to ten of the leading music publishers for a five-pound note and refused. For a long time afterwards "To Anthea" was worth 100 times that amount per year. Besides his 150 songs, Hatton wrote several operettas and a number of cantatas, some church music and part songs.

NOT very long ago, Wm. F. Cody, well-known as Buffalo Bill, a name which gives the impression that the man is a blood snorter of the plains, was looking around for a partner to venture with the "Wild West Show" abroad. It seemed to me at the time, that Mr. Cody ought not to look very far, for the exhibition of this affair among people who have never seen anything of the sort, would create a sensation and attract millions of people, especially in England and Germany. France, I was doubtful about. Mr. Cody has now found an enterprising partner, and contracts have actually been signed, by which six acres of ground have been secured in the land of exhibitions, Kensington, and here the two hundred and fifty odd "wild men" and the immense stud of one hundred and fifty Indian ponies, mustangs, etc., will camp during the stay, which, commencing early in May next year, will extend over a period of six months. Afterwards, Messrs. W. F. Cody and Salisbury, the proprietors, will take the gigantic combination upon a tour throughout the provinces, and also on the Continent. I started out to say that Cody's soubriquet gave a false impression of the man excited by the numberless dime novels which have been published regarding his adventures. But Cody is a mild-mannered man of gentle and generous disposition, and very much of a gentleman. I met him first in 1871, on the plains of Wyoming Territory, near Fort Laramie. At that time he was in service of the Government frequently as a scout, and is known among cavalry officers as a brave and dashing fellow. He accompanied the Grand Duke Alexis hunting expedition which was escorted by a company of the Second Cavalry, and among the officers Lieutenant, now Captain. Joshua L. Fowler was distinguished equally with Cody, both being the two most reckless riders and buffalo hunters on the plains. I take

pleasure in recounting among my own reminiscences the fact that I afterward accompanied the same cavalry company on a scouting expedition as a guest of Captain Fowler, and camped with him several months at the junction of the Platte and Laramie Rivers. At Fort Laramie was stationed "Major" Frank North, at one time chief of the Pawnees. North and I became good friends, and we started to collaborate a book of Indian adventure, the limited MS. of which I now possess. When "Buffalo Bill" started his "Wild West" show North joined it, as a prominent attraction, but last year was terribly injured by being trod upon by his mustang.

* *

THIS digression is not very theatrical, but to return to things more *apropos*, and speaking of Buffalo hunts, I am led to refer to the enterprising city at the Western end of this State, which I visited during the week, and which furnished me with several interesting items concerning the arts. There are now in that city of two presidents, several theatres. Ten years ago one did sufficiently well. The Meech Brothers with their now charming theatre, the Academy of Music, lead the van, and doubtless always will. Here Robson and Crane were playing in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" to immense audiences. At the Court Street Theatre, which last season opened a successful existence under the management of J. M. Hill, I found popular prices and a packed house to witness the most diabolical performance I ever saw, and that, too, called the "Mikado," by a lot of people styling themselves the Wilbur Opera company, and advertised in the programme of the house as having played the "Mikado" 150 nights in New York. Where, they did not say. It was a muscular performance of a singularly bright opera, and although the audience laughed immoderately, Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan would have gone insane. *Katisha* was made fiendish by one protruding tooth which was constantly referred to. The *Mikado* was a sort of "Pat Rooney" in disguise; and *Ko-Ko* and *Pook-Bah* were insults to the whole empire of Japan. Most of the men wore mustaches, and a "gag" was put into nearly every

line. "Youth" was announced from the stage one night, as the attraction for this week, giving the impression that it was by the Wallack Theatre company. Mr. Hill is not now the manager of this place of amusement. He has been succeeded by Mr. H. R. Jacobs, who seems to have more than his share of theatres in the State.

* *

BUT there really should be some protection for such names as Wallack, Daly or Palmer, which are used as trade-marks very often by traveling companies. It is strange, too, that this imposition is tolerated.

* *

Two years ago Buffalo's Music Hall, which was considered by Dr. Damrosch as the best equipped in this country, was destroyed by fire. Its rebuilding is now nearly complete, and I was astonished to find what a fine edifice it is to be. The architect is Richard Waite, and it is said that, being chagrined in not succeeding in his competition for the plans of the new library building, a picture of which appeared in the September *Century*, he determined to do all that money would allow him with Music Hall. The result is a most elaborate and majestic front of cut brown stone, rich with carvings, and a massive entrance way over which are splendid heads of Beethoven, Mozart and Wagner. There is no exterior structure devoted to either music or drama in New York equal to it.

* *

THE good people of Syracuse gave a testimonial concert to Pauline l'Allemand on the evening of October 8, and the next morning the description of the affair, as reported for the Syracuse *Standard*, amused me immensely. Of the crowd it said:

The steep steps leading from James street to the main entrance of the Alhambra were a suffocating crush. In the compact jam of people who were waiting their turn to be admitted were hundreds of the most fashionable ladies of the town, who, in their costly gowns, struggled to maintain their places in the sluggish column.

Of their appearance:

And such another audience was never seen in Syracuse, for it drew its component parts from all stations, high and low. Members of every well-known family in the city had places there. It was dressed, too, was this cosmopolitan assemblage, in fine raiment, so that views of it at an angle from the side aisles were full of the charm conveyed by a stretch of radiant faces and nodding plumes.

This is the way Syracuse felt about it:

This was the kind of a testimonial the citizens of Syracuse had reserved for Madame Pauline l'Allemand when she should return to us as one of us, not as the fame-crowned diva of the

American Opera company, honorable as that position happens to be. Down from the Second Ward the thrifty neighbors of Lucas Ellsasser trooped to see once more "our little Pauline," who has grown to be such a famous woman in this great big world. They seemed—as was their right—to assert a special interest in the songstress. The grand folks had been able to pay the fancy price to hear her in "Lakme" last spring, and now they thought it was their turn. But the vast crowd of expectant listeners was on common ground in paying tribute to the worth of the plucky little girl who has made the name of Syracuse sound familiar in the ears of the musical universe.

There was a touching incident.

At the left hand of the stage, more than half-way down the hall, were seated a little party in mourning, whose position allowed them the opportunity to overlook the entire scene. It was the family of the cantatrice, including the father, mother, the aged grossmutter, and the coy sisters, who were there to see what is vouchsafed few families to see in a world like ours. When they cried, as cry they did, hundreds of people who saw the beautiful spectacle felt like shedding a tear of joy, as, indeed, it is probable many did unobserved.

But the coy sisters were nothing compared to the fair Pauline:

She was so flurried by the sight of the fairyland into which she was transported on a fog of delightful perfumes from great masses of flowers, that she forgot the music of her song, and was obliged to run off and get it. The pianist, too, was all awry in his work, and though his practised hand was always to be relied on, he stumbled over the first notes of Payne's melody. But Madame l'Allemand caught the tender strain, and it crept into the inmost soul of every listener.

There is nothing like a local habitation and a name, and a conscientious reporter.

THIS same paper, in reporting the performance of Mr. Roland Reed, said:

Mr. Reed is not unctuous or mellow, like a damson plum which has hung in the sun, but he is crisp and dry like a Saratoga chip. The fun he makes does not make the mouth to water, but it rests pleasantly on the palate, and is swallowed with zest.

This is a new sensation evidently. Yet a Saratoga chip *could* rest pleasantly on the palate.

A CORRESPONDENT sends me this item: "A curious instance of the difficulty which some persons experience in believing that an actor of a villainous rôle need not necessarily possess some of the evil qualities he depicts is to be found in the conduct of an elderly lady named Nokes, whose portrait now forms part of the Loan Collection at the Folkestone, England, Exhibition. Her sympathy was excited by Edmund Kean's forlorn condition, when he appeared on the stage at York in his thirteenth year, and she afterwards visited him and his wife in London. She made no secret of her intention of bequeathing a considerable sum in his favor in her will; but, on accompanying Mrs. Kean to the theatre to see Kean play *Luke*, she was so horrified at the cold-blooded villainy of the character that, attributing the

effect produced by Kean to his possession of the fiend-like attributes he so consummately embodied, she left London next day, and dying soon afterwards, it was found that she had altered the will made by her in Kean's favor, and left the sum originally destined to be his to a distant relative of whom she knew nothing but the name."

MR. JOSEPH DERRICK wrote the piece called "Confusion," which has been very successful. It was played at the Third Avenue Theatre two seasons ago with Harry St. Maur, H. E. Dixey and Florence Gerard (now Mrs. Henry E. Abbey) in the leading parts, and made a great hit. Since then Mr. Derrick has tried his hand at another play which is called "Curiosity." But it has been condemned on these reasons: First, the title of the play as having no connection with its plot; secondly, no plot at all; thirdly, its bad construction; fourthly, its unpleasantness of plot—*i. e.*, as regards a tooth and a corn; fifth, its indecency of situation; sixth, its poverty of characterization; seventh, its baldness and vulgarity of dialogue. Now, here is the story of the plot as furnished by the author:

In a few lines I will sketch the plot. In a select boarding house the wife of one boarder has the toothache, and wishes her tooth extracted unknown to her husband, who has great admiration for her beautiful teeth, and is unaware of the faulty one. The mistress of the establishment has a corn, and does not wish the fact known to her elderly lover, as he has a great admiration for her graceful walk and carriage. On the expected departure of the husband and lover to town, a note is dispatched to a friend, a chiropodist, to come in company with a dentist to relieve the ladies of tooth and corn respectively. Through an accident its contents are made known to the husband and elderly lover, and misunderstandings commence, which are kept up until the arrival of a detective in the third act. This is due to one of the characters who, complaining in act one that his boots are not polished to his satisfaction, has gone to town to secure some of his own specialty in blacking. Returning, he has at the railway station placed the tin of blacking in a black bag, and this proceeding has been viewed by a detective inspector, who is on the watch for a notorious dynamiter. The inspector jumps at hasty conclusions, and follows the individual back to the boarding house, where, naturally enough for farce, seeing more suspicious in the concealment of one of the characters in a clock and another under a table, he locks the whole household in the conservatory, releasing them on receiving an answer to a telegram he has dispatched to the next police-station, the answer stating that the household is exceptionally respectable.

SPEAKING of the Japanese Village now exhibited at Knight's Bridge, the London *Era* says that in Japan both sexes bathe together in a state of nudity without any sense of shame—in fact, decency, as we understand the word, is unknown, in this respect at least, in that quaint

country. It happened on a Sunday morning that one of the young ladies from the refreshment department of the Japanese Village was taking a lesson on the pianoforte in the hall from a companion whilst the male Japs were taking their usual morning "dip" in the fine bath connected with the establishment. Presently one of them, who may have been deputed by his companions to convey their lack of appreciation of English music, emerged *in puris naturalibus* ("and not even that," as the old lady said) from the bath-room, and, approaching the horrified pianists with that "child-like and bland" expression peculiar to his race, remarked, plaintively, "No likee noisee."

**

MME. MODJESKA is making careful preparation for her approaching engagement at the Union Square Theatre, to begin November 1. She has purchased several new plays, notably "Les Chouans," arranged from Balzac by Mr. Paul Potter. It has been said that "Les Chouans" will be Mme. Modjeska's opening play. This is a mistake. Her engagement will open with a revival of "As You Like It," with herself as *Rosalind*. Mr. Maurice Barrymore will be the *Orlando*.

**

THE managers of Dockstader's Minstrels offer prizes in money for half-hour sketches and topical songs. Here is a chance for the American dramatist who desires to rise on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things.

**

LAST week a pair of actors known on the bills as "Stebb and Trepp" appeared at the Grand Opera House with Tony Pastor's company and amused large audiences by a novel and eccentric performance. Mr. Denslow, the artist, gives on another page of THE THEATRE a number of sketches "made on the spot," but the remarkable features of the entertainment must be seen to have its cleverness appreciated.

**

AUDRAN'S latest opera, "Indiana," was produced at the Avenue Theatre, London, Monday night, and was something of a success. The words are by H. B. Farnie, and the dialogue is said to be bright and amusing. The

name of *Indiana* is that of the heroine, an American girl, who visits in England. After the engagement of "Indiana," in November, Mr. Sims Reeves will appear in opera at a series of matinées, at the first of which "The Beggar's Opera" will be performed. The Christmas extravaganza at the Avenue will be called "Arthur Roberts-on-Crusoe." Mr. H. B. Farnie will undertake the stage management, and Mr. D'Albertson will preside over the front of the house.

**

THE authorities of Turkey have interdicted Dante's "Divine Comedy," because it is a work, according to their profound ideas, which tends to cast ridicule and contempt on different religions.

**

THE Olympic Theatre, London, has been taken for twelve months by Miss Grace Hawthorne, the American actress, who proposes to open on Thursday, the 21st inst., with "The Governess."

**

MR. LABOUCHERE says: "Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, who died last week at the age of sixty-four, was best known to music lovers as conductor of the 'Wandering Minstrels,' an excellent amateur orchestra, which occasionally gave public performances for charity, but which regularly played at the smoking concerts in the music-room adjoining Lord Gerald's residence in Sloane street. The minstrels were at the zenith of their fame about twenty years ago. At that time an important feature of their entertainment was an oyster supper. The meal was abandoned when the mollusca which the average penny-a-liner delights in calling the 'succulent bivalves' reached famine prices. Lord Gerald Fitzgerald was a capital musician and conductor, and a fair amateur double-bass player."

**

ALSO that Miss Mary Anderson has determined to act in London again, and sooner than was expected. She is in treaty for a theatre in the Strand, "not 100 miles away from the Lyceum," and hopes to begin her campaign in the early spring of next year.

**

THE frontispiece this week is from a photograph of Mr. A. M. Palmer, the manager of the Madison Square Theatre. Mr. Palmer's record is so thoroughly well known that it would seem superfluous to write of it here. His system, his thorough appreciation of art and his business application have made him what he is—one of the most successful managers in the land.

Trophonius.

LORD LONSDALE'S IDEAS.

THE Sunday newspapers that are published in New York are nearly always interesting. Their immense bulk is carefully adjusted to popular taste. They present a remarkably large number of articles which are valuable and suggestive. But it is seldom that an editor has the opportunity to print anything so important as Lord Lonsdale's recent contribution to the New York *Sun*. Mr. Dana's paper is always enterprising, and just eccentric enough to be stimulating. It was a brilliant stroke of enterprise to secure, for the readers of the *Sun*, an entirely new and original discussion of stage ethics from the pen of one of the Cecils.

We are tempted to add that, as our esteemed contemporary had denounced the vagaries of Lord Lonsdale with righteous wrath and a powerful aggregation of moral ideas, and had also described his adventures with Miss Violet Cameron and Mr. De Bensaude rather copiously and attractively, it was only fair to permit Lord Lonsdale to have his say in the same paper. But we venture to intimate that no one expected from Lord Lonsdale the sort of article to which his name was attached.

This community has learned from the newspapers (which advertise Lord Lonsdale at their own risk and then pitch into him for letting them advertise him) that the noble gentleman is a very wicked and objectionable person; that his relations with a pretty English actress are at least open to objection and censure; that he cherishes a rabid contempt for American customs and social laws, and that he is actually the useless and un-Christian tail-end of a woman's show. To a large extent, Lord Lonsdale must blame himself if this impression has gained ground. The public mind is curious, and certainly not guileless. Our English friend knows the world, and must clearly be aware of this fact. Gentlemen of high position and with an income of £60,000 a year are not accustomed to manage the affairs of young actresses for strictly business and moral reasons. Therefore, Lord Lonsdale can hardly blame us if we take the worst view of his case. If he were anxious to have us take a more lenient and charitable view of it, he should have remained in London and permitted Miss Cameron to get her advertisement in the usual way.

But the world, inclined as it is to be censorious, is sometimes wrong. We may be mistaken. It is possible that Lord Lonsdale regards his enterprise as a perfectly natural and mercantile one. It is possible that even a member of the British peerage may be attacked with the mad ambition to manage a company or run a theatre. At any rate, Lord Lonsdale is a free citizen, and no one can question his right to shine as haberdasher, bootmaker, or impresario. And after reading Lord Lonsdale's

contribution to the *Sun*, the conviction is forced upon us that his code of ethics is so much better than other people's, that other people lack the proper balance of mind and generosity of heart to appreciate it.

Lord Lonsdale's article is not, by the way, a defense of Miss Cameron. When he menaced the newspapers of this city with libel suits he defended her in a practical and effective manner. On the contrary, he has written to prove that the stage is, above all, an abode of refined sentiment and moral sincerity, and that a gentleman of excellent family and with a ponderous income cannot do better than associate himself with it. In other words, Lord Lonsdale came to the stage as one takes up a lofty ideal. He is a missionary in the cause of art, a man who is willing to put his shoulders and his moneybags to the wheel of theatrical progress. Instead of denouncing him we should praise and exalt him. The managers of the Casino have fallen unawares on high art and holiness.

We shall allow the noble gentleman to speak for himself. "Time was," he says, "when the actor and his art were regarded as immoral. Time was also when literary men were mere lackeys. But that is all changed now, and deservedly so. My own experience is that actors and actresses are received in the most cultured and worthy society of England to-day. Everywhere gentlemen of good birth and solid learning are entering the dramatic profession for life. It is no longer in England, any more than it is in America, a stigma upon a man that he is connected personally with the theatre. The moral tone of standard actors and actresses will compare well with the moral tone of the best and most exclusive society in the world." This is clear and to the point, and it shows how Lord Lonsdale happens to be a manager. He goes on: "I can say with all my heart that there is nothing demoralizing about the stage or its associations either for a man or a woman. Of course, as in any other profession, there are people who come into it bad and who remain bad. The profession itself is not to blame for this. What I wonder at is the readiness of the public to believe almost anything cruel that is told about an actress without a color of evidence."

That, we believe, is worthy of verdant and ingenuous youth. But we do not contradict his lordship. He may be quite right, and there is always manliness in the defense of women who make their living on the stage. Verdancy and ingenuousness are not vices. We are glad that Lord Lonsdale possesses those gentle qualities of character. In regard to the stage "as a field for gentlemen of birth and education," Lord Lonsdale says: "There is none better unless one has a special training. Take my own case, if I may be pardoned for being

personal. With the present depression of business throughout the world I found that men in all grades of society were seeking the means of building up their incomes. The business of my life had practically been fox-hunting. What line of work could I take up? I could not, with my outdoor habits, endure captivity at a desk. I had no training for the bar or for medicine. I could have gone to the stock exchange, but what sort of a career would that be? To make even an ordinary income one must gamble almost to the extent that you would on a race course. As between my present profession and stock gambling I think no man ought to hesitate for a moment. One is a straightforward occupation." Charming, charming! Such candor exhilarates one, and renews one's faith in humanity. Lord Lonsdale as a stock-gambler! Assuredly he is better off as a manager and a priest of art—sculpturesque art, as it were. Besides, in "the present depression of business," everyone knows that Lord Lonsdale needs to build up his income.

But we come nearer to Lord Lonsdale's peculiar mission when he informs us that, "aside from its power to entertain, and to inculcate a love of heroism, the great mission of the stage is to teach manners and morality by mimic example. That it has had a powerful influence in this direction is admitted by the world to-day. If men and women would give their support only to theatres that recognize a high standard of public morality, the world would be so much better off, and dramatic art would be greatly strengthened and elevated. The trouble is that the average man or woman prefers to think of the scandal which idle and malicious tongues have scattered about the private life of an actress, than to see the actress upon the stage, and judge of her by her art. It is across the footlights that the public should see the actress or the actor, where she or he embodies all that is good, and noble and delightful."

Precisely. And, rather than merely teach by precept, Lord Lonsdale teaches by example. The great mission of the stage is to teach manners and morality. Miss Violet Cameron teaches manners and morality. Men and women should support theatres that recognize a high standard of morality. Lord Lonsdale means the Casino. Dramatic art should be elevated and strengthened. Miss Cameron elevates and strengthens it, with the sympathetic support of Lord Lonsdale. The actress embodies, on the stage, all that is good, and noble, and delightful. Miss Cameron is that sort of an actress. After such an explanation by Lord Lonsdale, it would be cruel to attack him as an enemy of the stage.

In fact, until we read Lord Lonsdale's article, we did not suspect how much morality might be concealed in a pair of pink tights.—*G. E. M.*

STAGE BEAUTIES.

THE tenor of contemporaneous criticism would make the average person suppose that beauty without brains was a modern innovation. As a matter of fact, or rather of history, beauty has apparently been able to discount brains from time immemorial. King Solomon, the wisest man of all ages, bent his royal knees at the presence of the Queen of Sheba, who, so far as history records, had nothing but her good looks to recommend her. Even Homer does not claim any intellectual powers for Helen of Troy, and yet she divides honors with the mother of mankind.

Cleopatra induced Marc Antony to make a foolish person of himself, and no historian that I can recall attributes Antony's collapse to anything but the beauty of the Queen of Egypt. Tasso in his wildest wanderings never claimed brains for his beloved Leonora, and it is notorious that Abelard held the intellectual attainments of Heloise at a very low standard. The brothers Lanciotto and Paolo loved Francesca da Rimini, but it was not because the beautiful Italian charmed them with her wit and genius. In all these historical cases it was beauty, and beauty alone, that enslaved the highest and lowest of mankind.

The historical figures I have conjured up were not "stage beauties" in a literal sense, but they have made history, and perhaps have done more for literature than the warriors and poets who worshiped them. If Tasso had not loved Leonora he would probably have been unknown to-day. He was not among the poets who "lisped in numbers because the numbers came." He wanted an inspiration and he found it in Leonora. Ferrara was saved from extinction, not because Tasso wrote about it, but because Leonora lived and bloomed in it.

The mediæval age was not a practical one. The beauties of that time found their reward in inspiring poets and dramatists. "Filthy lucre," at least so far as I can discover, had no place in their thoughts. But with the nineteenth century came the practical age. Beauty used to be a worshiped and envied inspiration, now it is a protested trade-mark.

"If I am beautiful and rich," says a nineteenth century girl, "I go into society and

conquer the social world." "If I am poor but beautiful," says her indigent sister, "I go on the stage and capture the ducats of the public." "If I have made conquests and have seen princes and nobles at my feet, every such act of homage is not a feather in my cap, but a five per cent. per annum mortgage on my neighbor's property." "If I have been jilted and heartbroken, and have successfully carried my woes to the Court of the Exchequer, I am not content with such a solatium as a tender-hearted jury gives me. By no means! I have a simple, tender-hearted public throughout the English-speaking world who will pay anything from fifty cents to two dollars to see the 'broken flower' and sympathize with the sorrows of the 'bruised reed.'"

As the American public are the most sympathetic, sentimental and generous in the world, the "broken flowers" and "bruised reeds" all find their way here. Their advent is as certain as that of the Irish politician who comes to tell us that the potato crop has failed in Kerry or Galway, and that the only hope of a starving but industrious population is American subscriptions.

I have not wandered into this pseudo philosophy for its own sake. I have been driven to it by noticing the tone of current literature towards those dangerous invaders of the modern stage, the professional beauties. To read the criticisms of the average writer, one might suppose that beauty without brains was an innovation in the dramatic world.

Now let me see how this supposition is borne out by historical criticism. Addison speaks of actresses of his time who hadn't enough brains to comprehend their authors, but who conquered their audiences by the magnetism of their beauty and the music of their voices. A contemporary of Mrs. Bracegirdle says she couldn't act a little bit, but that she could draw the gallants out of their seats by the flash of her eye and the vocal velvet of her tones. Even Peg Woffington is said by her coevals to have had a most minute allotment of brains. Mrs. Siddons seems to be universally accepted as the embodiment of brains and beauty, but her successor, Miss O'Neill, had her claims to beauty generally allowed, but her pretensions to intellect were disputed by the highest authorities.

Coming to very recent times. I find that when Adelaide Neilson first blossomed as a star the critics and public forgot her want of genius in admiration of her beauty. She had more brains, however, than she was credited with, and by dint of a keen natural intelligence and study she became a fine, if not a great actress.

Our own stage has shown just as many examples of beauty eclipsing brains. Very old play-goers will remember Mrs. Anna Cora

Mowatt, of Virginia. She took the United States by storm. Criticism was blinded by the beauty of her face, the sweetness of her voice, and the grace of her manner. She had for her support that great actor E. L. Davenport, then in the pride of his youth and vigor. Davenport's genius fell on eyes and ears enthralled by Mrs. Mowatt's beauty, and one of the best actors of modern times was neglected in his native land, because his foil was a frail creature with wonderful eyes and a voice that rivalled Orpheus's lyre.

When Mrs. Mowatt went to London the more experienced critics there recognized Davenport's genius and hailed him as the successor of Kemble, Kean and Macready. Mrs. Mowatt took a second place and soon retired in dudgeon from the stage.

One of the most beautiful women of the modern American stage was Helen Western. But she was devoid both of natural intelligence and the imitative faculty that is found even in little children and the lower order of animals. Her acting bore no more relation to art than did the posturing of Adah Isaacs Menken and the "ladies" of the *poses plastique* exhibitions on Broadway. Yet she drew the whole country after her and made, but unfortunately did not keep, a considerable fortune.

Well, the moral of all this is that on the stage beauty and brains are separate factors. The first requires no sympathetic intellect to appreciate it, while the other does. The beautiful woman's season is brief, but the great artist defies time and decay. Mrs. Langtry, for instance, has a career of a few years, and Charlotte Cushman, whose face and form were almost repulsive, took a decade to conquer public aversion, and found herself in her old age a goddess of her people.

Sarah Bernhardt is supposed to be the greatest actress of the present day, and the man who could fall in love with her would get enamoured of a telegraph pole. Matilda Heron was the greatest actress of her time, and off the stage she was the libellous caricature of an Avenue C laundress. Clara Morris is not cursed with the fatal gift of beauty, but she moves an audience of average men and women more than any actress of her time.

Mrs. Kendal, the leading actress of England, prides herself on her homeliness, and with justice, too, but she can make beautiful women weep and move cynical mankind to ill-disguised expressions of emotion. For ages the stage has been the race-course of beauty and brains, and, though beauty has nearly always been the favorite at the start, brains has proved winner whenever the stakes have been the verdict of the unprejudiced and thoughtful.

John M. Morton.

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD AND HER COMPANY.

IN the early part of last week I asked for complimentary seats at the Star Theatre, but Miss Ward or her representative refused to grant my request, so I was obliged to get them through some one else, pay for them, or miss seeing "The Queen's Favorite." Having been accustomed for these twenty years to sit in complimentary seats at the theatres, I was loth to pay to see even Miss Ward and her new comedy, so I attacked the box office through another, and on Saturday night I had, as it chanced, three seats at my disposal, and as it also chanced I had use for only one of them.

Had I known, however, what an exceptional treat it is to see "The Queen's Favorite," as it is played by Miss Ward and her company, reluctant as I am to part with money for amusement of any sort, I should have been strongly tempted to break my custom and to pay my money.

"The Queen's Favorite," as many people know, is an adaptation of the master-piece of Eugene Scribe, one of the greatest French dramatists of the century. For fully forty years it has been frequently played in all the better German theatres, and, I doubt not, also in all the better theatres of Europe. It is one of those chastely written, cunningly constructed dramatic compositions that go for comparatively little if not handled with the greatest delicacy, and then it should be seen more than once in order to be fully appreciated. The whole piece is in the hands of six persons, three men and three women. The six ladies and gentlemen that were employed in its representation at the Star last week were, without an exception, in their respective parts, all that any but the hypercritical could desire. There was an ease, a grace, a spontaneity, an artistic finish in their several personations that was delightful to witness. They were all colloquial without allowing their colloquialism to degenerate into the commonplace. All seemed to be occupied with the thought the words expressed, and not at all with the tones in which the words were spoken. All kept the voice up at the ends of the sentences, as we do when we extemporize, instead of letting it run down until the words were hardly audible, as many players do—

when they play. Not one of the cast spoke his speeches like a lesson conned, but all spoke as though thought and words were theirs. At times, Miss Ward's delivery would, perhaps, have seemed a little more realistic if she had sprinkled a few more pauses through her longer speeches. However rapidly words may flow, they must not flow continuously; the flow must be interrupted by frequent pauses, if we would copy nature successfully, and the more successfully we copy nature in her best forms, the more effective we are.

Mr. Vernon's *Bolingbroke* is one of the most elaborate and most finished personations I have ever witnessed. It is quite on a level with Mr. Gilbert's *Sir Anthony*, Mr. Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle* and Mr. Irving's *Louis XI*. Mr. Vernon is much the most accomplished player England has sent us of late, save Mr. Irving, some of whose personations place him in the front rank—among his contemporaries.

But this did not surprise me after what I had heard and read of Mr. Vernon. What, however, did surprise me was to find in the lady that personated *Queen Anne* the peer of both Miss Ward and Mr. Vernon. It would not be easy to find an actress, hunt her where you will, that, take it for all in all, would play the part of the *Queen* with the exquisite delicacy of touch that Miss Gertrude Kellogg plays it with. It would perhaps be possible to have the part better "looked," but hardly possible to have it more deftly played. Nothing could be more admirable than the handling of her scene with the *Duchess* at the beginning of the fourth act, when the *Duchess* offers to return the key. The delicacy of the shading as she allows herself to be again beguiled by the *Duchess* is the very perfection of the actor's art. Miss Kellogg's aptitude for her vocation is of a very high order. Between Miss Ward, Miss Kellogg and Mr. Vernon the honors were easy, the two latter having a good two-thirds of them.

Miss Eleanor Tyndale, it is said, is new to the stage. If she is, let her remain new. A more ingenuous, more winsome, or more intelligent *Abigail* could not be rationally desired. It is the fashion to say of beginners, no matter how well they play, that they "no doubt, will *in time*," etc. If Miss Tyndale plays everything she attempts as satisfactorily as she plays *Abigail*, she has only to conceal from her auditors the fact that she is not "an old hand at the bellows," and she may count with certainty on their commendation.

If Miss Ward had come to us for eight weeks instead of two, and had played "The Queen's Favorite" during the whole time, she would, I am confident, have had no cause to regret it.

Alfred Ayres.



THE ECCENTRIC STEBB AND TREPP, VIENNESE COMEDIANS.

THE STAGE IS MORAL.

THERE are only 365 days in a year; there are saints that are not in the calendar. Of these, four were graduated on the stage and one at the bar. It is true that the comedians had to leave the stage to be canonized, but Saint Yves, the patron saint of the legal profession, was not a good lawyer.

Saint Genest was a player in the time of Diocletian, whose conversion (the *Herald* is authority for the statement that conversion is not necessarily from bad to good) is the subject of an original drama by Rotrou.

Saint Porphyry, a comedian of Adrianople, was christened by Moquere before Julian the Apostate; he made a confession of his faith and was beheaded.

Ardeleone, a player of Alexandria, who, like Genest, found his road to Damascus on the stage at a burlesque of mysteries of Christianity, was a martyr under Justinian.

Saint Pelagia (fifth century) was the greatest actress of Antiochus. She went to church to

hear a sermon by Nonus, bishop of Heliopolis, renounced her vocation, was christened, gave her fortune to the poor and died in the odor of sanctity.

Victor Fournel, the French anecdotist, likes to tell of Madame Goutier that she never went on the stage without having crossed herself and uttered the following prayer under her breath:

"My God, give me grace to play well." A prayer that would have been a profanation but for its naïveté, that pales into insignificance when set beside the Gascon general's invocation: "God, do unto Lahire as Lahire would do unto you, if you were Lahire and Lahire was God."

The playhouse, the Porte Saint-Martin, is not exactly a Porte du Ciel, but the Prix Monthyon that is given to virtue by the French Academy, went not many years ago to Moëssard of the Porte Saint-Martin company.

After this, when one is told that the stage is moral he may ring the chestnut bell.

David Gamut.

LITERARY CHAT.

A WELL-INFORMED person writes to us: "You are, I think, mistaken in supposing that there will be any strong rivalry between the new *Scribner's Magazine* and the old *Century* and *Harper's*. *Scribner's* will fill its own place, in its own way. It will be, in the first place, literary — not a mass of information and amusement on all kinds of topics. It will be somewhat smaller than the other magazines, and will consist entirely of contributed articles and illustrations. There will be no editorial departments. There will not be, in consequence, an editorial staff. Mr. Burlingame will be editor in fact, and have an assistant. What *Scribner's* may do when its success is assured is another matter. Then its owners may desire to enlarge its scope."

THE proprietor of the *Keynote* decided last week to suspend the publication of that journal. He had spent a large sum of money in a loyal endeavor to make it a profitable enterprise, and he had associated with himself a bright staff of writers. Mr. Frederick Archer was the musical critic and editor, Mr. Albert E. Berg the dramatic critic and managing editor, Mr. E. De Lancy Pierson the literary critic, and Mr. Charles Millward the correspondent at London. There were other capable men on the staff, and the paper was provided with competent correspondents in all parts of the country. The *Keynote* was an ambitious and costly publication, and had bad luck from the start. It was good enough to succeed, and its loss will be observed with regret.

THAT very clever and genuine humorist, Mr. Cupid Jones (which is the pen-name of a brilliant poet and critic) is the author of a "Crazy History of the United States," just published by G. W. Dillingham. As a humorist, Cupid Jones is nothing if not broad — broad, that is to say, in a perfectly legitimate sense. There is no secrecy, no subtlety in his fun. It is simple, easy, spontaneous humor, intensely grotesque and altogether absurd. The manner in which he mixes up dates, venerable antiquities and Yankee notions, historical personages and personages who are famous to-day, is highly diverting. There is really an immense amount of information and cleverness in this "Crazy History," and there is also a reckless lack of reverence. The most exalted men and women are used by Mr. Jones for a "side-splitting" effect — and the effect is nearly always "side-splitting," when it is not merely racy and ingenious. Here is a small and smiling specimen of Mr. Jones's humor and history: "On March 4, 1809, James Madison, so named because he was

born in our celebrated New York square, was elected President. Matters were not so pleasant with England, owing to the fact that England was in the habit of searching our war-tugs and taking away our sailors. Why, Peter Cooper was kidnapped in the open sea! Besides this, when the English ship got a new gun, she would come over here to try it on some Jersey light-house . . . At this time, Robert Fulton, celebrated for his market, made the first steam-boat, which sailed up the Hudson, stopping every two minutes to pant. In 1819 the first trip to Europe was made by steam, the boat reaching Cork Harbor some time in 1839, with a white-haired crew. In 1840 there were two regular lines, with the usual accommodations, and the stewardess on board weighing from 60 to 90 stone, also as usual. . . In 1871 the Shawnee Indians became obstreperous, because Booth skipped their reservation during his western trip, and they wouldn't stand Forrest because he played *Metamora*, an Injun of another tribe; so some boys in blue were sent after them, and at Tippecanoe beat them so that they forgot their own language, and had to read the Scriptures in Creek, which was awfully humiliating."

A good many people will laugh over "The Crazy History of the United States," by Cupid Jones.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have, by the way, published three small and charming volumes, entitled "Humorous Masterpieces from American Literature," edited by Edward T. Mason. One need glance only casually at the contents of these books — most of them being familiar to the well-informed reader — to perceive how rich our literature is in humorous and bright writing. Fifty-nine American authors are represented by Mr. Mason's selections, and it can hardly be said that a single good name has been passed by. The humor of the selections is of every possible description, ranging from that of Josh Billings and Doesticks to that of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Lowell, Curtis, Aldrich and Warner. The present (or latest) school of American humorists is fairly illustrated by selections from twenty-four writers (most of them still alive), which comprise the third volume. On the whole, Mr. Mason's plan is an excellent one, and the result of his editing is judicious and delightful.

THE Authors' Club, of this city, is now the most important organization of men of letters in the United States. The membership list comprises about 125 names, nearly all of them prominent, and many of them distinguished. All our distinguished novelists, poets, historians and essayists belong to the club, the secretary

of which is, oddly enough, an artist. W. Hamilton Gibson. But Mr. Gibson is an artist who writes cleverly, as Mr. Frank Millet and Mr. Frank Fowler do. The first meeting of the Authors' Club for the season was held last Thursday evening.

THE *Brooklyn Magazine* was established as a kind of local monthly journal, and has managed to exist by methods which seem to be popular nowadays, the methods of symposium and "sensation." But it should be added that this magazine, the editors of which succeed in having it talked about, shows improvement from month to month in its literature. The printing of sermons by two celebrated Brooklyn preachers is still its mainstay; and persons who are not professional writers, yet who can lay claim to some special distinction, are still invited to contribute to its columns. But it is pleasant to find the purely journalistic features of the *Brooklyn Magazine* supplemented by one or two charming poems and an occasional article or story of sound literary merit. The October number, for example, has interesting contributions by Edith M. Thomas, Henry W. Austin and William H. Rideing; it has also the beginning of what promises to be a bright story, "A Social Diplomat."

MR. CLINTON SCOLLARD'S first volume of poems was received very kindly in England, as well as in this country. His second volume, "With Reed and Lyre," published by D. Lothrop & Co., deserves an equally cordial welcome. Mr. Scollard is graceful, refined and suggestive, and his fancy is often sparkling. The following verses are particularly happy and illustrate Mr. Scollard's dainty style:

Within this fragile urn by chance
I found them, void of scent and faded,
Reminders of a sweet romance
That budded, bloomed and died as they did.

The years have flown in swallow flight
Since last we met, and I incensed her:
Her eyes have lost their laughing light,
And 'Time has long conspired against her.

Here let them lie — the once admired —
A food for idle contemplation,
Dead as the passion they inspired,
The ashes of an old flirtation.

WE have received from the Dramatic Publishing Company of Chicago, the stage version of "Hamlet" as arranged by Mr. Wilson Barrett. It is included in that excellent and very useful series of pamphlets known as The World Acting Drama, and is neat, handy and well printed. It is known that Mr. Barrett has given thoughtful study to "Hamlet," and

his arrangement shows skill, good taste and artistic spirit. As Mr. Barrett may soon be seen here as *Hamlet* our play-goers will naturally be glad to acquaint themselves with his version of the play.

A NEW novel by B. L. Farjeon, who has not written much or, at any rate, published much recently, is begun in the October number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*.

MR. W. T. HENDERSON, a young poet whose verses are frequently seen in the *New York Times*, has written a long and serious poem which will soon appear in the *English Magazine of Art*.

THE three most delightful books for children that have been published this season are Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (Charles Scribner's Sons); George Parsons Lathrop's collection of short stories, dedicated to the two little daughters of Julian Hawthorne (Cassell & Co.); and Miss Alcott's "Jo's Boys" (Roberts Brothers).

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN has been invited to prepare a poem for the unveiling of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty.

IT is not often that we find so sympathetic a translation from Victor Hugo as this by Mary C. Chavannes:

To-morrow, at the dawn, when earth looks gay,
I will go forth (for thou wilt watch for me);
By mountain and by forest take my way,
I cannot, cannot longer stay from thee.

I will walk on — my eyes are with my thought,
And nothing else will either hear or see —
Alone, unknown, bowed down and over-wrought,
So sad that daylight like the night shall be.

I shall not see the golden sky at eve,
Nor the white sails that wander on the sea;
And on thy tomb my offering I will leave,
The holly and the heath I brought for thee.

These pathetic lines were dedicated by Hugo to his dead daughter.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS have made arrangements for the exclusive publication in the United States of *Les Lettres et Les Arts*, simultaneously with its appearance in Paris. This review, edited by Frederic Masson, will aim to surpass all previous attempts at illustration; each number will contain forty plates, and every article will be illustrated by engravings, etchings, *graveures en couleur*, or photogravures. Each monthly part will contain 130 to 150 pages, forming four volumes a year.

MR. HOWELLS'S farce, "The Mouse Trap," will be published in the Christmas number of *Harper's*. His latest novel, "An Open Question," will begin in the February number of this magazine.

THE MACMILLANS will publish not fewer than seventy-five books during this autumn and winter. Two novels, by Henry James and Marion Crawford, are included in their list.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.'s new and complete edition of Longfellow's works, in eleven volumes, crown octavo, will be completed before the holidays.

A THOROUGH study of the life and works of Lord Tennyson, is the most interesting part of *Querles* for October. The criticisms are by eminent authorities, and cover a period of over fifty years. A celebrated author will be treated in a like manner each month hereafter.

CASSELL & CO. have decided to add to their list of popular magazines the *Lady's World*, an illustrated magazine of fashion and society.

MR. C. C. BUEL, at whose suggestion the *Century* war-papers were prepared and published, and who, by this stroke of sagacity, was the means of increasing immensely the popularity of the magazine, has been rewarded generously by Mr. Roswell Smith, and is now one of the *Century's* stockholders. Mr. Buel is associated with Richard Watson Gilder in the editorship of the *Century*, Mr. Gilder being editor-in-chief.

JOHN HABBERTON'S new story is entitled "Bruteton's Bayou," and will appear in *Lippincott's*. There will be no serial stories hereafter in *Lippincott's*. Each number will contain a complete novel by some popular writer.

THE correspondent at Philadelphia of the *American Bookseller*, writes: "I saw our friend Mr. Thomas Peterson, who has just returned from the trade-sale, where, he tells me, you were conspicuous by your absence. We fell into talk about his publication of *A Bohemian Tragedy*, that book of scandal and ingratitude, and I told him that I had heard, from one of the leading retailers in New York, that the public took no interest in the book, after the newspapers proclaimed the fact that it was filled with personalities about literary people. He replied that, whether the public cared or not about literary people, the book was 'booming.'"

ART CHAT.

AMONG the schools mentioned last week was that of the Gotham Art Students. They have moved from their old quarters in Bond street, and open this season in brand-new rooms at 695 Broadway. The facilities for study are enlarged, and day as well as night classes have been provided. Hitherto these "students," who are mostly employed during the day in the numerous art trades and occupations, have gathered together evenings, and by drawing from the casts and life, endeavored under the helpful guidance of Walter Shirlaw, to better their art knowledge.

THIS season of 1886-87, however, finds them organized into quite an art school, offering advantages to outsiders. The classes are arranged as follows: A life class under the tuition of Walter Shirlaw, meets on Monday, Thursday and Saturday evenings. On the alternate evenings one under H. Siddons Mowbray is held, while J. Carroll Beckwith has a morning life and also a cast class. And an evening cast and modeling class is under the direction of Max Schwarzott. A sketch class meets every afternoon and a composition class is held each fortnight on Saturday evenings. There is also a Sunday painting class. The terms of tuition are by the month, being in the life classes, \$6; in the morning cast class, \$4; in the evening cast class, \$2; Sunday painting class, \$1.50; sketch class, \$1.50.

Women are admitted in the morning cast class only, but should sufficient applications be received a life class will be formed for them during the winter. Lectures and talks on technical and industrial art subjects are given by prominent artists and others interested in art matters. The first talk of the season will be given this Saturday night by Mr. H. O. Avery on the School of Fine Arts, Paris. Mr. Avery will show some valuable drawings and studies by pupils and masters of this celebrated school.

FREDERICK KEPPEL, the print publisher of Sixteenth street, will hold about December 1 an exhibition of etchings, by the late Jean François Millet. Mr. Macbeth, Mr. Keppel's New York representative, told me last week that Mr. Keppel had succeeded in collecting a complete set of proofs of every etching Millet ever made or wood-engraving cut from his design, and in many cases he has secured different "states" of the plates. Mr. Keppel is busy at present translating a valuable critical catalogue of these works from the French.

IN reply to a query about American etching, Mr. Macbeth brought forth a large plate which

they have just published. It is etched by Peter Moran of Philadelphia, from a painting by Isadore Bonheur. It represents cattle being driven to a fair.

MR. MACBETH surprised me and very agreeably so, in saying that he regretted the demand on the part of the public for large etchings. And it is indeed a pity, for these immense plates are not executed in the spirit of true, free etching, but are rather manufactured as pictures to be hung up on the wall as substitutes for line engravings. They are necessarily produced only through successive bitings, and more apt to be good in parts only than in the whole. The nature of etching demands, to the minds of all true lovers of the art, that it shall be done without any great amount of labor or care. But there are not, unluckily, many collectors of etchings in this country, and prints for the portfolio are not in the same demand as prints to be framed. And for framing, the large ones are the most popular. So the artists are thus forced to make them, and the dealers to publish them. Perhaps, however, on the other hand, etching is thus made more familiar to the public, which is not a small advantage to the art.

SPEAKING of etchings reminds me that I dropped in upon Mr. Charles H. Miller at his studio in Twenty-third street the other day and found him assorting and cataloguing his possessions in this line. I dare say Mr. Miller has a larger collection of prints than any other artist in this country. If I remember rightly, he has some 1,500 or 1,800 etchings and engravings! Most of these he picked up in Europe; many are very valuable on account of their rarity, while every one of them was selected by him for its intrinsic artistic merit. And as Mr. Miller is endowed with a very fine judgment as to the good in art, you may imagine this collection is thoroughly instructive.

MR. MILLER has not as yet settled down permanently in his city studio, but spends most of his days at his home at Queens, Long Island, where he is busy painting, etching and modeling. The neighborhood of Mr. Miller's home abounds (or did abound, they are now fast being torn down or falling to decay) in old landmarks of the early Dutch settlers in the form of old mills of most picturesque structure. These mills Mr. Miller has painted so many times, that he says many persons have taken it upon themselves to assert that he lives in a mill. He has at present under way a picture of the solid old mansion he does live in, and intends to exhibit it at one of this season's exhibitions, and it may, he thinks, be a surprise to some people. Modeling in clay Mr. Miller

says he finds most absorbing, and is delighted at the insight into the "structural qualities" of nature which it gives him. You can never find out, he says, through painting, the exact form of any part of the human body as well as by modeling.

THE list of instructors at the League for this season was not given last week for lack of space.

Here they are, men of force and precious training, mostly portrait or figure painters, who are themselves pupils of the greatest foreign painters, including among their masters, Gérôme, Lefebvre, Boulanger, Carlous-Duran, Lindenschmidt, Bonnat, Cabanel and Piloty.

The corps is as follows: Life Classes — H. Siddons Mowbray, Kenyon Cox, Walter Shirlaw and William Sartain; Painting Classes — William M. Chase and J. Alden Weir; Head Classes — J. Alden Weir; Antique Classes — J. Carroll Beckwith, Frank E. Scott and William Sartain; Composition Class — T. W. Dewing; Lectures on Artistic Anatomy — Thomas Eakins.

There are no free classes at the League, but the terms of tutorage are very reasonable, varying from \$3 to \$8 a month, and from \$16 to \$60 for the full season of eight months, in all but the head classes, where the terms are from \$12 a month to \$120 for the full season. To the above-named classes will probably be added this winter a class in modeling.

The League has a fine suit of studios and offices in Fourteenth street. In all the rooms are hung photographs, etchings and reproductions of standard works of art, and many original studies, drawings and paintings by some of the best artists and students in European schools. The reading-room has on file the principal French, German, English and American art periodicals.

THE general atmosphere, so to speak, of this school is everything for painters, painting. Color first, last and forever. Not that the students are not taught to draw, because drawing is taught thoroughly, but the end in view is always to become painters.

Indeed Mr. Drake, the art editor of the *Century*, told me one day that he had gotten few, if any, of his illustrators from among the students of the League.

And I remember when talking with Mr. Beckwith once about illustrating as a means of livelihood, that he said "the trouble with illustrators is that they seldom *become anything else*."

And I rather think that the pupils of the League go in for painting and *nothing else*.

E. K.

BOTH SIDES OF THE CURTAIN.

THE veteran "first nighters," the hundred and odd actors and the score or so of country managers who attended Mr. Wilson Barrett's début on Monday night seem to be of the opinion that the English actor scored only a friendly success, and that the Wilson Barrett "boom" is in jeopardy already. Your dramatic critic will have his intelligent verdict in this week's THEATRE, and with him I have no intention of interfering. I am only recording what I hear in professional circles and here I find a disposition to regard Mr. Barrett's début as very similar to that famous one of Mr. J. T. Toole twelve years ago at Wallack's old theatre, indeed the same house in which "Claudian" was acted last Monday night. Mr. Toole was received with the wildest enthusiasm, but before the curtain fell a gloom was seen on the faces of his friends, and country managers who had given Mr. Toole "dates" looked very unhappy indeed. I don't think Mr. Barrett will collapse quite as ingloriously as Mr. Toole. But he has led the public to expect too much. Perhaps, however, the English actor may bear a remote resemblance to Niagara Falls, which invariably disappoints expectation on a first visit but improves enormously on acquaintance and familiarity.

NOT having seen Mr. Barrett act for seven or eight years, I confess to having watched his rise and progress in London with considerable astonishment. I first saw him in conjunction with Madame Modjeska when that brilliant woman was "touring" the English provinces. He played a number of characters indifferently, and when he came to *Romeo* was positively ludicrous. His attempts to introduce romantic and statuesque grace into the ardent *Romeo* are among the most amusing of my recollections. At the close of the balcony scene he introduced some new business which consisted of *Romeo* clinging to a limb of a tree with his body in the air. The effect was ridiculous in itself, but when a wag in my neighborhood suggested that the cruel watch dog of the Capulets had seized *Romeo's* doublet at a tender spot, the picture presented was inexpressibly funny. In the scene with the *Apothecary* Mr. Barrett was again unfortunate in his honest endeavors to be picturesque. He had described the squalor of the *Apothecary's* shop with its "beggarly account of empty boxes," when to give effect to his emotion he leaned against the door of the pharmaceutical establishment. That door had not been closed, hence Mr. Barrett very nearly fell backwards and revealed to the audience the busy carpenters and stage hands "setting" the tomb of the Capulets, and the fair *Juliet* arranging her grave clothes on her own particular bier. Mr.

Barrett has, however, not succeeded in London without reason. He had capital, a theatre of his own, and all the best parts in all the best plays in the last few years. Worse actors would perhaps succeed with such advantages.

LAST week I told a few stories concerning the once famous actor, Mr. F. B. Conway, who was brother-in-law of Mrs. D. P. Bowers and father of Mrs. Osmond Tearle and Miss Lillian Conway. An old Brooklyn friend of the late actor and a reader of THE THEATRE sends me a whole batch of Conway anecdotes, out of which I select a couple. Mr. Conway, on one occasion, condescended to spend an hour with the manager of a Brooklyn variety theatre. He complained of the difficulties he had with his actors, who refused parts and were always sticking for lines of business. The variety man was astonished that any manager should have trouble with his employés. "I have a plan," said he, "which ends the trouble in the twinkling of a bed-post." "Pray impart it," eagerly demanded Mr. Conway. "Well," said the variety manager, sententiously, "when any of my 'ham-fatters' kick, I give 'em boot." "And pray what is boot?" inquired Mr. Conway, wonderingly. "Why," said the other, "I just kick 'em out of the theatre." "Bless my soul," said Mr. Conway, "that is a most extraordinary and unheard of method of quickening and improving an artist's intellectual powers. I will impart it to Sarah — I mean Mrs. Conway. Its vigor and originality may commend itself to that remarkable woman's mind."

ONE of Mr. Conway's greatest Brooklyn successes was Henry Byron's famous English melodrama, "The Lancashire Lass." The manager enacted the hero, who was known as "a party by the name of *Johnson*." He has all the situations, and at each climax appears and announces himself as "a party, etc." The last situation is the death of the villain by a pistol shot, fired through the open window by the hero. Mr. Conway, on one evening, had been dining less wisely than well, and was in a considerable state of drowsiness during the performance. When the cue was given, the pistol was promptly fired by the property man. Mr. Conway was found asleep against the wings. He was roused up and entered the stage through the open window in a very confused state. *Omnès* hailed him in these words; "Who fired that shot?" Mr. Conway, arousing himself, said slowly, "A party by the name of —" then *sotto voce*, "bless my soul! dear me; what is my name? Oh, yes, of course" — aloud "Perkins, yes, a party by the name of Perkins."

MRS. LANGTRY has had so much criticism during her somewhat stormy career, that I am

THE THEATRE.



HER LOVER.

— From a Painting by C. Kiesel.

surprised to learn that one remark which has been made with singular unanimity by both critics and play-goers has ruffled her usually placid temper to a considerable degree. The newspapers have in the most respectful and gallant manner hinted that the beauty is growing stout but handsomer than ever. The latter tribute Mrs. Langtry haughtily dismisses, but declares that the charge of even incipient *embon-point* is the only libel of which she has ever complained. She vows that she can produce figures and facts certified by eminent modistes and other artistes that her lovely shoulders measure no more than they did four years ago, and that her waist is as slim as in the days when she was Miss Le Breton, the lovely lily of Jersey. But then I never knew a lady charged with obesity who couldn't prove by her gowns and other articles of her wardrobe that she was in reality getting so thin that consumption was a possibility of the near future.

WHILE on this subject, let me refer with all delicacy to a terrible rumor which is now abroad. This is to the effect that the real reason of Miss Mary Anderson's long absence from the stage is that in the most sudden and unaccountable manner her *avouirdupois* has increased by forty pounds, with every prospect of reaching alarming proportions. Some of her friends attribute this terrible state of things to generous British living. That, however, is all nonsense, as Miss Anderson could live just as generously at home as abroad. Dr. Hamilton Griffin was gently approached on the subject, and though he did not admit the fact, he did not deny it with his usual Kentuckian vehemence. The mind shudders at the possibility of our beautiful *Galatea* fair, fat and before she is even thirty. The London correspondents of the daily papers cable every day a vast mass of interesting news. Why cannot they set the heart of young America at rest by giving us the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about Miss Anderson's present appearance?

It was recently stated that the health of Madame Etelka Gerster was so bad that she had lost her singing voice, and that she would never be able to appear in public again. I am delighted to be able to say that the statement is very much exaggerated. It is a fact that since Madame Gerster last made her husband, Dr. Gardini, a happy father, she has several times been in a precarious state. Last week, however, a relative of the prima donna, living in this city, received a letter from Europe, saying that Madame Gerster was convalescing with great rapidity, that her singing voice was fully restored, that she had engagements in Paris for Christmas and London for next spring, and might sing in concerts in this country in the

winter of '87. Every music lover in America will rejoice at this intelligence, and welcome the return of one of the most perfect vocalists and charming women seen on our or any stage.

The Man in the Street.

BROOKLYN NOTES.

COLONEL SINN'S Park Theatre has been in a great uproar of laughter ever since last Monday night, when ladies had to accept the "standing room only" card. For all of this, Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels are directly responsible. The entertainment was good in every detail, and those who attended the performances had only one complaint to make, and that was that the Park was not large enough for the audiences. To-night Miss Annie Pixley opens at this cozy little theatre in "The Deacon's Daughter" and will remain during the week, with matinées on Wednesday and Saturday.

The Madison Square company opened the past week at the Brooklyn Theatre, in "Our Society," and played to full houses during the entire week. Miss Maude Harrison was the center of attraction in her impersonation of the vivacious young wife, and delighted the audiences with her charming manner. Mrs. E. J. Phillips was very clever in her rôle. Altogether the play is presented by this company with wonderful finish and smoothness, and their fine acting is a pleasure to witness.

"A Cure for the Blues" had a fine run at the Criterion Theatre during last week. The play was well mounted, performed excellently and drew large audiences.

At the Lee Avenue Academy of Music (Williamsburg) "A Rag Baby" has been played for the past six nights to good-sized and appreciative audiences. D. F.

— Miss Sadie Martinot, who will be remembered as an exceedingly captivating *Nanon* at the Casino, is now enjoying what she herself would once have sarcastically termed "the blessings of maternity." The little beauty who deserted a Canadian convent for the variety stage has been fluttering rather magnificently of late in New Orleans, Havana and Paris. To an actress who met her in the first-named city last winter, she said that of all the gems that Providence, in the shape of prodigal young men, had showered upon her, the best and brightest of all was her "jewel of a boy."

— Miss Fortescue has traveled from the ranks of the "happy, happy chorus" at the London Savoy, to glorious, scintillating stardom, in about four years' time. "It matters not much what you do nowadays, it depends on the way it is done."

QUEENS OF BURLESQUE.

IV. — LILLIAN GRUBB.



LILLIAN GRUBB, a native of Baltimore, became stage-struck at twelve, and at fifteen courtesied, for the first time, to the bald heads of the front row, while with Ford's Opera company in Washington.

Her first important part was *Lady Sapphire*, in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience," and when E. E. Rice organized the Pop Comedy company, Miss Grubb played *Jeanette*.

She then traveled through the country from Maine to California, acting, singing, dancing in almost all the operettas which condescending foreigners have for the past fifteen years poured upon us. Graceful in person, gifted with a good voice, she flitted easily into people's affections. Everybody in town and out of town remembers her as *Talamea* in "Adonis." There is hardly a young lady, upon whose musical education a fond father has spent any kind of fortune, who hasn't maltreated her songs.

I don't know whether she has ever sung in church choirs, but she has often sung for charity. Her life has not been without romance. She narrowly escaped marrying a man, it is said, who was already married, and who later proved to be a forger. She has been stranded high and dry with traveling companies that failed to make expenses. She has had the misfortune of receiving from aspiring poetasters sonnets to her eyebrows and madrigals on her ankles.

In every-day life she is plain Mrs. Hayman, a good wife, an affectionate daughter.

Looking at her on the street, you could hardly guess that she is the woman who, if she continues as she has begun, will merit the praise which Pasquin, in 1793, bestowed on Mrs. Pownall, then playing in the John Street Theatre:

"The prop of burlettas, the mistress of mirth,
Of female comedians an excellent sample."

Most of the queens of whom I have written are not, by any means, the equals in talent and achievement of the contemporaries of Offenbach. They may be beautiful, affable, diamond-studded, but they please the easy-going majority rather than the critical minority. They certainly have not

the abandon, the vivacity, which Soldene and Aimée possessed in their best days, and they decidedly lack the cancanesque enthusiasm of Schneider, queen of all queens of burlesque.

"But yet, what bewitching creatures they all are!" exclaimed my fashionable and frivolous friend, Mr. Dudelet Van Humbug on the steps in front of Wallack's the other night. "It would be awfully jolly to get them all together, wouldn't it?" I agree with this enthusiast in a measure, but the task is well-nigh impossible. Even in these imperfect sketches I have been obliged, for want of room, to omit the names of some very general favorites.

Lewis Rosenthal.



Lillian Grubb

— Mrs. Agnes Booth's youngest son Sydney, is a very substantial young man, fourteen years of age. He possesses a splendid physique, a very handsome face, and his poise and manner are such as one would look for in a person twice his age, and not often find the like then. He is really a remarkable youth, and his ambition to become a great actor will probably be realized.

THE WEEK.

WILSON BARRETT AS CLAUDIAN.

IT is always an agreeable task, when one is called upon to give his first impressions of an actor, to speak with emphasis and without quibble. For example, when one can say honestly and heartily of a man, "This is a great actor," or "This is a fine actor," without urging distinctions and subtleties of criticism, the effect is strong and decisive. But when, as in most cases, one is obliged to draw sharp lines, to hesitate, to praise and condemn in a breath, the effect may be confusing and is hardly gratifying. The fact is that nearly all actors of the first or second class reveal faults that are as conspicuous as their virtues. An actor whose work presents an absolute balance of talent and technical training is altogether exceptional.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, who made his first appearance on our stage last Monday evening, at the Star Theatre, and whose distinction on the British stage has been won by thoughtful, vigorous and skilfully directed effort, is the kind of person whose acting cannot be fairly described in a sentence. Not because there is complexity in it, nor because it is at any point obscure, but simply because Mr. Barrett has not yet mastered his own talent. That he is capable of being, and that he will be, a finer and more brilliant player than he appears to be at present, we feel assured. He is a comparatively young man, his career in the keen public gaze has been brief, and he is now undergoing what may be called the difficult labor of self-analysis. If there were nothing latent, nothing more promising in his acting, than what we are now permitted to observe, we should certainly be disposed to rate Mr. Barrett lower than he has a right to be rated. But it is evident that he is a man of intellectual will, and there can be little doubt, therefore, that his course will be steadily and rationally progressive.

Mr. Barrett is an exceedingly able and interesting actor, at times an impressive actor. He is very happy in his natural gifts. In appearance he is gracefully shaped, of symmetrical size and proportions, athletic without coarseness, sturdy without obesity. His head is thoroughly handsome, his countenance strong and frank, his eyes bold and expressive. As to his voice, that is a sweet, bell-like baritone, rather metallic in its upper register, yet quite flexible enough for the stage. Mr. Barrett possesses, also, quick perception and imagination. There is nothing sluggish in the drift of his mind. He has both pictorial and picturesque sense, two things which are seldom found in one actor. He can express robust feeling, or tender and delicate feeling, without serious

exertion. He is manly, clear and sensible. Nature may not have treated Mr. Barrett opulently, but it has treated him generously. But Mr. Barrett will never be a thoroughly good actor until he learns, in the harsh school of education and experience, how to treat nature generously.

We may point out briefly that the total effect of Mr. Barrett's performance of *Claudian* is charming — something to be accepted and remembered. It is equally true that this effect might be considerably heightened. Mr. Barrett frequently mistakes posturing for dramatic action. There is too little variety, bending, impulse in his manner; he is apt to be slow and stiff at moments that should inspire natural force, and to be forcible or artificial when simplicity would be most telling. His reading is marred by didacticism, by improper and uneven emphasis, slight and unimportant words being important in his speech, and words of deep significance are slurred or swallowed. There are both over-schooling and under-schooling in Mr. Barrett's acting. That even training which has only one object — to let the natural man express himself naturally, within the limits of refined taste and judicious art — is much less apparent in his performance than a genuine talent, which is not invariably certain as to right expression.

In Miss Eastlake, Mr. Barrett has a sympathetic and trustworthy associate. His company has been carefully drilled, and contains several competent persons.

The play, "*Claudian*," is a moral allegory. It is constructed by a clever dramatist, who understands the mechanics of the stage, and it was written by a still cleverer dramatist, who falls short of being a poet. The plan of the work is large, majestic and pictorial. Its movement is necessarily slow, since it merely depicts the passage of *Claudian* (who is doomed to eternal youth and a blighted existence, to the misery of seeing his noblest actions turned to causes of ruin, despair, and death) from the vineyards of Bythnia to the city of Charydos. In the consideration of a play like this — which is really a tragic panorama — the question of probability or reality does not arise. As a spectacle of life and death, of evil and justice; as a poetic and ethical idea revealed in a series of pictures that enchant the eye and the imagination, "*Claudian*" stands as a work of original power and permanent beauty. And we may add that the highest artistic capacity is shown in the stage presentment of this work. In exquisite coloring, harmony of purposes, historical design, perfect illusion and æsthetic completeness, the presentment of "*Claudian*" has seldom been surpassed.

G. E. M.

THE O'REAGANS.

THE mirth of Mr. Edward Harrigan's latest piece is made to rotate about a new, crisp one-thousand-dollar bill. This valuable vehicle of humor is the concentration of many contributions gathered by one *Bernard O'Reagan* from his friends along the water front, and is designed to act as a poultice for the present woful exigencies of the Irish cause. The actual application is to be performed by a second *Bernard O'Reagan*, an M. P. for the County Mayo, who has come to America in search of funds and a high old time. In one of those tangled yet ludicrous moments, which are constantly occurring in Mr. Harrigan's plays, the precious bill gets mixed up in a mustard plaster and applied to a sudden spasm of pain on the American *O'Reagan's* back. Then when the note is missed, its disappearance is attributed to the oblique honesty of one of the accidental characters of the play. Thus do we have a reason given us for following the two *O'Reagans* in their pursuit of business and enjoyment through the tortuous picturesqueness of lower New York and a casual diversion to Sheepshead Bay. The mustard plaster becomes so irritating to the flesh of *Mr. O'Reagan* during a negro hair-cutting match down in "Gilligan's Court," that he calls "time" in order to have it torn from his back. After several circuitous incidents the bill is recovered for good and aye, and all hands are saying farewell to the Irish *O'Reagan* on the deck of a Cunard steamship. Then a real *bona fide* M. P. pops up and denounces the previous wearer of that title as an impostor. The curtain is rung down on the grand march of "The U. S. Black Marines," and we leave the theatre satisfied that Mr. Harrigan has given us one more decidedly humorific portraiture of a life that is.

Mr. Harrigan's characters are acknowledged to be pre-eminently lifelike, and in "The O'Reagans" he has never fallen short of his usual skill in the shaping of them. Though we have already been made familiar with each of them, yet the manager is constantly training the individuals of his company to a finer power of portrayal, and to those of us who can observe and detect the humor of the peculiar

types that are scattered through the unornamental districts of New York, the Irish, German, negro, and Chinese characters in "The O'Reagans" reach us in just the way that Mr. Harrigan intended they should. Much of the dialogue in the piece is unusually bright, and more than once are we astonished by an exceedingly philosophical metaphor. Mr. Harrigan has given himself one of his conventional parts, while Mrs. Yeamans is permitted to emerge for but a brief instant from her usual Celtic naturalness in order to be wildly absurd as a Chinese woman. Mr. John Wild has a prominent negro part which no one but he could do so well. Every other member of the company is excellent. Of Mr. Braham's new songs it can be said that they are quite up to that composer's usual standard, a negro dance—a rhythmic melody in a minor key—being actually entrancing. It would seem feasible to predict an extended run for "The O'Reagans."

C. M. S. M.

MISS DAVENPORT AS BEATRICE.

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT'S present engagement at the Union Square Theatre, which began last Tuesday evening, is likely to be a very interesting one. Miss Davenport was never in better form than at this moment. She has regained her old, lithe, graceful figure, and she has lost none of that soft and sensuous beauty which, only a few years ago, excited so much admiration. Furthermore, the hard work accomplished by her recently in all classes of drama—in Shakespearean comedy, in the intense French *comédie*, in heavy English melodrama—has matured and expanded her intelligence, broadened her style, and increased in other respects the artistic worth of her acting.

A woman who can express the passion of *Fédora* and the airy levity of *Beatrice* almost equally well is certainly gifted and versatile. Miss Davenport chose to make her re-entrance here in "Much Ado About Nothing." This was a happy idea, since she is without doubt a charming *Beatrice*, and also because she has in Mr. J. H. Barnes, a highly-esteemed English player, a manly and winning *Benedick*.

Miss Davenport hardly succeeds yet in revealing the deep, womanly sincerity which is hidden beneath the banter and frolicsome spirit of *Beatrice*, but there are moments of great vigor and brilliancy in her performance, notably in the church scene, after the departure of *Hero*. Miss Genevieve Lytton, by the way, is a very lovable *Hero*, and a very lovely and intelligent young woman. She would be a valuable person in any company.

The management of the theatre co-operated with Miss Davenport in giving this revival of "Much Ado" something better than a commonplace setting. But Mr. Voegtlin has a leaning for excessive and garish color, and fails, therefore, to give subdued artistic effect to his scenes.

WALLACK'S REOPENING.

THE reopening of Wallack's was effected with more than usual brilliancy this season. The audience was very large and fashionable last Wednesday evening, the action on the stage was observed with that kind of interest which is eager to find pleasure, even where pleasure may not exist, and the new play, "Harvest," by Mr. Henry Hamilton, was received quite cordially. For the first time in our remembrance Mr. Wallack failed to appear upon his own stage, at the enthusiastic call of the assemblage, and make his immemorial little speech. He contented himself with exhibiting his handsome, familiar face from one of the lower boxes.

Mr. Hamilton is an Englishman, of course. His play was produced recently in London. It is given at Wallack's in a particularly effective manner, with a strong, even cast, and with scenic adornments that are exquisitely artistic. The two exterior scenes, painted by Philip Goatcher, are perfect illusions, and fascinating combinations of color and atmosphere.

The play "Harvest" is uncommon to this extent: it presents two *jeunes premiers* as old men (Mr. Bellew and Mr. Kelcey), and a "leading juvenile lady" (Miss Annie Robe) as an elderly, white-haired woman. They are all young enough in the prologue; but the prologue is only a fourth of the play. It must be remarked, also, that neither of these characters

command much sympathy. Under the guise of a cynic, Mr. Kelcey acts the part of a rogue. Mr. Bellew is cruel, selfish and egotistic. Miss Robe is eager to sacrifice her son (Mr. Creston Clarke) to an absurd scheme of vengeance. The result is discordant and disagreeable. Nevertheless, "Harvest" is a clever and ingenious play. The prologue is interesting and dramatic; the second act contains a delightfully humorous scene and a strong climax; the first act is prolix; the third is diffusive and weak. The play is written in a crisp, sparkling style, and is acted with undoubted ability.

FROM "THE O'REAGANS,"

"I will take you down to the Hoffman House and fire a cocktail into you."

"Shure, we don't ate that part av a burrd in Oireland."

"Conceit is a hump on the back of intelligence."

"The foreign population rule this town; the Dutch rule the west of it, the niggers the east of it, the Italians the south of it, and the Irish the whole of it."

"We will go down to Gilligan's Court."
"Ah, ha! There was a Gilligan coorted moi sister in the ould country."

—"I'm going to Europe in the spring," said W. J. Florence recently to a New York *Sun* reporter. "I don't know what I shall play there. Next winter I'm going to have a theatre of my own in New York. I'm tired of traveling around. I've been on the stage since I was 17, and I'm 54 now, although I don't feel 34. My first professional appearance was in Richmond, Va., as *Peter* in 'The Stranger.' I like to play *Bob Brierly* and *Capt. Cuttle* in 'Dombey and Son,' and *Jules Obenreizer* in 'No Thoroughfare.' My version is different from that played by Fechter. My play was dramatized by Charles Dickens, the author, and Wilkie Collins. I met H. A. Jones, the author of 'The Silver King,' yesterday. He's going to write a play for me. Next week I intend to rehearse a new play that was written for me by a Mrs. Allen, of St. Louis. It is to be called 'The Man from Texas.' It is very funny, and both Mrs. Florence and myself have capital parts. How many times have I played 'The Mighty Dollar?' I can't begin to tell you. I've played *Bob Brierly* 2,000 times. I rather like the idea of taking up melodrama for a change. Do you know a comedian gets tired of being funny? Thomas, is the emperor of China's supper ready?"



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Maitre Babbie	in the law, Mr. E. Marshall
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Baupre	Mr. H. Tompkins
Frontenac	Mr. John Barnum
Antoinette	Miss Edith Brandon
Lee	Miss Constance Louseby
Berthe	Miss Frances Lyton
Lolotte	Miss Nellie Woodford
Gazarita	Miss G. Dustin
Pierre	Miss B. Barrows
Paul	Miss Evelyn Vale
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CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE:

Noel Musgrave	Mr. Kyrle Bellw
Geoffrey (his son, age five years)	Miss May Germon
Captain Tressider	Mr. Herbert Kelcey
Hamish	Mr. Harry Edwards
Brenda Musgrave	Miss Annie Robe

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY:

Sir Noel Musgrave	Mr. Kyrle Bellw
Colonel Tressider	Mr. Herbert Kelcey
Hamish	Mr. Harry Edwards
Bevil Brooke	Mr. Henry Hamilton
Roy Marston	Mr. Creston Clarke
Mrs. Marston	Miss Annie Robe
Nora Fitzgerald	Miss Helen Russell
Miss Macleod	Miss Katharine Rogers
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Thames Darrell	Miss Rose Leighton
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Mr. Dave Braham has composed five new songs for this production: "Mulberry Springs," "The Little Hedge School," "Strolling on the Sands," "The Trumpet in the Cornfield Blows," "The U. S. Black Marine."

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Darrell Kilhealy	Mr. M. J. Bradley
Herman Krouse	Harry Fisher
Paddy Kelso	Mr. John Sparks
Charley Dreams	Mr. George Merritt
Ludlow Filkins	Mr. Peter Goldrich
Stevie McAleer	Mr. Richard Quilter
Rit Bloomfield	Mr. William West
Bedalia McNeirney	Miss Annie Yeamans
Kate McNeirney	Miss Amy Lee
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Doris Brandegee	Miss Ada Rehan
Mrs. Tommy Chipper	Mrs. G. H. Gilbert
Angelina Zipperoff	Miss May Irwin
Mrs. Clive Kreesus	Miss May Silvie
Miss Breezeie	Miss Jean Gordon
Miss Dollar	Miss Blecker
Miss Person	Miss Cooke
Miss Corner	Miss Ratcliff
Kitty	Miss Amber
The Little Arabella	Miss Nelly Liscomb



EVENINGS AT 8.30.

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Uncle Rufus	Mr. Harry Woodson
Captain Woodford	Mr. D. J. Sullivan
Hinton	Mr. Jean H. Williams
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THE THEATRE.



MARGUERITE AND MARTHA.

— From a Painting by A. Liezenmayer.

THE THEATRE.

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*** The Editor solicits contributions from the readers of *THE THEATRE*, and suggests that old play bills, and scraps relating to the stage, notes, news and items appertaining to the different arts, would be acceptable. It is the desire of the Editor to establish a widely circulated magazine, and to further that end every good idea will be acted upon so far as possible.

*** All articles appearing in *THE THEATRE* are written especially for it unless credited otherwise.

*** Address all communications to the Editor.

DRIFT.

In Mr. Gunter's play of "A Wall St. Bandit" a starving child in a "charity school" sees one of her companions kissed by a kind visitor, who has discovered the horrors of the place. Thereupon she says plaintively: "Won't you kiss me? I never was kissed in my whole life!" The pathos conveyed in this does not fail in its mark, and the curtain always goes down on many dimmed eyes. The manifest good teaching, and the thought of how many, many children were at that moment in reality being cruelly treated and of how much misery there is in the world, must always suggest itself. The other night, after witnessing this act, I observed a well-dressed young man with a fine intellectual face, somewhat delicate, and unmistakably well born, attempting to sell some packages of bon-bons. I overheard a man questioning him in surprise as to why he pursued that sort of vocation. His answer was as dramatic as the mimicry within the theatre: "My God, I must eat!"

BETSY PEMBERTHY, who died a few weeks ago at Halsetown, Cornwall, was once Mr. Irving's school-teacher, and she lived to be

very proud of her old scholar, "Master Johnny Broadrib," as he was known to her, and was always fond of talking of the days when he recited his lessons to her, and particularly his first public recitation in the little chapel at Halsetown. But Master Johnny gave no indication then of his future success in that line.

MR. BOOTH'S success in Chicago is not phenomenal, because there is no reason why this greatest living actor should ever play to an empty seat, but of late years the public indifference to legitimate stage performances has been discouraging, and this symptom of a return to things intellectual is very gratifying. His two weeks' engagement in Chicago resulted in receipts considerably above \$40,000. This year Mr. Booth is traveling under Mr. Lawrence Barrett's management, who is also attending to himself and his own company in another part of the country. Why Mr. Booth should be "managed" by Mr. Barrett, and each not attend to himself is one of those theatrical idiosyncracies which are simply mysterious. I understand that Mr. Booth has never put more vigor or earnestness into his work than he is doing this season. He used to neglect rehearsals and his parts were done by proxy, but now he is the first on hand, and in Chicago exhibited an astonishing amount of good-natured perseverance. The *Sunday Herald* of that city said:

Not only has the season proved a great financial success, but its artistic merits were equally conspicuous. Surrounded by a strong and enthusiastic company, and encouraged no doubt by the appreciation of his audiences, Mr. Booth has surpassed all of his former efforts and achieved the finest series of stage portraits known to the history of dramatic art in Chicago.

It is also considered that Mr. Booth has refined and mellowed his art to a wonderful extent, and has lost the impetuous declamatory fashions of his early life.

It is very likely that Dion Boucicault's divorce troubles will be satisfactorily settled without

recourse to public trial. I am glad to hear this, for the spectacle of a man so distinguished as Mr. Boucicault and so old as he is, made subject of a disagreeable public scandal, would be deplored by the admirers of his genius. Mr. Boucicault now says that he is desirous of making any sacrifice whatever to protect his children, and that in this effort he has the hearty co-operation of his present wife. He adds:

"I do not wish the suit settled to Mrs. Robertson's disadvantage or to the disadvantage of my children, and therefore do not desire it to be pushed. It is not a matter of money or wish to disengage myself from any claims or responsibilities. I shall always regard Mrs. Robertson as having claims upon me to my dying day, no matter what termination the present affair may have, but I have more than myself to consider, for the litigation involves the feelings and position of my wife."

ERNEST RENAN'S new tragedy has been in part published by the Paris *Figaro*. It is called "L'Abbesse de Jouarre." The story as described is that the *Abbesse* (née Marquise de Saint-Florent) is during the French Revolution imprisoned in the Sorbonne and sentenced to death. The night before her execution the *Marquis d'Arcy*, also condemned to death at the same hour, manages to enter the cell of the *Abbesse Julie de Jouarre*. *D'Arcy* and *Julie* were lovers before the latter had taken the veil, and *Julie* at sight of *d'Arcy* cries, "Treason! treason! and 'tis you, *cher ami*, who are the traitor!" *D'Arcy* replies: "What is done in the face of death escapes ordinary laws. Who shall judge us? God — that is to say, the reality of things — knows the purity of our lives." A metaphysical dialogue follows, at the end of which *Julie*, in the presence of death, yields herself to her lover's embraces, and exclaims, half unconsciously: "*Ami, ce moment est pour moi le commencement de l'éternité!*"

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S new cantata, "The Golden Legend," was performed at the Leeds Musical Festival last week, and is said to have "fairly enraptured" the audience. After the finish both chorus and audience called out the composer, and pelted him with a shower of flowers and gave thunders of applause.

At the end of Mrs. Langtry's engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, Mr. Stetson will bring forward another "Mikado" company for a short season. Courtice Pounds, who was the original *Nanki-Poo*, will open in his original character, and Miss Geraldine Ulmer will be seen again in *Yum-Yum*. For the *Poo-Bah*, Signor Brocolini is chosen, and the *Ko-Ko* will be J. W. Herbert. N. S. Burnham, J. C. Fay, Miss Alice Karle, Miss Stone and Miss Jeunesse are also in the cast. It has always seemed to me that the American manager is disposed to slight the part of *The Mikado*. Nothing could be more delicious than the unctuous dignity which Federici gave to this character. I would rather play it than any other part in the opera. The first appearance of the *Mikado* being the opening of the second act is a refreshing change, and the swing and tread of his song are more effective than anything else done by the male actors. I fancy that Brocolini, who has a superb baritone voice, would be a better *Mikado* than *Poo-Bah*.

THE *Tribune* of Sunday last contained this paragraph:

Deshler Welch, who is well known in the field of dramatic journalism, has written a drama, "The Empress Josephine," which Mrs. Bowers will play in the course of the coming season. It is worthy of note that Richard Mansfield has long expressed a desire to produce a play in which the first Napoleon should be the leading figure, and a piece on these lines has been sketched out for him by a well-known playwright.

Strange how little things grow big. Now a dozen people have expressed a desire to play the part of Napoleon or Josephine, and various writers have suddenly opened up with manuscripts under their arms. There seems to be more reference to "Napoleonic" deeds than ever, the print shops are showing rare pictures of the unhappy empress and her remarkable husband, and last week a prominent jewelry firm on Broadway displayed in their window a superb bronze bust of Napoleon, which attracted much attention. In regard to the play now in Mrs. Bowers's possession, however, it has been fully protected by copyright, and as soon as she and her management are able to arrange the necessary details for its production, it will be given the best sort of trial.

MRS. BOWERS's present engagement in New York has been remarkable in more ways than one. She has played nearly all her repertory, and while she has been something of a stranger in this city, she has drawn audiences to the Fourteenth Street Theatre which have, by their quality, testified the appreciation of intelligence in which this gifted woman is held. I am inclined to think that Mrs. Bowers would have done even a larger business had she played in a Broadway theatre. Her programme for this week is as follows :

Monday, "Elizabeth;" Tuesday, "Mary Stuart;" Wednesday matinee, "Camille;" Wednesday evening, "Lady Audley's Secret;" Thursday, "Mary Stuart;" Friday, "Elizabeth;" Saturday matinee, "Mary Stuart;" Saturday evening, "Macbeth."

**

MADAME VALDA, who is singing in the Academy of Music, is the daughter of Mr. J. B. Wheelock, of Boston. While very young she obtained the gold medal for pianoforte at the Boston Conservatoire. Acting under the advice of Parepa Rosa this young girl, at the age of fifteen, began studying vocal culture under Mme. Garrett. In August, 1879, Mme. Valda made her public début at Pavia, as *Leonora* in "Il Trovatore," with much success. Her Paris début, later on, gave her position which is unassailable. Mme. Valda is said to be a very charming woman.

**

MR. JAMES E. MURDOCH, the veteran actor, who is now seventy-eight years of age, is living at Mt. Auburn, a suburb of Cincinnati, and occasionally meets professional people at his home. He is said to be wonderfully young and very brilliant as a conversationalist. He shows a scar received in a stage combat with Forrest.

**

MR. BENJAMIN FOLSOM, who has been appointed as Consul to Sheffield, England, has been a contributor to THE THEATRE, and this, therefore, furnishes an item for me of a political nature which I may be permitted to publish. A correspondent of the *World* writing from Washington said that Mr. Folsom was youthful and inexperienced, and therefore

not suitable. Well, he is not as young as Napoleon was in his greatest time, neither is he as young as were Carnot, Scipio, or Condé in their famous days. Mr. Folsom is a lawyer by profession, a literateur in private, and a bright and clever fellow generally.

**

DVORAK last week conducted at St. James's Hall, London, a rehearsal of his oratorio, "St. Ludmilla," to be produced at the Leeds musical festival this week. He cannot speak English, and Arthur Sullivan stood at his elbow to convey his ideas to orchestra and chorus. The story of the work is founded on the old legend of the Bohemian saint, who, with her husband, the reigning Duke of Bohemia, was converted to Christianity in the ninth century.

**

NOTES from Vienna state that Von Suppé has completed an operetta entitled "Joseph Haydn," to be produced at the Josephstadt Theatre, on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of that composer. The Imperial Opera is preparing a cycle of performances of Weber's operas, in celebration of the centenary of that genial composer's birth, in December, comprising his four principal works: "Abu Hassan," "Der Freischütz," "Eury-anthe" and "Oberon."

**

THE Boston *Transcript* says that Saint-Saëns was commissioned to write a chorus for the inauguration of the statue of Lamartine in Paris, and set to work with the energy peculiar to himself. When the piece was finished, it was found that there were no singers to perform it. No local singing club had a free afternoon, and the committee had forgotten to provide professional choristers, assuming, apparently, that a piece of music could perform itself, or else that Providence would take care of ways and means. Providence having failed to do so, the ceremony passed off without music, and Saint-Saëns's chorus remains in his portfolio.

**

OCTOBER 13, Marguerite Fish (who was known here once as Baby Benson) had a benefit at the conclusion of her eleventh month at

the Kaiser's Theatre, Vienna. The house was crowded by an enthusiastic audience, and the play was "Der Teufel im Schloss," a German comedy. Among those present was the renowned actor Adolf Sonnenthal, who sent Miss Fish his card for an interview. He pronounces her the most talented actress he has ever seen. She is now on her way to this country, having left Bremen on the *Fulda* last Sunday. She will make her American début at the Thalia Theatre December 13.

* *

THE frontispiece of THE THEATRE this week is apropos. A picture that is almost the reproduction of this frontispiece may be seen any night at the Lyceum Theatre, where Miss Fortescue is now performing the character of *Gretchen* (in another name, the sweet and innocent *Marguerite* of "Faust"), and where an excellent actress, Miss Kate Hodson, may be observed as that odd and interesting personage, *Martha*. There could be no stronger contrast, pictorially, than this between *Gretchen* and *Martha*. The one is almost ideal in her tender and gentle nature, her spirituality, her ignorance of a heartless and deceptive world; the other is cynical, hardened and yet good-natured enough to be agreeable. Both are good women, yet good in such different ways. *Gretchen* is, it has always seemed to us, one of the loveliest and most enchanting heroines of poetry. She belongs less to earth than to heaven, and her earthly sin is simply the consummation of a devout faith in the truth, the inviolability of love. One cannot think of her as a sinner. One thinks of her as an angelic being, who is sinned against. Mr. Gilbert has not improved upon Marlowe or Goethe; but he has not, at the worst, brought his *Gretchen* down to absolute prose.

* *

THE Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers have purchased more than 500 seats at Mr. Harrigan's Park Theatre for next Wednesday evening.

* *

MR. JAMES W. MORRISSEY, business manager of the Standard Theatre, will be married to Miss Julia Wheeler, at Washington, on Christmas Day. Miss Wheeler belongs to a

well-known family, and has been on the stage at intervals during the last year or two.

Trophonius,

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

AN event of importance—important to a right feeling and understanding between nations and to the permanence of good art—will occur this week. A colossal statue, known as the Statue of Liberty, placed on a noble pedestal at Bedlow's Island, will be unveiled and dedicated there next Thursday. This statue, made by M. Bartholdi, was paid for by the people of France; the pedestal was paid for by the people of the United States. A popular newspaper, the *World* of this city, helped forward, in a vigorous and generous fashion, a subscription for the pedestal. The fact that the *World* had anything to do with the matter appears to have displeased other newspapers. It is by no means an uncommon thing to find in some journal of influence—the *Sun*, for example, or some paper printed in Boston, Philadelphia or Chicago—cynical or humorous reference to M. Bartholdi's work, to the *World's* enterprise and to the Statue of Liberty itself.

Now, that reveals a wrong and narrow spirit. The *World* deserves felicitation and gratitude for its successful appeal to the public. The erection of the Statue of Liberty will not be a local event; its significance will be national. Every city, every community, in the United States and in France, will be vitally interested in it. Petty jealousies, personal rancors, should be laid aside at a moment like this, and the liberal gift of one great country to another, in memory of imposing and heroic deeds, should alone be kept in mind. It is a very silly business to excite laughter at the expense of M. Bartholdi and his work.

The statue belongs to the Republic, not to New York. Let the Republic—and, we may add, its newspapers—accept this artistic memorial with sympathy and respect. As an accomplishment in pure art, the statue is not without flaws. But it is, probably, the most effective and impressive colossal figure in the world. There are only three or four others that can be compared with it intelligently, notably the great Bavaria. Its purpose illuminates a profound sentiment, as the fire in its torch will illuminate the sea.

PUBLIC TASTE.

WHenever a manager produces a play that is clearly nothing better than rubbish, or whenever an author writes a play that is clearly nothing better than rubbish, his glib and natural excuse for doing so is that public taste must be considered and gratified. It may be questioned, however, whether he is deeply informed as to the significance of public taste. A clever dramatist said to us not very long ago: "Public taste is vulgar, and I must be vulgar to suit it. Public taste does not demand good plays, refined humor or the best kind of entertainment. It requires rather the worst kind of entertainment. We who write for the public cannot afford to oppose public taste." This clever and ingenious person, acting upon his theory, concocted a particularly silly piece of tomfoolery, had it produced in New York and was roundly denounced for his pains. The piece failed, and has not since been heard of.

The fact is that managers and authors are disposed to speak infallibly of public taste, whereas they know very little about it. But they are convinced that the thing is low, and that only what is low can please it and be remunerative. And it must be added that, to a certain extent, their experience seems to have justified their conclusion. They have persisted in bringing upon the stage a class of work which a part of the public has undoubtedly learned to appreciate and to enjoy. At one time this class of work threatened to overrun the stage altogether and to destroy rational enjoyment of good acting and good plays. Now, after years of this degradation, fostered and encouraged by managers, these persons denounce public taste—that public taste, it should not be forgotten, which they took so much trouble to create. Is the public to blame for this? Are not the managers chiefly to blame? The weakness of the average manager is that he accepts too contemptuous a view of his own mission. It may be admitted that his mission is not precisely ideal, and that he cannot afford to waste money in efforts to educate those who do not care to be educated. But there is a safe middle ground for the intelligent manager, and whoever stands on that is not likely to blunder seriously. The public may not desire too

profound education, nor too portentous morality. But our observation is that it prefers a good play to a bad play, and is almost as easily led towards the good as towards the bad. At the worst it takes what it can get, and the best of that.

There is another side to the question. Public taste includes many degrees of taste. A cast-iron manager—and the average manager is hide-bound in his convictions—fails usually to perceive this fact. He takes it for granted that public taste runs on a straight line, and that when he tries to please one person, he pleases all persons. It happens frequently, therefore, that a poor quality of play is pushed rigorously and incessantly into prominence, at the expense of better work. A dozen theatres may be given up to it, although one theatre might easily exhaust its popularity. What can the public do? The success of a play does not mean invariably that the majority of people admire it; rather, indeed, that the majority of people who enjoy the theatre and desire amusement, have no choice in the matter. When the principal play-houses of a city are turned over to the buffoonery of *Bottom*, it is pretty clear that *Bottom* will have his own way.

There is, it seems to us, a commendable disposition among the managers in New York at present to bring the stage back to its finer and higher purpose. Men like Mr. Wallack, Mr. Daly, Mr. Palmer and others, who are noted for their intelligence, taste, and enterprise, are eager to lift the theatre to its old position in the esteem of a thoughtful community. Let them strive together, courageously and patiently, and they will accomplish their ambition, without loss to their pockets. They have it in their power to educate public taste, and to maintain this at a fixed standard. The time is ripe for honest effort: they may be counted upon not to waste so bright an opportunity.

With good plays at our good theatres; with the serious actors of our stage.—Mr. Booth, Mr. Lawrence Barrett, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Mansfield, Mr. Raymond, Mrs. Bowers, Mme. Modjeska, Miss Davenport, and all the rest—high in public favor; with a marked popular sympathy with what is excellent and permanent in dramatic art—the outlook is altogether strong and encouraging.

Stylo.

SONNET.

ON MRS. BOWERS AS MARY OF SCOTLAND.

SORT, soft! for see, she enters now—and thus
 Wins simply on our yielding hearts, and land
 And time are straightway strangely chang'd with us
 As by the magic of some wizard's wand:
 For among Caledonia's wilds we stand
 And watch the deeds of many years ago,
 And share the fortunes of the little band
 Whose faith but purer is with waxing woe
 And jeopardy. And lo! to English soil
 Swift pass we now—and still through all the stir
 Anon we love, and triumph for awhile,
 And bless, and scorn, forgive, and weep with her
 Who yonder sweetly, nobly sways the scene—
 For it is Mary, Scotia's hapless queen.

(Charles F. Carty.)

THE "LEADING MAN."

THE new leading man at the Boston Museum is an Englishman. It is borne in on me once more that this is a great country for the British delineator of the noble dramatic art. He gets double the salary and three times the attention that his native land would ever think of according him. Now, why do we Americans—who love our country and admire its products in spite of the Philistines' assertions to the contrary—submit to having the very most lovable, gracefulest, ever-dominating male personage in all our stage productions portrayed by an exotic gentleman with a gurgling name? Well, I think it is because the English beat us in just that particular branch of the art. As it costs nothing, I would advise Americans to always and undauntedly assert that their theatrical profession, taken *en masse*, eclipses that of any and all countries in its sincere, subtle and truthful portraiture of nature. I believe we have one tragedian and at least three comedians whose peers do not exist. But at this moment our stage is woefully deficient in native specimens of that anatomically excellent, carefully constructed and well-oiled necessity, the leading man.

Charles R. Thorne, Jr., "O, why did you die!"

I throw in that exclamation hoping it may express in its conciseness my opinion of the man as an actor. He was the tenderest lover of them all. He could be disinherited by a misinformed parent in a manlier way than I have ever seen duplicated. In confronting a baffled villain his intensity was awful. In expression and pronunciation, in movement and dress he was distinctly American, and yet he was more thrilling, magnetic, governing than any leading man in this country to-day, not excepting any of the beautifully clothed Britishers with their mellow voices and fascinating intonations. And this superiority of his actually depended upon his nationality. He embodied a certain degree of nervousness which is an American idiosyncrasy, rendering him less phlegmatic than the Englishman yet more dignified than the Frenchman. This

quality was just marked enough to keep him advantageously distrustful of himself, and because of that he escaped all appearance of that depressing conceit which ruins the personality of many an otherwise good leading man. But as we cannot have any more of him we may as well admit that the "leading business" is monopolized by visiting Englishmen, who can usually please us because they possess a sort of seductive gentleness, a limpidness of articulation and a carriage and manner which surely blend with rich furniture and pretty girls.

But I cannot think of one of them, in spite of their collective excellence, who can work up from the quiet level of serenity through the various stages of passion to the height of tragic force and be there, wholly and implacably, with the terrible, awe-inspiring energy of an intellectual being, a complete man. It is when they are called on for this effort, as they are in nearly every play, that they are disappointing. The auditor may admire an actor all through the smoother parts of a piece, but if the fierce flashes of passion are either dim or overwrought he is never completely won. The critic who is employed to write his views for the public because of the sensitive perception he has of telling good acting from bad, is governed—if he is permitted to be conscientious—by those electric thrills that the perfectly graded intensity of the actor when he "rises to a situation," can send coursing through his subjugated being. I hardly think that of late years we have had any juvenile contribution from Great Britain that could absolutely satisfy the cravings of an American critic. They win favor by their physical charms, their good clothes and drawing-room behavior, but they only make fair attempts at magnificent virility, either falling short of or "slopping over" the limits of dignified passion. But they are better than our American "property lovers" all the same. The reasons for this would make a long article by themselves. I think the main one is that more "gentlemen" take up this particular line of stage business in England than do in this country.

An American of education and breeding will seldom enter the dramatic profession, unless he has a talent that shoots way over what is called "leading business." We have plenty such among our tragedians and comedians. But these truly substantial ones who have the intellect and natural aptitude which lend all the requisites to a dramatic characterization, look upon the "I am here" stage hero as a sort of "Miss Nancy" affair, which had best be left alone. Besides, the English actor oftener comes up to the physical requirements of such a part. It is unfortunate that the majority of these gentlemen lack that

nervous, passionate intensity of feeling, together with enough self-restriction to govern it. If they did not I should not now bewail the irrevocable absence of Charles R. Thorne, Jr.

C. M. S. M.

ORTHOEPY.

Go where you will to the theatre you hear some mispronunciation. At the Standard Theatre, even the star players that had been gathered together to give a fitting representation to Mr. Gunter's "Wall Street Bandit"—a horrid title, but not a bad play, if some of the critics did say so—even they, I say, were guilty of making an occasional slip. Here are some of them:

Robust. There is no authority for accenting this word on the first syllable.

Ruffian. There is some authority for making this a word of three syllables, but the pronunciation that makes only two of it is the better—*ruf-yan*.

Concentrate. The weight of authority is decidedly in favor of accenting this word on the second syllable.

Influence. The *u* of this word should have its long, name sound, and not be sounded like long *oo*.

Deprivation. There is no authority for making the first syllable of this word of *de*; the first syllable is *dep*.

Birth. The *th* of this word retains in the plural the sound it has in the singular.

Desolate. The *s* of this word has its sibillant sound. There is no authority for giving it the sound of *s*.

Chance. The more careful speakers, both in this country and in England, sound the *a* of this word somewhat broader than the *a* in *and*. The *a* in *master* and many other words are sounded in like manner.

Here and there:

Decade. This word is not *de-cade*; it is *decade*, the first being the accented syllable.

Version. This word is not *verzhun*, as it is so frequently pronounced; it is *ver-shun*. Furthermore, the *e* should be sounded as *e* is sounded in *mercy* when properly pronounced.

Process. This word is *pros-es*. The authority for pronouncing it *pro-ses* is very slight.

Economical. We hear this word pronounced *e-ko* more frequently *ek-o*, yet the major part of the orthoepists prefer the latter pronunciation.

Vagary. There are few persons that pronounce this word correctly. There is no authority for accenting the first syllable. The accent is on the second.

Perusal. In THE THEATRE of October 4, I carelessly said that Miss Gale in pronouncing the word, made the *u* sound very like *oo*, yet I

knew quite well that *u* preceded by *r* in the same syllable is often sounded like long *oo*. The fact is that Miss Gale took such pains to bring out the long, double-*o* sound in all its sonorous fullness that my attention was attracted to it, and I wrote as I did from want of care. Miss Gale is one of those that are not content to be simply correct, when she knows what the correct is. She frequently evinces a desire to improve on perfection. The *u* of *perusal*, though so marked in the dictionaries, has not properly the sound of *oo* in, say *brood*. To give it this sound absolutely, is to vulgarize its utterance. Professor Whitney, who does the orthoepy for the "Century" edition of "The Imperial," purposes, I hear, to mark these various shades of the vowel sounds. Impracticable, I fear!

Alfred Ayres.

LITERARY CHAT.

THE fifth volume of the extremely interesting and valuable actor series, published by Cassell & Co., will bring the record of British and American actors down to the present day—the times of Edwin Booth and Henry Irving. In some respects this will be the most entertaining volume of the series, and should be the most popular. It is natural that we should be more deeply concerned in the affairs of the great who are living, rather than in those of the great who are dead.

A NEW and important volume of verse by Richard Henry Stoddard may be expected shortly. No book will be more carefully read and welcomed. There are suggestions of the old bards in Stoddard's poetry.

THE New York *Star* will soon have control of a "literary syndicate" of exceptional value and influence. The literary syndicates—and there are a dozen of them at this moment—are skillfully adjusted to a country like our own, whose people are voracious newspaper readers, and whose leading newspapers are numbered by scores. Furthermore, each of these newspapers has a definite circulation in a large territory, and is not likely to be read by the readers of other newspapers. A story by some well-known author may, therefore, be printed simultaneously in twenty or thirty papers, and possess, at the same time, the worth of an original contribution for every one of them. The "literati syndicates" are also useful in spreading an author's reputation. They bring the name of a clever writer to the sight of all classes of persons in all parts of the country.

SCRIBNER & CO. publish Frank Stockton's grotesquely interesting story, "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," which ran through three numbers of the *Century*. It is an exceedingly humorous story, with situations that are entirely novel and ridiculous.

MISS CRABTREE, whom we all know as Lotta, will imitate one of her more serious sisters and write an article for *Lippincott's Magazine*.

AN article that will excite attention in the November number of *Harper's Magazine* is George Parsons Lathrop's account of the authors of New York.

THE poem entitled "A Decanter of Madeira: To George Bancroft," is, we observe, credited to the *Boston Courier*, for which it was not written. It was prepared for a charming little banquet given in honor of Mr. Bancroft recently, at Newport. The author of the poem, which is remarkably bright and graceful, and quite "professional," is Mrs. William Waldorf Astor, the beautiful wife of our ex-Minister to Italy. We are tempted to quote these verses:

Two honest gentlemen are we,
I Demi John, whole George are you;
When Nature grew us one in years
She meant to make a generous brew.
She bade me store for festal hours
The sun our south side vineyard knew;
To sterner tasks she set your life,
So statesman, writer, scholar grew.
Years eighty-six have come and gone;
At last we meet. Your health to-night!
Take from this board of friendly hearts
The memory of a proud delight.
The days that went have made you wise;
There's wisdom in my rare bouquet.
I'm rather paler than I was,
And, on my soul, you're growing gray.
I like to think when toper Time
Has drained the last of me and you,
Some here shall say: "They both were good:
The wine we drank, the man we knew."

JUSTICE has hardly been done yet to a very substantial and charming collection of poems published recently by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The author of these poems is James Herbert Morse, who has written frequently for the *Century*, the *Critic* and other journals, and whose vocation is that of a school teacher. As a rule, school teachers are apt to write poor verse. Their minds become harsh, pedantic and prosaic, and the best they can do is to make unpoetic translations from the Greek or Latin. But school-teaching has not, apparently,

destroyed the flexibility and spontaneity of Mr. Morse's mind. His writing is marked particularly by freshness, grace and melodious fluency; it is also marked by delightful, though not riotous, imagination. We take Mr. Morse to be a true new poet, and we are glad to know that careful readers and critics in Boston agree with us. A poet's reputation is nearly always made quietly. It grows on people who have the faculty of discriminating between good and bad in literature; once accepted by the comprehensive few, the poet is likely to be accepted by the mass. Once in a while a Byron or a Swinburne dawns vividly, luridly on the world; that, however, is the exception which makes the rule.

MR. MORSE calls his volume "Summer Haven Songs," and divides it somewhat after Wordsworth's plan, into parts described as old-fashioned songs, moods of youth, in nature, travels, meditations, sonnets, poems, etc. It is not always easy to draw the line between these parts; but the poet himself draws it, and we can hardly gainsay his right to do so. The bulk of Mr. Morse's verse is worth reading and preserving; there is nothing puerile, affected, or feeble about it; on the contrary, it is straightforward, manly, and artistic, and it reveals a nature which is gentle and sincere. The sonnets are refined and suggestive, the sea-songs are full of the hints of the sea, and the songs from nature possess a truthfulness that springs from close observation and sympathy. We make room here for one of Mr. Morse's sonnets, entitled simply "Maggie:"

The wind did blow; down fell the slanting rain;
Betwixt them both the sapless oak-leaves shrilled.
I closed the sash; but on the window pane,
In zig-zag streams, the water courses filled.
Still on the shingled roof a muffled sound,
The sidelong rush of wind and rain and sleet;
The dripping eaves-trough, and the sodden ground,
And oak leaves hustled down the windy street.
I drew me to the hearth and blew a blaze,
Fought back the rattling gust with roaring flame
Then, as the night drooped black upon the ways,
I lit the lamp, and pretty Maggie came,—

And something in her face, or sylph-like form,
Or in my hearth, made me forget the storm.

THE well-known English novelist, Mrs. Oliphant, and the equally well-known American poet and romancer, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, have "collaborated" in the writing of a story entitled "His Sister's Son." It will be printed next year in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

MR. B. B. VALLENTINE, who was for several years one of the editors of *Puck*, is now the editor of a new morning journal, published in this city, and called the *Gazette*. Very few persons have seen the *Gazette*, which entered this disordered world peacefully and trustfully, without blare of trumpets or advertising of any kind. It is to be hoped that there will be no hastily peaceful departure of Mr. Vallentine's morning journal. Mr. Vallentine is a bright, well-informed, and experienced writer, and should be a successful editor.

ART CHAT.

THE ninth annual exhibition of works in black and white of the Salmagundi Club will be held at the American Art Galleries from January 10 to 31. At the same time the Architectural League will fill one of the rooms with exhibits.

"THE first number of a monthly entitled the *Art Review* will soon be published in New York," says the *Berlin Transcript*. "Each number will give an original etching and three photogravure reproductions of American artists' works. In the first number is an etching by F. S. Church, and the three photogravures of the October number reproduce paintings by J. Carroll Beckwith and Francis C. Jones, from the collection of Mr. Thomas B. Clarke of New York, as also a piece of statuary, 'David Before the Combat,' by George T. Brewster, an American pupil of Mercié. The literary contents of the number include articles by Charles de Kay, George Parsons Lathrop, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer and S. R. Koehler. Mr. de Kay writes of 'Whistler, the Head of the Impressionists,' and Mr. Lathrop's article is on 'Novelty in American Art.'"

ACCORDING to his own statement, Mr. Alfred Trumble has been commissioned "to furnish the *Revue Illustrée*, of Paris, with some personal notes on the American negro, to be embellished by the hand of Mr. Alfred Kappes. The illustrations are being engraved by Mr. Frederick Juengling, an artist of equal merit with the burin and the brush, and will be published, I believe, in the Christmas number of the *Revue*."

It is reported that Mr. R. S. Koehler, who has several years been American editor of Cassell's *Magazine of Art*, will be succeeded in that position by Miss Charlotte Adams.

MR. C. KLACKNER, who devotes his energies to publishing exclusively American etchings,

finds, like Mr. Keppel, that the public demand large plates. Among his publications for the coming season are, "Chorister Boys," designed and etched by F. M. Spiegle; "The Welcome Step," etched by F. Raubicheck, after Miss Jennie Brownscombe; "Off the Banks," etched by H. P. Share, after M. J. Burns; "Young Anglers," by I. S. King, after Leon Moran, and "The Messenger," by H. Hamilton.

Mr. Klackner also publishes a portfolio of six etchings, by W. L. Lathrop, from original designs in water-color by Louis H. Harlow, of Boston, illustrating Longfellow's poem "Day-break." The plates are full of nature and illustrate the text much better than the majority of pictorial accompaniments to celebrated poems which flood the book market yearly at holiday time.

MR. WALTER SATTERLEE has on his easel two important American *genres* representing farm-life in Pennsylvania — "Telling Fortunes in Pike County," and "Reading the Account of the Earthquake." These compositions are almost literal transcripts from nature, and yet are thoroughly picturesque in Mr. Satterlee's rendering of them.

I ATTENDED Mr. H. C. Avery's "talk" on the School of Fine Arts, Paris, given at the Gotham Art Students' studio last Saturday night, and found the room crowded with students of the school and their friends, also several prominent painters. Mr. Avery's "talk" lasted about an hour, and gave much general information about the architectural department of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK FOWLER have returned to town, and are settled in their studio in the fine old University Building on Washington Square, where I saw last Saturday some portraits and studies which Mr. Fowler has made during the summer. I was very glad for the latter opportunity, for Mr. Fowler is generally represented by portraits or figures at the exhibitions. But I find very fine qualities of color in his landscape studies, and I am sorry the public do not see more of them. His portrait of his wife, entitled "At the Piano," which was one of the principal canvases at the Society of American Artists exhibition of 1884, has been etched this summer by Mr. Schaff, of Boston, and his work will form one of the plates in a portfolio of etchings which Cassell & Co. are about to publish, in which twenty-five American artists will be represented. I hope Mr. Schaff's plate retains the excellent qualities of *chiaroscuro* which are so prominent in the painting.

E. K.

BOTH SIDES OF THE CURTAIN.

THE past week has been one of disappointment for the prophets. Every prediction of the dramatic seers has failed to realize. In musical circles Signor Angelo's idea of again popularizing Italian opera was regarded as little short of lunacy. The dramatic prophets swore by bell and book that Miss Fortescue was a pre-ordained failure. Then, again, Mrs. Langtry's audacious attempt to act *Pauline* in "The Lady of Lyons" was denounced as a species of effrontery, which would be condemned by a half-filled house, and possibly by open expressions of disgust. Nevertheless, Italian opera seems to have taken a new lease of life, and the spirited performances of the week have given a nervous tremor to even such lauded concerns as the German and American opera companies. Miss Fortescue, despite a melancholy and feeble play, seems to have pleased all who saw her, and the general opinion appears to be that, although Mrs. Langtry's *Pauline* is not a great dramatic effort, it is sufficiently attractive to crowd the Fifth Avenue Theatre for weeks. All this emphasizes Mr. Disraeli's advice to his political opponents: "Never prophesy until after the event."

IN addition to the professional success made during the week by Miss Fortescue, it is said by those who ought to know, that her company is much sought for in social circles. The ladies seem to have taken an inordinate fancy to her melting eyes and flute-like voice. The young lady herself is astonished at the attention she is receiving from fashionable circles. Had she no rehearsals to attend, every day of the next few weeks would be occupied by "swell" breakfasts and luncheons. That intellectual "hen convention" known as the Sorosis Society, have already pounced upon her for their next gathering. The ladies of New York can make any "star," for where they go, the gentlemen must follow, and they seem determined to send Miss Fortescue home with a particularly plethoric pocket-book. I fancy the fair ones of New York look upon Miss Fortescue as a vindicator of the dignity of their sex. A lady who can force \$100,000 out of the reluctant purse of a peer of England, evidently commands the feminine admiration of Gotham.

IN justice to Miss Fortescue's personal and other charms, it ought to be remembered that the so-called "fickle" Lord Garmoye was not fickle at all. He would any moment during the breach-of-promise proceedings have made Miss Fortescue Lady Garmoye, but the stern parents of the noble lord declared that such a union would break their hearts. Particularly stern parents, too, were the late Lord Cairns and his spouse. Earl Cairns, who had twice been Lord

Chancellor of England, was the devout head of the English Evangelical Church. He never was inside a theatre during his long life, and the idea of his son and heir marrying an actress was as repugnant to him as if the youth had proposed to marry a Roman Catholic. It was his entreaties that broke off the match, and it was his money that made an heiress of Miss Fortescue. All the most intimate friends of Lord Cairns declare that the worry caused by this historical breach-of-promise case hastened his death, and as I know that he was an intensely sensitive man, I can quite believe it. Lord Cairns, by the way, was a wonderful man. He started life without a dollar, and by sheer force of intellect and industry became, after Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, the foremost figure in English public life. The legal profession almost unanimously regarded him as the greatest lawyer of his age. His eloquence was prodigious, and in one speech in the House of Lords he did more to damage the Gladstone ministry than all the orators of the conservative party. Just after the disastrous campaign against the Boers in South Africa, when England cried for peace after being twice defeated in the field, Lord Cairns delivered a magnificent oration, and puzzled all the literateurs and book-worms by this closing quotation: "We have suffered, sighed, and wept — we never blushed before."

THE success of the Italian Opera has again raised heated arguments in musical circles. The Wagnerite and anti-Wagnerite are, so to speak, again at each other's throats. One day last week I heard a lively discussion between an American tenor who always sings in Italian when he can, and a German instrumentalist. It was only the presence of ladies that prevented the artistes coming to blows. The German was fortifying his own opinions by those found in the musical columns of a daily newspaper. The American tenor frantically seized the newspaper in question and tore it into ribbons, declaring at the same time that its musical critic didn't know a note of music, and couldn't sing a bar to save his life. The American tenor happened to be quite right, as the critic in question is notoriously ignorant of the technicalities of the art he criticises. He is a firm Wagnerite, however, and last season I remember that he had the courage or audacity to say in cold type that the garden scene in "Faust" "was almost worthy of Wagner."

THIS reminds me of a story told of Christine Nilsson when she first sang in opera at Chicago. Her debut was made as *Marguerite* in "Faust," and very much to her astonishment and amusement also, one of the local critics informed her in print that not only could she not sing the part, but that she had no conception of it. Later on

THE THEATRE.



WITHERING LEAVES.

— From a painting by R. Poetselberger.

Nilsson met the critic in a social way and at once received an apology for his "conscientious severity." Nilsson accepted it gracefully, but also said something to this effect: "Mr. Blank, the young ladies of this country often have very beautiful singing voices, and when one of them determines to sing in opera she goes to Italy or Paris and labors to learn her art before practising it. Now, the gentlemen of Chicago are, no doubt, born musical critics, but when one of them takes to criticism as a profession, would it not be wise in him to go to Italy, France, or elsewhere and learn the elements of music?" Mr. Blank was very thoughtful during the rest of the evening.

THIS again reminds me of a critical experience of Miss Clara Morris. Mr. John P. Smith was the first manager to put Miss Morris "on the road" as a "star." When she appeared at Columbus, Ohio, a local critic denied her any marked ability, and pointed out how immeasurably inferior she was to Charlotte Cushman, Julia Dean Hayne, Rachel and Ristori. Miss Morris and Mr. Smith were curious to see this brilliant and experienced critic. They called at his office, and found him a youth of about two and twenty, and who couldn't possibly have seen any of the great actresses so glibly quoted by him. Moreover, they learned that he had been in these United States just four months, and had spent all the rest of his life in his native town, Skibbereen, Ireland, where a professional dramatic performance was probably never given.

THE "Man in the Street" owes an explanation to the famous comedian, Mr. Edward Lamb. That gentleman was interested in the stories I told about the late Mr. Conway, and having been Mr. Conway's comedian for many years, volunteered to send me by post a little batch of Conway "yarns." The letter didn't reach me in time last week, and I was obliged to publish the anecdotes from my recollection of Mr. Lamb's relation of them. THE THEATRE would have been better off had it got Mr. Lamb's version, and if any THEATRE reader could hear Mr. Lamb's imitation of Mr. Conway's manner, he would spend a very enjoyable half-hour. Mr. Lamb, by the way, has purchased an interest in a new play recently and successfully tried on the Poughkeepsie "dog." He will therefore shortly start out as comedian, star and manager, and everybody in the profession wishes him luck.

ANOTHER star is in the firmament. In fact, she is more than that, as she is traveling as fast as an express train can carry her from San Francisco to New York. This is Miss Vernona Jarbeau, who last season was admittedly the "Yum-Yummiest" of *Yum-Yums* and, generally speaking, among the most attractive ladies

on our stage. She is in search of a new and original musical comedy, and when she gets that redoubtable article, will take the road under her husband's (Mr. Bernstein) management. If Miss Jarbeau gets the right vehicle for the display of her talents, there can be little doubt of her success. She is one of the best advertised actresses in the country, has been before the public since the "Pinafore" craze, has youth and good looks, together with more of that Parisian "chic" than any comedienne in America.

MR. W. S. GILBERT is a very brilliant writer, but he is also a particularly "cannie" Scotchman. He "took up" Miss Fortescue when Lord Garmoyle proved recreant to his vows. He "boomed" the young lady with all his might, and did much to make a "star" of her. But he did it all with a *proviso*, which was that the lady acted in his play of "Gretchen" and paid him a substantial royalty for so doing. "Gretchen" was produced some six years ago in London, and was a distressing failure. For years it has lain in Mr. Gilbert's desk amid the dust of neglect and obloquy. It was not at all a bad stroke of business, putting it on the repertoire of an actress who regards the author as her benefactor.

The Man in the Street.

TO MISS EASTLAKE.

THE song of the bird in its flight
From trees of their leaves half-bereft,
The laugh of the brook, making light
Of the sorrows that summer has left;
The perfume we've lost from a rose
With the loss of the maid, muslin-clad,
And the year throbbing on to its close —
O, these little things make us sad.

A firm, graceful shape draped in blue
Floating in like a smooth, peaceful wave,
Soft eyes gazing out through the dew
Of a love that meant death to its slave,
A halo of sunshiny hair,
A voice that is lute-like and sad,
In an age that's all fever and flare —
O, these lovely things make us glad.

Sweet lady, thy grace and thy art
Must win golden favor for thee,
And though critics may tear you apart
Men with souls that can feel bend the knee.
If you in a garden should stray
Where flowers in proud beauty grew,
A humming-bird flitting that way
Would try to draw honey from you.
C. M. S. M.

— Mr. Franklin H. Sargent, Director of the New York School of Acting, has returned to his office in the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. Sargent has been delivering a course of lectures in Chicago. He states that during the past week every legitimate theatrical company playing in that city has contained one or more graduates of the School of Acting.



THE WEEK

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE production of "Ione; or, The Last Days of Pompeii," by Sig. Angelo's new Italian Opera company, attracted a large and kindly disposed audience to the Academy of Music, Monday evening. Those of us who had never before heard the opera, but had learned of the "craze" occasioned by its production here in 1863, were eager to learn what effect the surrounding of Bulwer's narrative with an atmosphere of music would produce upon our senses.

How natural it is for one who has an appreciation for poetry and music, when fired with enthusiasm on hearing a play of Shakespeare, or reading a novel of Scott or Bulwer, or a poem by Byron, to imagine a musical setting for the various dramatic situations, which must, he thinks, greatly intensify the effects and result in the production of a work of art, which will appeal even more strongly to one's sympathies than the original.

It is not strange, therefore, that many composers, not realizing the advantage of creating the ideals themselves, have fallen into this fallacy and have taken just such well-known subjects for the plots of operas, and have almost invariably failed. And why? The results of long and patient study were applied by the great poets and dramatists to put their thoughts in just these particular molds, and in the remodeling for operatic purposes the original features often become caricatures, and the divine spark extinguished.

To render the task of the composer doubly difficult, the interest in these very plays, novels and poems, is such that a preconceived ideal exists in the mind of the hearer, and his expectations roused to such a pitch that disappointment is the result of his first impressions of the

operatization, and it is only after repeated hearings that he appreciates the new version for its intrinsic merits.

In the entire literature of modern music we can recall but two instances where the operatic form has improved the original work, intensified the interest throughout and given us impressions of which we otherwise should not have dreamed. These notable exceptions are Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" and Hermann Gotz's "Taming of the Shrew," and the latter, unfortunately, is tinged with the melancholy of the composer.

"The Last Days of Pompeii" possesses an unusual number of strong emotional elements, favorable for musical treatment. The hopeless love of the blind girl, the treachery of *Arbaces*, the catastrophe which destroys the city, and the mutual devotion of *Glaucus* and *Ione*; but to expect that they can be adequately portrayed by the Italian music of the past few decades is unjustifiable.

"Ione," while it contains moments of undeniable melodic and instrumental beauty, should be regarded as an interesting work of a school which is fast becoming extinct. It is the intention of the management to produce a number of these specimens of musical *bric-à-brac*, a highly commendable endeavor, as it will afford the public an opportunity for observing various phases in the history of music.

These works are stepping-stones to higher and more truthful art forms, for without them we might never have had "Aida," "Carmen," nor the masterpieces of Wagner. The orchestra and chorus of the new company are remarkably good. The principals are equal to almost any emergency, although their voices frequently betray a vibrato which unpleasantly affects not only the quality of tone, but the pitch.

Gianini as *Glaucus* did not seem to be at his best, although the duet in the second act with Madame Bianchi-Montaldo (*Ione*) was rendered with a purity of tone and depth of feeling which was really refreshing.

Mme. Mistress as *Nidia* showed great vocal facility, while Signor Poliano (*Arbaces*) received a hearty encore. Signor Pinto as *Barbo*, whose make-up bordered on the Dore-sque, was vocally most excellent.

The beautifully rendered, charming solo gained the heartiest applause. The settings were somewhat provincial in character, while the shifting of the scenes (the toilet of the stage, so to speak), before the eyes of the audience, and the removal of properties by carpenters in their shirt-sleeves, has a tendency to destroy that realism of which we are so fond.

The introduction of a brass band on the stage, with bare calves and Roman helmets, while blowing nineteenth-century clarinets and trombones, must have startled the antiquarian. The eruption of Vesuvius, symbolized by smoke pouring through a hole in the canvas mountain, which, judging from the perspective, must have been between forty-five and fifty miles in height, failed to inspire us with awe, and had it not been that we were familiar with the story, we should have wondered why the chorus groped about as though playing at blind-man's-buff.

The second opera produced by this company was Verdi's "Louisa Miller," derived from Schiller's "Kabahund Lûbe."

Edgar S. Kelley.

A DAUGHTER OF IRELAND.

A PLAY with this title, written by Henri Rochefort, the celebrated French agitator and communist, was performed at the Standard Theatre last Monday night. How any one, tolerably familiar with the public of this city, could have been induced to present such a work here is a perplexing question. Not because "A Daughter of Ireland" is absolutely devoid of merit; but for the very simple reason that an American audience would not be tempted to take the play seriously. Mr. Rochefort is so profoundly attached to his theoretical ideas of government, and is so

professional in his devotion to the cause of the people, that, in his imagination, grotesque incidents seem heroic. Nothing could have been less heroic than the "Fenian invasion" of Canada twenty years ago. To build a drama upon this absurd farce of history, a drama of patriotism and sacrifice, appears an altogether irrational undertaking; yet M. Rochefort has done this, and has done it with solemn earnestness. The distinguished radical and duelist lacks, apparently, a delicate sense of humor.

"A Daughter of Ireland" is a brief play, in four acts, with two or three excellent situations, and one rather striking character. It is declamatory, full of inventions, and pæans to liberty and Ireland, and is evidently designed to fit the present Irish crisis. Unfortunately, M. Rochefort's Fenians do not excite sympathy, whereas the British red-coats command pity and respect; pity, because they are put to trouble by the pranks of lunatics, and respect, because they treat the lunatics with singular good-nature.

The story of "A Daughter of Ireland" is that of a young woman, *Una Campbell*, ward of the Governor-General, who endeavors to help the Fenians by playing spy for them in the Governor's house, and winning over to their cause a gallant young soldier, *Sir Richard Sweeney*. The latter is an Irishman, and is betrothed to the Governor's daughter, *Edith*. *Colonel Watson*, in command of Her Majesty's troops, happens, unfortunately, to love *Una*. The fascinating little rebel rejects him, and manages, while dressed in boy's clothes and riding through the night on one of her patriotic errands, to shoot him in the arm. Having perforated the *Colonel's* heart with her eyes and his arm with a bullet she saves herself from capture by taking refuge in *Sir Richard Sweeney's* house. *Sweeney* packs her into his sister's room just as *Colonel Watson* and a file of soldiers enter the house. There is a tempestuous scene between the two men, which closes with the sudden appearance of *Una*, dressed in feminine garments, borrowed hastily from *Miss Sweeney's* wardrobe.

It must be admitted that, aside from its trivial motive, "A Daughter of Ireland" can scarcely be described as an absorbingly interesting play. What merit it possesses is not

made emphatic by the actors at the Standard Theatre, with the single exception of Miss Georgia Cayvan. This able and brilliant young actress appears, by the way, to be the heroine of theatrical failures. Yet, although the plays in which she performs dissolve rather speedily into thin air, her own work in them is remembered pleasantly and gratefully.

MISS FORTESCUE.

IT is somewhat astonishing that Miss Fortescue should have decided to make her first appearance here in a play like Mr. Gilbert's "*Gretchen*." Mr. Gilbert is unquestionably the most brilliant of living English dramatists; but "*Gretchen*" is not one of his brightest works, and it is by no means a work in which an actress like Miss Fortescue could hope to display herself effectively. Miss Fortescue was received very kindly on her entrance, last Monday evening, at the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. Frohman's charming little house was crowded, and the audience was disposed to applaud the new actress on slight provocation. During the week, the assemblages at the theatre were nearly always large, refined and attentive; but there was no cordial applause for Miss Fortescue after the first night.

We do not understand Mr. Gilbert's motive in adapting and rewriting the pathetic story of *Gretchen* and *Faustus*. Marlowe, a poet of the first rank, had told the story in a tragic drama of extraordinary force and beauty. Goethe, a still greater poet, gave the same tale of love and death its permanent, immortal form in "*Faust*." Mr. Gilbert is not egotist enough to imagine that he could improve perceptibly on Goethe. In fact, he has transformed an exquisitely fantastic conception into a wholly prosaic and conventional one; he has turned a poem of tragic spirit and splendor into a barnyard idyl. His *Gretchen* is very pretty and pleasing; but she is not *Marguerite*. His *Mephisto* is a common cynic. His *Faustus* lacks the strong, supernatural urging of the real *Faustus*. "*Gretchen*" is, of course, cleverly written. Yet we can discover little true poetry either in Mr. Gilbert's writing or in his arrangement of the play. It has been intimated that the work is too delicate, subtle and

poetic for this public. It might be intimated with more likelihood that the piece is too dull for any public. If we are not mistaken, it failed in London. In originality, exquisite fancy, wit and humor, it falls much below Mr. Gilbert's "*Broken Hearts*," "*The Palace of Truth*," and "*Pygmalion and Galatea*."

Miss Fortescue is a handsome young woman, with soft and glowing eyes, an oval face, agreeable features, and intelligent expression. She is of good height, and fairly good form. In repose she is a beautiful and natural *Gretchen*. In action and speech, and to some extent in dress, she is not *Gretchen* at all. A *Gretchen* with high French heels to her shoes, and costumes that may have been "created" in Paris, is incongruous. A *Gretchen* who winks her eyelids constantly, with an affected manner and an equally affected "elocution," is also incongruous. Yet, while it is true that Miss Fortescue's acting does not reveal a simple, innocent, and natural *Gretchen*, it is impossible not to admire her winsome face, her sweet voice, and her earnest effort. Miss Fortescue has much to learn, and she has begun too far toward the top; yet there is promise in this attractive woman, and it is not to be supposed that she will fail to educate her talent.

Mr. Charles Sugden is a rather coarse *Mephisto*, although he enjoys moments of devilish sincerity. Mr. Fred Terry (a brother of Ellen Terry) is an interesting young actor, and almost a sympathetic *Faustus*. Miss Kate Hodson is an excellent *Martha*. The scenery prepared for Mr. Gilbert's play is substantial and striking. "*Gretchen*" will be followed by "*Frou-Frou*."

CLEAN, BRIGHT AND NEWSY.

THE new weekly magazine of the drama, music, art and literature, called THE THEATRE, has just entered upon its second volume in an enlarged and improved form. It is a clean, bright, newsy magazine, entirely devoid of clap-trap. Edited by gentlemen it amply merits the success it is meeting among those who want a decent theatrical paper. Messrs. Welch and Montgomery are to be congratulated. — *Toledo Blade*.

PEN PORTRAITS.

I. — "AUNT LOUISA."

To be everybody's friend is not always the happiest of lots. Ubiquitous popularity has its drawbacks, and Mrs. Eldridge, or "Aunt Louisa," as she is to everybody in or about the theatrical profession, knows what it is to live in the "fierce light" that beats about a public character.

Some time ago a well-known but rather muddle-headed journalist devoted his Sunday "special article" to her "auntship," and not satisfied with singing her praises must needs give her private address. The result was that for a month or so "Aunt Louisa's" life was a burden to her. Had she the wealth of the Vanderbilts she could have dispensed it all in that month or so. Her hand-maiden got tired carrying up the five-act plays which unhappy authors sent for her perusal, and had she been able to cut herself into fifty little pieces, and to each piece give all her own natural energy, good nature and ability, she could not have executed a tithe of the good offices requested from her by needy actors and broken-down managers.

Hence there is one thing I will not do even under pressure and penalty: I will not give "Auntie's" address, and now that I think of it, I will not give her age. For the first it must suffice that when in New York she lives at home, and for the second I will imitate Talleyrand and say "whatever her age is, she doesn't look it."

The curious thing about Aunt Louisa is that her enormous personal popularity is the growth of only about eight years, and the origin is the marriage of her daughter. Ten years ago Mrs. Eldridge was about the hardest

worked woman in the profession. She was pushing the fortunes of her daughter Lilly, who was one of the most promising young stars of the day. The mother was manager, stage manager, agent in advance, treasurer, guardian of her daughter and everything else combined. The golden-haired Lilly tried Shakespeare with artistic but not remunerative results. Then her enterprising mother tried to find that mystery of the day, the American Dramatist. She thought she had found him when Fred Marsden wrote a play founded on one of Ouida's novels, and John Morton dramatized Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" under the title of "Mignon." With these two works "Aunt



LOUISA ELDRIDGE.

Louisa" believed her daughter's fortune was made. She believes so still; but the golden-haired Lilly did what so many other beautiful creatures have done — she married. Aunt Louisa threw up the sponge and put "Mignon" and Fred Marsden's play into her locker.

A change came over her life now, and the energy and good nature, which had hitherto been monopolized by her daughter, became the common property of the dramatic profession. When a genuine case of distress is made known to Aunt Louisa she does two things. First, she subscribes within the utmost limit of her own means, and then she goes to Mr. A. M. Palmer or some other big-hearted manager, and puts the case before him. Her charity is not that described by Sydney Smith, which means that A urgently advises B to assist C. She opens the ball, so to speak, and she follows this by appealing to the best sources. Hence, when Aunt Louisa puts her shoulder to the wheel, that wheel moves on till it reaches its haven.

So much has been written about Aunt Louisa's professional career that I will content

myself with saying that she is one of the best actresses on the American stage, because she is one of the most natural. At present she is on "the road," and writes to tell me that life is not worth living in "one-night stands," even though she has the good company of Robert Mantell, and the privilege of acting in Mr. Keller's successful play of "Tangled Lives." She returns here in November, and I venture to say will never go "on the road" again.

Many of Aunt Louisa's quaint sayings have been quoted and copied all over the country. I just give one little specimen of her matter-of-fact speech that I had the privilege of hearing. It was the night of Mrs. Langtry's debut in America, four years ago. My heroine was eating oysters after the performance with myself and another of her "nephews." A dignified personage approached, and with a palpable Irish accent said "How do ye do, Mrs. Eldridge? I'm afraid you don't recollect me."

Mrs. Eldridge (looking up from her plate): No, but I recognize the brogue.

Dignified Personage (disconcertedly): I was in the theatrical business in Mobile when ye was starring your daughter there.

Mrs. Eldridge: Um. What are you doing now?

Dignified Personage: I'm in Mr. Vanderbilt's service.

Aunt Louisa: Vanderbilt! Stick to him. You'll do better with Vanderbilt than you did in the show business, if I remember you rightly.

Exit Dignified Personage, and return to oysters by Aunt Louisa. *J. M. M.*

HAS WON NATIONAL FAME.

(Des Moines Saturday Times.)

THE THEATRE, an illustrated weekly magazine of drama, music, art and literature, published in New York, is upon *The Times* editorial table for October 4. THE THEATRE is just beginning its second volume, but has already won national fame and popularity by its refined and dignified character as compared with the cheap grade of so-called dramatic journals which have heretofore occupied the field. THE THEATRE is artistically gotten up and printed, contains about fifty pages a week, and is four dollars a year, or ten cents a copy. Its illustrations are fine. The contents represent ability, experience and dignity.

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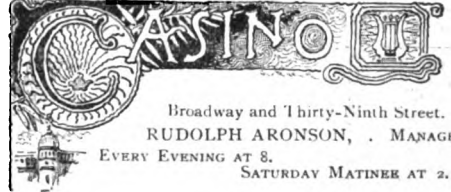


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HARVEST.

CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE:

Noel Musgrave	Mr. Kyrle Bellew
Geoffrey (his son, age five years)	Miss May Germon
Captain Tressider	Mr. Herbert Kelcey
Hamish	Mr. Harry Edwards
Brenda Musgrave	Miss Annie Robe

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY:

Sir Noel Musgrave	Mr. Kyrle Bellew
Colonel Tressider	Mr. Herbert Kelcey
Hamish	Mr. Harry Edwards
Bevil Brooke	Mr. Henry Hamilton
Roy Marston	Mr. Creston Clarke
Mrs. Marston	Miss Annie Robe
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Rit Bloomfield	Mr. William West
Bedalia McNeirney	Miss Annie Yeamans
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Quilter	Mr. T. Patten
Willy	Master Dean
Doris Brandegee	Miss Ada Rehan
Mrs. Tommy Chipper	Mrs. G. H. Gilbert
Angelina Zipperoff	Miss May Irwin
Mrs. Clive Kreesus	Miss May Silvie
Miss Breezeie	Miss Jean Gordon
Miss Dollar	Miss Blecker
Miss Person	Miss Cooke
Miss Corner	Miss Ratcliff
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Mr. Chapstone, O. C.	C. P. Flockton
Mr. Netherby, M. P.	H. Halliday
Dr. Pettywise	Wm. Davidge
Mrs. Ralston	Agnes Booth
Agnes (her daughter)	Maud Harrison
Lady Danscombe	Mrs. E. J. Phillips
Mrs. Chapstone	May Robson



Broadway, bet. Thirtieth and Thirty-first Streets.

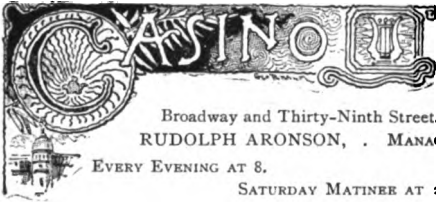
EVENING AT 8. SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2.

Lessees and Managers, Messrs. Miles & Barton.

LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD.

JONATHAN WILD	Mr. N. C. GOODWIN
Blueskin	Mr. C. B. Bishop
Sir Roland Trenchard	Mr. E. F. Goodwin
Mendez	Mr. F. S. Ward
Kneebone	Mr. Frank Courier
Mr. Wood	Mr. Albert Hart
Little Jack Sheppard	Miss Loie Fuller
Thames Darrell	Miss Rose Leighton
Winifred Wood	Miss Addie Cora Reed

THE THEATRE.



KENILWORTH.

BY THE

VIOLET CAMERON COMIC OPERA COMPANY.

DUDLEY, Earl of Leicester	Miss VIOLET CAMERON
Sir Walter Raleigh	Miss Constance Loseby
The Earl of Sussex	Miss Julie Conteur
Tressilian	Miss Clyde Howard
Amy Robsart	Miss Edith Brandon
Janet Foster	Miss Alice Lethbridge
Queen Elizabeth	Mr. John Barnum
Tony Foster	Mr. Sydney Brough
Giles Gosling	Mr. Tomkins
Wayland Smith	Mr. H. Lytton
Mike Lambourne	Mr. Edward Marshall
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Mr. Edward Harrigan's Original Local Comedy, in three acts, called

THE O'REAGANS.

Mr. Dave Braham has composed five new songs for this production: "Mulberry Springs," "The Little Hedge School," "Strolling on the Sands," "The Trumpet in the Cornfield Blows," "The U. S. Black Marine."

BERNARD O'REAGAN.	MR. E. HARRIGAN
Silas Cohog	Mr. John Wild
Lulu Cohog	Mr. Dan Collyer
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Herman Krouse	Harry Fisher
Paddy Kelso	Mr. John Sparks
Charley Dreams	Mr. George Merritt
Ludlow Filkins	Mr. Peter Goldrich
Stevie McAleer	Mr. Richard Quilter
Rit Bloomfield	Mr. William West
Bedalia McNeirney	Miss Annie Yeamans
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Under the management of J. M. HILL.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1,

Second Week of

MODJESKA.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Ev'gs,

MARIE STUART.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday Ev'gs,

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Matinee (TWELFTH NIGHT), Saturday at 2.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Evenings.

MARIE STUART.

Marie Stuart	Modjeska
Elizabeth	Mary Shaw
Robert Dudley	Chas. Vandenhoff
George Talbot	Ian Robertson
William Cecil	Wm. Haworth
Earl of Kent	Robert Burnaby
Sir Amias Paulet	Jas. L. Carhart
Sir Edward Mortimer	Maurice Barrymore
Sir Andrew Melville	Albert Lang
Burgoyne	Rob't S. Taber
Hannah Kennedy	Mrs. W. G. Jones
Margaret Kent	Grace Henderson

Thursday, Friday and Saturday Evenings, and Saturday Afternoon.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Orsino	Maurice Barrymore
Sir Toby Belch	Wm. F. Owen
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	Ian Robertson
Malvolio	Chas. Vandenhoff
Sebastian	E. Hamilton Bell
Clown	James Cooper
Antonio	James L. Carhart
Roberto	Robert Burnaby
Fabian	Wm. Haworth
Valentine	Clara Ellison
Officer	Rob't S. Taber
Viola	Modjeska
Olivia	Grace Henderson
Maria	Mary Shaw

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JOHN STETSON, Lessee and Manager.

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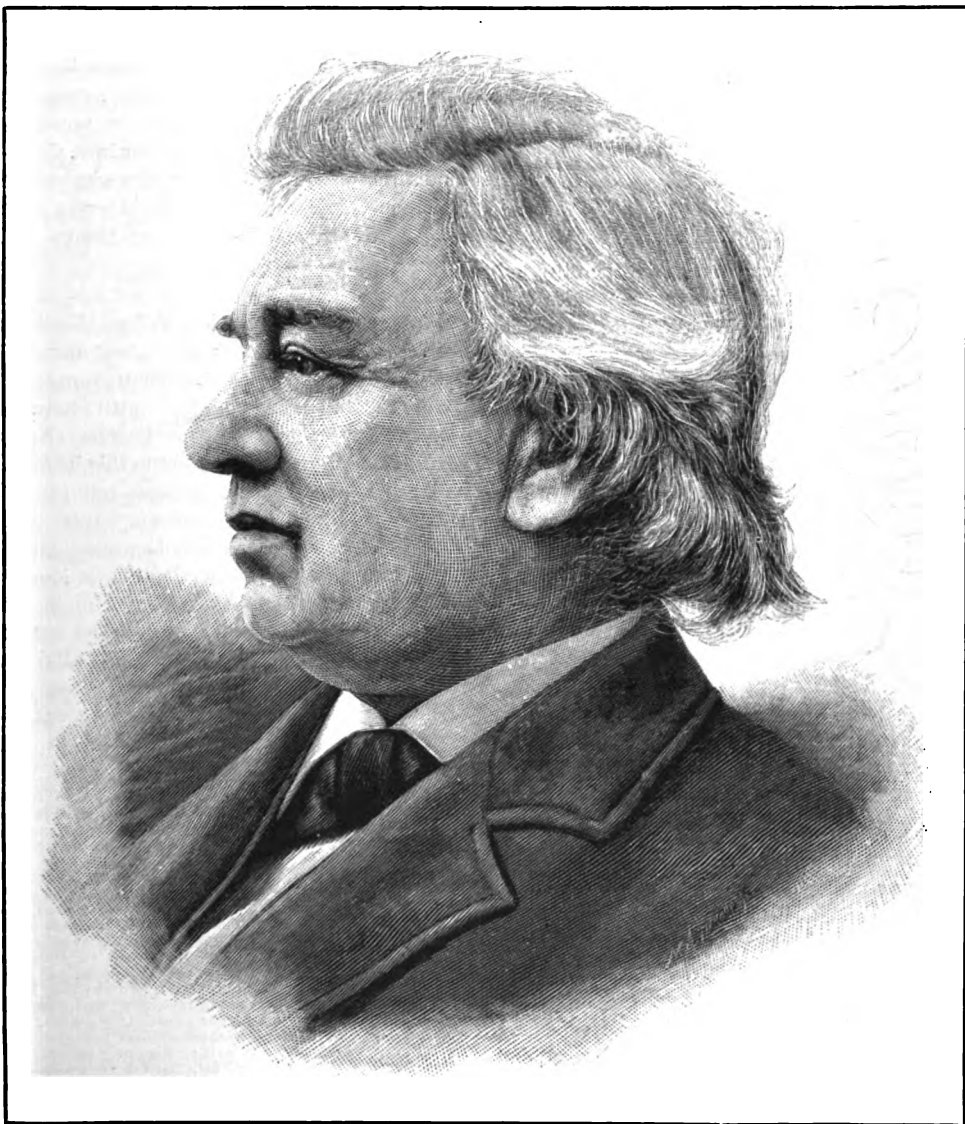
Miss Geraldine Ulmer	Yum Yum
Mr. Courtice Pounds	Nanki-Poo
Sig. Brocolini	Poo-Bah
Miss Agnes Stone	Pitti Sing
Miss Alice Carle	Katisha
Miss Edith Jenness	Peep-Bo
Mr. N. S. Burnhan	Mikado
Mr. J. W. Herbert	Ko-Ko
Mr. Joseph C. Fay	Piah-Tush

THE THEATRE.

VOL. II., No. 7.

NOVEMBER 1, 1886.

WHOLE No. 33



MR. J. H. McVICKER.

THE THEATRE: AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF
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DESHLER WELCH . . . EDITOR AND MANAGER.
 G. E. MONTGOMERY . . . ASSOCIATE.

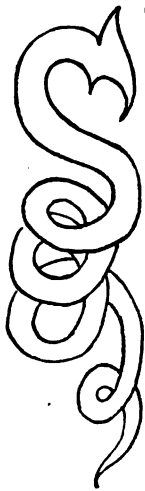
The price of yearly subscription to *THE THEATRE* is four dollars in advance. We cannot undertake to return manuscript that is not suitable, unless it is accompanied by sufficient postage to do so. Care is always taken not to needlessly destroy valuable manuscript.

. The Editor solicits contributions from the readers of *THE THEATRE*, and suggests that old play bills, and scraps relating to the stage, notes, news and items appertaining to the different arts, would be acceptable. It is the desire of the Editor to establish a widely circulated magazine, and to further that end every good idea will be acted upon so far as possible.

. All articles appearing in *THE THEATRE* are written especially for it unless credited otherwise.

. Address all communications to the Editor.

DRIFT.



O far the theatrical season is indicative of a general good feeling in finance, politics and flesh. By the latter, I mean physical contentment of course. The man who constantly insists upon seeing something "funny," and only enjoys the variety hall or modern comic opera, is either too bilious or dyspeptic to care anything about an intellectual feast. His brain may also be disordered by money troubles, and he is incompetent. But it seems to me that there has been a decided change from last season.

The attendance at all the theatres where legitimate drama is given has been notably large, and there has been an unusual amount of serious representation. At farcical performances—including comic operas—there has been less enthusiasm, and we hear of fewer managerial ventures in this business. This all shows a better physical disposition on the part of the people. Regarding the thermometrical changes involved by finance, there is exhibited a fair and steady pulse. Audiences have been large, theatre parties and expensive suppers are beginning to be more frequent, and theatre managers are finding capitalists and easy methods of borrowing money. This is confidence, but it is not a game. Now, the

fact that three men are nominated for mayors does not seem a disturbing element in the least, and I do not see that there is the least trouble to be apprehended in the case of Mr. George's election—and there's not the least chance of that. But as local politics seldom sway the money market outside of local pockets, we must turn to national doings and watch the drift. Here there seems to be an increase of good feeling too. The President is stimulating faith in the western end of the State by showing to his friends they are neither lost nor forgotten, and while some southern newspaper men have showed more zeal than sense by publishing idiotic statements about Mrs. Cleveland's reasons in not visiting the city where Jefferson Davis exists, there is in every way, *benevole lector*, a happy state of things that augurs well.

.

I DO not think that Mr. Wilson Barrett's engagement at the Star Theatre has attracted the attention expected. Possibly this may be the reaction. Blowing one's own horn is sometimes very necessary, for no one else is very apt to blow it for you, but in this instance he has been somewhat over-shadowed by Mr. Irving's extensive and ingenious advertising. Yet his business has steadily increased, and if the engagement were extended a little longer, or even if it had been started later on in the season, "sassiety" would have turned out in greater force. As it is, however, Mr. Barrett has won popular good-will, and his acting has received critical endorsement. In a recent interview with Mr. Barrett, published in the *London Era*, he says:

In my opinion the English stage was never in so flourishing a condition as it now enjoys. Plays were never so well produced; there has never been so much care, thought, and money bestowed on the production in all matters of costume, scenery, and archaeological detail. There is also now more care given to the construction and writing of plays, even though the exceptional genius of past generations may not be manifest. Actors are better educated, are more careful of their personal character, and have more self-respect, and, consequently, they gain more readily the respect of all classes of the community than they did in past times. They receive larger salaries, as a rule, and take better positions in society. The work is lighter; they have more time for study; are better rehearsed; and, on the whole, are recruited from a higher grade. *Per contra*, on the present system of traveling companies does not give that opportunity for practice which is so absolutely essential for the development of the actor's art. And here I cordially agree with the remarks of my friend, Henry Irving. A young actor gets a small part in a traveling company, which he has to play month after month, until he is weary and tired of the monotony of it, whereas in the old days of stock companies, supposing him to be as fortunate—or

unfortunate — as I was in my noviciate, he might be called upon to play as many as eighteen fresh parts in one week. It is obvious that any finished art, under such circumstances, is impossible. But it gave to the young actors a confidence, an alertness, and a self-reliance which was of great value to them. As far as possible, I have endeavored, in my companies, to make up for this lack of practice by giving the younger actors parts to under-study in plays which are running, allowing them to watch the rehearsals of the principals, and then carefully rehearsing them in the characters. Beyond this, I give them prizes for elocutionary contests, and have them instructed in fencing and dancing. I fear that under the present system of the payment of authors, stock companies are impossible.

THE scandal which served as an advertisement for the name of Violet Cameron did her more harm in a business way than I imagined it would. There are usually so many people who are attracted by that sort of thing, that it has been somewhat surprising to note the results of a very proper prejudice. The audiences at the Casino have, however, been comfortably large, and there is apparently no loss there; but the difficulties now attendant in out-of-town engagements must be very discouraging to the company, who are made to suffer. Whatever feelings I might have entertained by reason of the Cameron-Lonsdale affair I put aside and have twice listened to Miss Cameron in "The Commodore" with much enjoyment. She is certainly a very clever woman, an admirable *opera bouffe* actress, vivacious, magnetic, graceful, and with a singularly interesting and refined face. I know of no actress of her kind in this country who is her equal. Some manager with the right sort of pluck and knowledge could yet make a fortune with her. Her morality has been discounted, but I am informed that it is above par, as far as stage morality goes; that she has had much to contend with, and has been forced a victim.

THE sketches published on another page give some very good ideas of the several scenes in "Harvest," which is now running at Wallack's Theatre. Yet it needs more than a pen and more than a page to describe the beauty of the glen as pictured in the first act. This is one of the most charming bits of scene-painting witnessed on the New York stage, and Mr. Goatcher very likely deserves as much credit for the success of this act as Mr. Hamilton, the author of the play. It is probably painted from an English photograph, but those who have visited "Duck Brook" at Mount Desert will discover

something very familiar in it. The opinion of THE THEATRE in regard to "Harvest" has already been given, but the merit of the play is better appreciated on a second hearing. Some of the dialogue is exceptionally bright and clever. The character of *Roy Marston* talks about Bohemian life, and says:

Where is Bohemia? Anywhere, everywhere, nowhere. It exists in the hearts of its denizens, in the lives of those who love it. It's the land of staunch comradeship, of kindly sympathy, of kindred intellect, where hearts beat high and hands grasp firm; where poverty is no disgrace; where charity does not chill; the land where the primitive virtues have fled for refuge from the shams of society, and where Mrs. Grundy holds no sway. Where is it? Under forest arches, where the birds sing in the green twilight, and the wild creatures revel in their birthright of untrammelled freedom; under sapphire skies, where water paves the wondrous ways and laps the walls of palaces, whose beauty not all the centuries have dimmed; in crowded cities, where leagues of bricks and mortar, blot out Nature's handiwork and foul the air with reek and smoke and stench; in clubs, where wit and good fellowship hold high revelry of fragrant weed and flowing bowl; in cheerless streets, where the worn-out hack lies with the old chum beside him striving with gentle hand to lighten the last of the weary way. Where is it? Where is it not? — where heart has never leapt at the tale of love, or chivalry, or mirth; where Art has never touched with hand divine the blind brute eyes and bade the soul to see; where music has never winged to teach the voice a carol and the feet a measure; where mind remembers not to soar and hand forgets its cunning, there draw the line, for there Bohemia stops. Ah, happy realm! thou art the land of freedom; let others boast as they will free thought, speech, action, and unfettered soul, parent of noble aims and worthy deeds, we say them when we breathe thy name, Bohemia!

Sir Noel Musgrave's (Kyrle Bellew's) view of middle life and old age is rather gloomy.

Tressider (Mr. Kelcey) says to him: "Don't talk as if you were Methuselah, my dear fellow. You've got thirty years before you yet. Thirty years is a good time!" *Musgrave* answers:

Is it? from fifty to eighty a good time! Thirty years may be a good time for young fellows, Tress — a dreary, awful time for men like you and me. Do you ever think of those coming years? I do. First, one's sight won't be quite equal to the small print — glasses! Hearing a little dull next. Have to bore one's friends to repeat themselves. Energy not what it was. Growing tendency to drop asleep after some slight exertion. Little reminders of Father Time these. Hints that suggest the cold edge of that relentless scythe of his, and the ceaseless, shivering fall of the waning sand in his glass. One drops one's hunting. Somehow one doesn't care to sit the old horse through the day as one used. Then shooting goes. Wet moors and covers induce rheumatism and the gun's getting heavy. Surely the old Burgundy has lost its ancient flavor, and we've not that eye for a pretty girl that we once had. We don't care much what she's like, if she only wait on us assiduously enough, for we're tired, Tress, bound hand and foot by envious age and can't stir to help ourselves. The crisp October morning freshens all the land, and John Peel's horn rings cheery as of yore, but we don't hear it. Our only care is to sit by the fire, well wrapped and guarded from a breath of air, and the world speeds on with the old round of laughter and song we used to love so well; but we laugh not. Our singing days are past. Our only occupation is sit mumbling nothing that no one heeds, the shrivelled hands hanging useless before us or plucking idly at each other, or the shawl over our knees; our only care whether our gruel be hot or cold enough to our liking, our only attitude a constant one of waiting — waiting for the stern monitor who won't be denied. Only one prospect ahead, Tress, grim, dark, noisome — the grave.

The next piece to be done at Wallack's is "Sophia," an adaptation of "Tom Jones." *Tom Jones* and *Bilful* were really the progenitors of *Charles* and *Joseph Surface* in the "School for Scandal." Mr. Bellew, Mr. Edwards, and Miss Robe will play the principal parts.

**

To make brief notes of the week, Genevieve Ward and Mr. Vernon have been re-welcomed by large audiences at the Grand Opera House. Mrs. Bowers has concluded her successful engagement in tragic parts at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and special preparations have been made for the production this week of "Jim the Penman," at the Madison Square Theatre, and the re-entrance of Mr. Dion Boucicault in "The Jilt," at the Standard. Tony Pastor, too, has opened his season with an exceptionally good programme, embracing those eccentric men, Stebb and Trepp, who were made the subject of a sketch in THE THEATRE recently.

**

MADAME MODJESKA said to a reporter of the *Tribune* that she so seldom had an opportunity of seeing anyone else act, that when she did she felt like a girl just out of a convent. She saw Clara Morris lately, and thinks had she appeared in Europe she would have gained a world-wide fame, and to this I say Amen. She adds: "Her acting is realism of the artistic and not the offensive description. She is indeed a wonderful woman, and I was delighted with her." She was much impressed by Wilson Barrett's *Claudian*, his naturalness, simplicity, as well as the sympathetic quality of his methods. She does not think he has been properly dwelt upon by the critics. She was also delighted with Fanny Davenport.

**

A CORRESPONDENT writes that Sir Arthur Sullivan's greatest musical achievement is undoubtedly "The Golden Legend," produced at Leeds on Saturday last. There has been a remarkable unanimity of praise, and yet all admit that the music is in direct contrast to the German didactic school. It is full of beautiful airs, but the dignity of the classic

composition is never sacrificed. The opening represents the evil spirits of the air trying to tear down the cross on the spire of Strasburg Cathedral. The sacred emblem is protected by angels who keep the bells sweetly pealing. Above all the din and confused sound of voices the tones of the bells are heard growing louder and louder till the evil spirits are discomfited, and the triumph over them becomes complete. Real bells of a tone similar to those in the Strasburg Cathedral, were used by Sir Arthur Sullivan at the first representation, and the effect is declared to have been simply indescribable.

**

FREMEIT, the sculptor of "Joan of Arc," has just finished a plaster work for the Spring exhibition in Paris. It is life size, and represents an orang-outang carrying off a woman. The huge animal is described as being hideously and yet beautifully majestic. The artist is said to have paid a fabulous sum for a skeleton of the beast. The animal holds the woman in his right arm, while his left grasps a huge rock ready to hurl at an enemy. His face shows both anger and pain, for an arrow has entered his left shoulder. The exquisite figure of the woman is pressed against him, while her lacerated arms and hands vainly endeavor to push him off. Her long hair falls, half caught by the huge jaw of some animal and a comb of uncivilized design. Her nude limbs writhe in agony, and her form is a striking contrast to the colossal proportions of her captor. It is thought that the government will purchase the work for the Jardin des Plantes, when it will be reproduced in bronze.

**

M. SARDOU has now concocted something which he warrants as perfectly harmless, and not necessary to shake before it is taken. It seems that his daughter, just in her teens, has never seen one of his plays, nor would he ever let her; but in order that she may, he has written one, entitled "Le Crocodile," which is said to be very funny, and will shortly be produced.

**

Truth says that the well-known armless artist, Fräulein Hausmann, was married the other day at Nuremburg to her *impresario*,

Herr Hauschild. The bride signed the marriage contract with her feet, and the wedding-ring was placed on the fourth toe of her right foot!

**

ALSO: "Musical people are notoriously absent-minded, but I do not recollect any more delightful specimen of mental obviousness, sent by a vocalist, whose name I, of course, suppress, to one of the witnesses of his marriage:"

Under what name did I marry my wife two years ago? You were there, and hadn't as much to think about as I had. Please wire answer. Want to apply for divorce.

**

It is told that the actor Toole was traveling a short time ago on the Great Eastern line from Ipswich to Cambridge. The train was a slow one, and the journey in consequence very tedious. When Bury St. Edmunds was reached, the comedian was thoroughly wearied out by the length of time the train was delayed at the station. Calling a porter, he asked in a very bland manner for the station-master, who, all politeness, bustled up to the door of the carriage in which sat Mr. Toole, looking as solemn as a judge. "What is it, sir?" asked the official. "At what time is the funeral to take place?" inquired Mr. Toole. "Funeral, sir—whose funeral?" asked the now-wondering station-master. "Whose funeral!" continued Mr. Toole; "why, have we not come to Bury St. Edmunds?"

**

THE London *Era* says:

An American journalist was lately sent by his employer to interview a celebrated actress, and get her consent to write a column about herself for publication. It was to be a gossipy article, full of her personal goings and comings, her social triumphs, her hopes, fears, and future plans. The fair lady demurred, at first, but finally consented, and then asked, "What did you say I was to be paid?" "One hundred dollars, madame." "What!" exclaimed the lady, "only £20!" and her eyes opened wide with well-affected surprise. "Why, only yesterday I was paid £120 for just putting my signature to a testimonial for some Philadelphia brand of soap! Dear me! I couldn't write a whole column for only £20," and the negotiation fell through.

**

SOME years ago most of the orchestral parts were accidentally discovered at Dresden of a lost symphony by Wagner. From those parts the lost score was reconstructed, and the work has been several times publicly performed. It is now announced that the draft of a symphony in E major by Wagner has been found in the

Wahnfried archives at Bayreuth. It was composed in 1834, at a time when he was musical director at Madgeburg.

**

I UNDERSTAND that General Macaulay, our old theatrical manager, once Mayor of Indianapolis, and now partner with Mr. Bowers in the management of the Gedney Hotel, has introduced an especially fine-flavored *consommé* soup which is called "Sarah Bernhardt." On questioning the reason of such a title, I was told that it was because it was so *thin*—and good!

**

MR. EBEN PLYMPTON has purchased the right to produce Mr. Harry Beckett's comedy of "Jack" in this country, and a series of special matinees will be given at Wallack's, beginning November 2, under the management of James Barton Key.

**

MR. NAT. GOODWIN is having a very successful time of it at the Bijou Theatre with his "Little Jack Sheppard," and the performance has improved with every succeeding night. Mr. Denslow, the artist, gives some clever sketches "taken on the spot."

**

Judge comes out with handsome gold borders to the pictures in its last issue, but its double page cartoon, which might otherwise be a very handsome piece of work in illustration of the Bartholdi statue, is spoiled in a singular way. According to Mr. Gillam, the Hudson river is on the east side of New York and the big bridge is on the west. Again on the last page of *Judge* the statue must have gotten very tired, for its left arm has taken the place of the right!

**

IN No. 30 of THE THEATRE certain prizes were offered for the best palindrome, the best menu and the best anecdote of the stage. By request the decision in regard to these has been deferred, and the offer will not close until November 15.

**

MRS. LANGTRY'S success in "Lady of Lyons" is attributed to her lovely neck, which she exposes to an extent which does not leave much room for the imagination.

Trophonius.

IS THERE ANY JUSTICE IN CRITIC-
DOM?

A FEW men who write, a half-dozen conventional males with pens in their hands, have recently proved that it is to them an ambitious theatrical star must look for metropolitan salvation. From England there came a man, and from England there came a woman. The man had a Roman nose. The woman had a magnificent neck. The potent critics—Heaven save the mark—abjured the nose and glorified the neck. Under the circumstances this was quite natural. Corporeal display must necessarily govern a being who confounds a poetic longing with a craving for beer. In this city we have *some* dramatic critics whose souls can cry louder than their material appetites. These few valuable writers did not condemn "Claudian" as Mr. Wilson Barrett has just been giving it at the Star Theatre. They do not look at Art from a Hoffman House bar-room standpoint. Failing to find probability in a dramatic allegory, they do not dive to the depths of whisky cock-tails for it. They can even forget their high collars and the last boat for Jersey in order to do complete justice to a worthy, hard-working star in a beautiful, classical play. They can even close their eyes to the splendor of a pulsating bosom, and see and hear only the discordancies of a dramatic effort that contains nothing of Art. But these critics—who, by the way, are deaf to the entreaties of all press agents—are in the minority. Their readable circulation is limited. And because of this the very best dramatic presentment of the season has made a comparative failure. The greater amount of criticism that "Claudian" received was contributed by men who are not capable of judging Art in any shape. Well, the play and the star have left us. The business of the season here was far from good, and in that truth you may find that which ought to make any sincere man sad. A few leathery-souled newspaper fledglings turned the public away from a splendid, artistic performance. *They* could not be won by anything less thrilling than the satiny neck of a famous beauty. They put it down in the most seductive, tenderest expression that they could command. Because of that neck Langtry was a divinity. No such woman as *Pauline*

Deschappelles was ever known to a New York audience till that glorious expanse of feminine neck loomed and shone beneath the beautifying side lights. Langtry was born the way she is. She only needed to put on a low-necked dress, and Lord Lytton's passion-torn heroine was realized, and it acted itself. Down went the subjugated pen-wielders, pleading in their frenzy that they might feel upon their own necks the pressure of this goddess's lovely heel. Their enthusiasm was very tiresome to the old man in the Fifth Avenue Theatre box-office. It is no fun sitting still all day rebuking anxious importunities for non-existing places.

I wonder if I am right in ascribing all this excitement to the neck? I believe an intoxicant must be accounted for, and in my charity I choose the noblest, a woman's beauty. And Langtry is undoubtedly a fine bit of a woman. Besides the neck she has soft, pretty, gray eyes, and a concentration of much soulful sweetness is possible to them. She treats a good head of hair artistically, and a few downy little curls right at the nape of the neck are simply ruination to the circulation of many well-meaning men. I wish I could get away from that neck. But if I leave the neck it seems as though I left Langtry. If I leave the neck it seems as though *Pauline* had died. Hang a red flannel chest-protector over that neck and there is nothing to hinder you studying the actress's methods. Your pulses get back to their regulation rhythm, and a badly-modulated guttural howl sounds like little else than a badly-modulated guttural howl. No one who admires woman in the abstract could envy Mrs. Langtry her unusual triumph with the critics and the big bulk of play-goers. She deserves success, for she is an ambitious and a hard-working woman. She tries conscientiously to be artistic in her portrayal of dramatic characters. But why should we expect her to be, as the conquered critics have called her, a perfect actress? Her stage experience has been very limited. A woman with absolute dramatic genius could not have leaped into a state of perfection in the same length of time. And Mrs. Langtry stands on one side of a deep, wide ravine, with the possibilities of *Pauline* hidden from her on the other. It will take several more years of arduous toil on her part to throw a bridge across this gulf. But if the critics will cease trying to kill her energy with their revolting gush over her physical development, her admirable efforts may yet be successfully crowned. She is ripening. But one side of her is yet in the green. Were she a man, and master of double her art, she would be playing to light houses. Mrs. Langtry has my congratulations. Mr. Wilson Barrett has my unswerving admiration.

C. M. S. McLellan.



PLAN OF A TOMB FOR VICTOR HUGO, TO BE BUILT IN THE
PANTHÉON, AT PARIS, BY J. DALON.

VICTOR HUGO.

HUGO, thy genius was a flashing sword
That pierced the common heart, the common glance
Keen as the fires of summer when they chance
To burn our arctic gorges, winter-stored :

Thy genius was a deep, tempestuous chord,
That rang the Revolution from its trance,
That woke the old, melodious soul of France
And cried for Freedom when the battle roared.

And is it true that such a voice as thine,
That trumpet of the ages, bold and vast,
Could lull within its compass notes that pine
And murmur like a dove-cote in a blast ?
Yet the sweet tears of children held thee fast
And gave thy song its gentle-wise design.

— *George Edgar Montgomery.*

JAMES H. McVICKER.

THE number of managers who have won distinction at the West is extremely limited, and it will hardly be denied that Mr. James H. McVicker is one of the prominent among them. Mr. McVicker belongs to the old school of managers, as he belonged in former years to the old school of acting. In these new times, with its new and not altogether desirable methods, Mr. McVicker is still industrious, still thoughtful and vigorous; but it is easily perceived that he has been obliged to adjust himself to fashions which he can not wholly like or respect. In retaining his place, at the head of a great theatre, in the greatest of Western cities, against the opposition of younger men, Mr. McVicker demonstrates his skill, his talent and courage. It is a pity that such a man is not permitted, by circumstances, to occupy a more useful position than he does — a position like that occupied in New York by Mr. Palmer or Mr. Daly, for example. But Chicago, big and progressive as it is, does not possess a single stock company, and lacks, unfortunately, what may be termed the independence of the stage. Chicago receives: it does not create nor give. It is not Mr. McVicker's fault, therefore, if his labor is now confined to purely practical management, rather than to management of a more important and artistic kind.

Mr. McVicker (an excellent portrait of whom appears in this week's THEATRE) was born in New York, February 14, 1822. His parents were Scotch-Irish, and one of them, his father, died when Mr. McVicker was only a year old. He enjoyed little education, for his mother had been left unprovided for. At the age of ten he was apprenticed to a printer. In 1837 he went west, and became eventually a journeyman in the office of the St. Louis *Republican*. Meanwhile he cherished an ambition to go upon the stage. He found his opportunity to do so in 1840, at New Orleans. There he grew steadily in favor. In 1848, after having acted almost constantly for eight years, he arrived in Chicago. There was then only one play-house in Chicago, managed by Mr. Rice, who was afterwards elected mayor of the city. Mr. McVicker made his first

appearance under Mr. Rice's management as *Mr. Smith*, in "My Neighbor's Wife," May 2, 1848. Subsequently he acted in other cities and won considerable reputation. In 1855 he visited England, returning to Chicago two years later. He decided to make his permanent home in Chicago, and he established there McVicker's Theatre.

Mr. McVicker's standard of management has always been high. He has taken pride in introducing to Chicago the true and great actors of the world. He is also a bold and successful defender of the stage. In controversy, bearing upon the ethical questions of the theatre, he seldom misses fire. His lecture entitled "The Pulpit, the Press, and the Stage," a cogent and unanswerable argument, was prepared a few years ago, when the clergy of Chicago undertook to denounce the theatre as an immoral institution. And only recently he was impelled to address Theodore Thomas through the public press, and his letter was marked by effective irony and eloquent statement.

The late Mrs. Edwin Booth (Mr. Booth's second wife) was a daughter of Mr. McVicker.

MR. E. P. ROE'S "Nature's Serial Story," a fresh and breezy book, is published by Dodd, Meade & Co. The same firm publish the curiously named novel, "He Fell In Love With His Wife," which, though not marked by artistic purpose and skill, has vital strength and continuous interest.

THE *Century* has a new serial story by Mary Hallock Foote, who is gaining high rank among the leading woman novelists of the day — entitled "The Fate of a Voice."

THAT delightful and undoubtedly brilliant writer, Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson, has collected a number of her brief stories into a book, "Lake Country Sketches," just published by Harper Brothers.

JOHN HAY has returned to Washington, and is completing his "Life of England" there.

BOTH SIDES OF THE CURTAIN.

JUPITER PLUVIUS and politics had disastrous effect on the theatres last week. On Monday everybody was running after Roosevelt, Hewitt or George, and on Tuesday everybody was running away from the rainstorm. Somehow there seems to be a peculiar connection between politics and the drama. Actors are scarcely ever politicians, but politicians are almost invariably play-goers. The latter have had their hands full all week, and managers are praying for a new constitution, by means of which all elective offices shall be for life. I was talking with a prominent "statesman" a few days ago, and when he told that the registration of this city out of a population of a million and a half was only 80,000, I asked him how political excitement could affect the theatres, the answer was crisp and concise. "All the voters are theatre-goers, and when you take 80,000 people away from the auditoriums of the play-houses, managers must suffer."

ITALIAN OPERA at the Academy of Music has been the greatest sufferer from the political excitement. Perhaps that is due to the fact that it stands just between Tammany and Irving Hall. Last Monday night, for instance, the ticket speculators who had declined to invest in opera seats, groaned about 7.30 P. M., when they saw the crowds around the Academy of Music. They were like that fabulous Israelite, who wept at sea when a "sail" was sighted, because he had no catalogue. Their groans, however, were changed into smiles of satisfaction when they discovered that the crowds were pouring into Tammany and Irving Halls, and that the Academy was likely to again resemble the Catacombs, to which it was compared years ago by Richard Grant White. The little "boom" with which Italian Opera started seems to have "petered out" in the most comprehensive fashion. The quidnuncs ascribe this to the evident determination of Signor Angelo to revive the decayed operatic repertoire. "Un Ballo in Maschera," and "Il Pollinto," they declare to be the remnants of a prehistoric age; and they say that an *impresario* has as much chance of making out of them as Darwin would of substituting the labors of a primordial protoplasm for the efforts of a nineteenth century Hercules. In this country youth not only has its fling, but its ascendancy. When that brilliant actor, Lester Wallack, visited Chicago a few years ago, profane critics admired his art, but declared that Chicago "took no stock" in ruined abbeys or ancient castles, but wanted everything as young and fresh as possible. Mr. Wallack was naturally disgusted, but Chicago still insists upon youth even though it be accompanied by freshness.

TALKING of Chicago I am reminded that Miss Rosina Vokes and her company made something like a sensation there last week. They appeared in Mr. Pinero's "Schoolmistress," and captured the hearts of what an English low comedian described as "Chicago Hill." Last season Miss Vokes brought over one English beauty in the person of Miss Leslie Chester, and now she is credited with importing six lovely English syrens. They will all be here for three months in the winter, and we will be able to satisfy ourselves about the claims of the playgoers of Chicago to judge about youth and beauty.

A FEW months ago it was announced that Miss Victoria, the most versatile and beautiful of the Vokes family, was to accompany her sister here. She has not done so and I hear that matrimonial affairs keep her at home. The beautiful Victoria is about to become a bride. For years she has been a determined spinster and has probably refused more eligible offers than any actress in England. The breaking up of the family consequent on the death of the oldest sister, Jessie, and the vagaries of Mr. Frederick, seem to have shaken her determination. She marries outside of the stage, and her husband will have for a wife one of the most accomplished women of the day. Miss Victoria Vokes is not only one of the best artists of her day, but her accomplishments are marvelous. She is a pianist of wonderful skill, a linguist of distinction, a student of depth, and withal a woman of the purest and brightest character imaginable. I have not been told the name of the happy man, but whoever he is I congratulate him.

THE young managers of New York have just begun what they somewhat slangily call a new "racket." They have an experienced newspaper man or some other person familiar with public characters, place him at the box office window and instruct him to take down the name of every "notoriety" who visits the theatre. About nine o'clock the manager forwards a couple of choice seats to the managing editor of each newspaper, and in a sort of "by the way" style intimates that the Honorable Flummery Flammery, Gen. Bombastics Furioso, Judge Coke Blackstone, Senator Fevarts and Mrs. Brown Spotter are among the audience of that evening. It takes every time. The managing editor appreciates the compliment of the "seats" and publishes a paragraph, the distinguished persons are pleased to see themselves in print, and go to the theatre again in hopes of repeating the pleasure, and the public make up their minds that where the "swells" are found they should be found also.

FATE seems to be against Miss Violet Cameron and her really admirable company. While

the critics treated the "Commodore" with whips, they have visited "Kenilworth" with scorpions. Had Miss Cameron revived the old original burlesque of "Kenilworth," which was conjointly written by six of the wittiest and most practical dramatists of London, she might have had a chance of success. But the bright public of this city will not tolerate the sluggish humor and heavy banter of Mr. Farnie. The original "Kenilworth" was introduced to this country nineteen years ago by Lady Don, the widow of a dissipated English baronet who tried to retrieve his fortunes by marrying Emily Saunders, actress and vocalist, and going on the stage himself. Both ventures failed, and Sir William Don died in misery in Australia. "Kenilworth" was produced once at Wood's Museum, now Daly's Theatre, and had a great run of eight consecutive weeks. I don't mind telling you that the *Queen Elizabeth* and the central figure of that performance was "The Man in the Street."

MR. HARRY MINER has determined to take "Zitka" off the road. It has proved too strong except for the provinces. He talks about reviving Buckstone's once famous "Flowers of the Forest," and thereby keeping his present "Zitka" company together.

THE daily papers have paid no attention to the admirable music in Modjeska's revival of "As You Like It." It is furnished by Mr. Woolff Marks, and the beautiful song of "Blow Thou Winter Wind" is exquisitely sung by Mr. Walter Hampshire.

The Man in the Street.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL WORDS ABOUT SHAKESPEARE.

THE part that bibliography plays in an effort toward determining the various positive evidences of literary authenticity, cannot be too highly estimated. In looking over and studying a modern standard edition of the plays of Shakespeare, we venture to say that but few readers bother their heads as to the questionableness of text, and unless such readers are curious to collate several of the more remarkable editions, there will hardly arise any occasion for special consideration.

It is a striking discovery and a producer of many vague doubts, to find that two texts may give almost opposite significations to well known and oft-quoted lines. Just what a good edition of a book means is a problem to most, depending largely upon clear type and liberal margins. It grows to be a bewildering and seemingly unprofitable speculation, this delving down to the very head source of the plays of our immortal bard. The object in the

present paper is more to give, from presumably direct sources, the facts as determined by chronology, concerning the time of issue of some of the early quarto editions of Shakespeare's plays. The folios, the complete collections, upon which are founded largely our best modern editions, were published as follows:

The first folio, 1623, the second, 1632, third, 1663-64, and the fourth in 1685.

The quartos are particularly interesting, as many of them were printed during the life of the poet, and probably directly from manuscript copies. We note the following:

First Part of "King Henry VI.," though first positively appearing in the first folio, was probably issued in 1592.

Second Part of "King Henry VI.," 1594, printed by Valentine Simmes for Thomas Millington.

Third Part of "King Henry VI.," 1595.

"Taming of a Shrew," printed at London, by Peter Short and to be sold by Cuthbert Burbie, 1594.

"Love's Labor Lost," printed by W. W., for Cuthbert Burbie, 1598.

"King Henry IV.," First Part, printed by P. S., for Andrew Wise, 1598.

"King Henry IV.," Second Part, printed by V. S., for Andrew Wise and William Aspley, 1600.

"Midsummer Night's Dream," imprinted for Thomas Fisher, 1600.

"Merchant of Venice," printed by J. R., for Thomas Hays, 1600.

Third Part of "King Henry VI.," 1595.

"Richard III.," — Printed by Thomas Crede, 1594.

"Titus Andronicus," — Printed 1594.

"Romeo and Juliet," — Printed by John Danter, 1597.

"Richard II.," — Printed by Valentine Sommers for Andrew Wise, 1597.

"King Henry V.," — Printed by Thomas Crede for Thomas Millington and John Busby, 1600.

"Merry Wives of Windsor," — Printed by T. C. for Arthur Johnson, 1602.

"Hamlet," — Printed for N. L. and John Trundell, 1603.

"King Lear," — Printed for Nathaniel Butler, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Church Yard, at the Signe of the Rede Bull near St. Austin's Gate, 1608.

"Troilus and Cressida," — Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Boniari and H. Walley, 1609.

"Pericles," — Printed for T. C., 1610.

"Othello," — Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, 1622.

The following first appeared in the folio of 1623:

First Part of "King Henry VI.," "Comedy of Errors," noticed in Meres' list as printed in 1598, and these, now generally acknowledged as spurious: "Sir John Oldcastle," "Thomas Lord Cromwell," "The London Prodigal," "The Puritan," "A Yorkshire Tragedy," "Edward III.," and the "Two Noble Kinsmen," only part Shakespeare's.

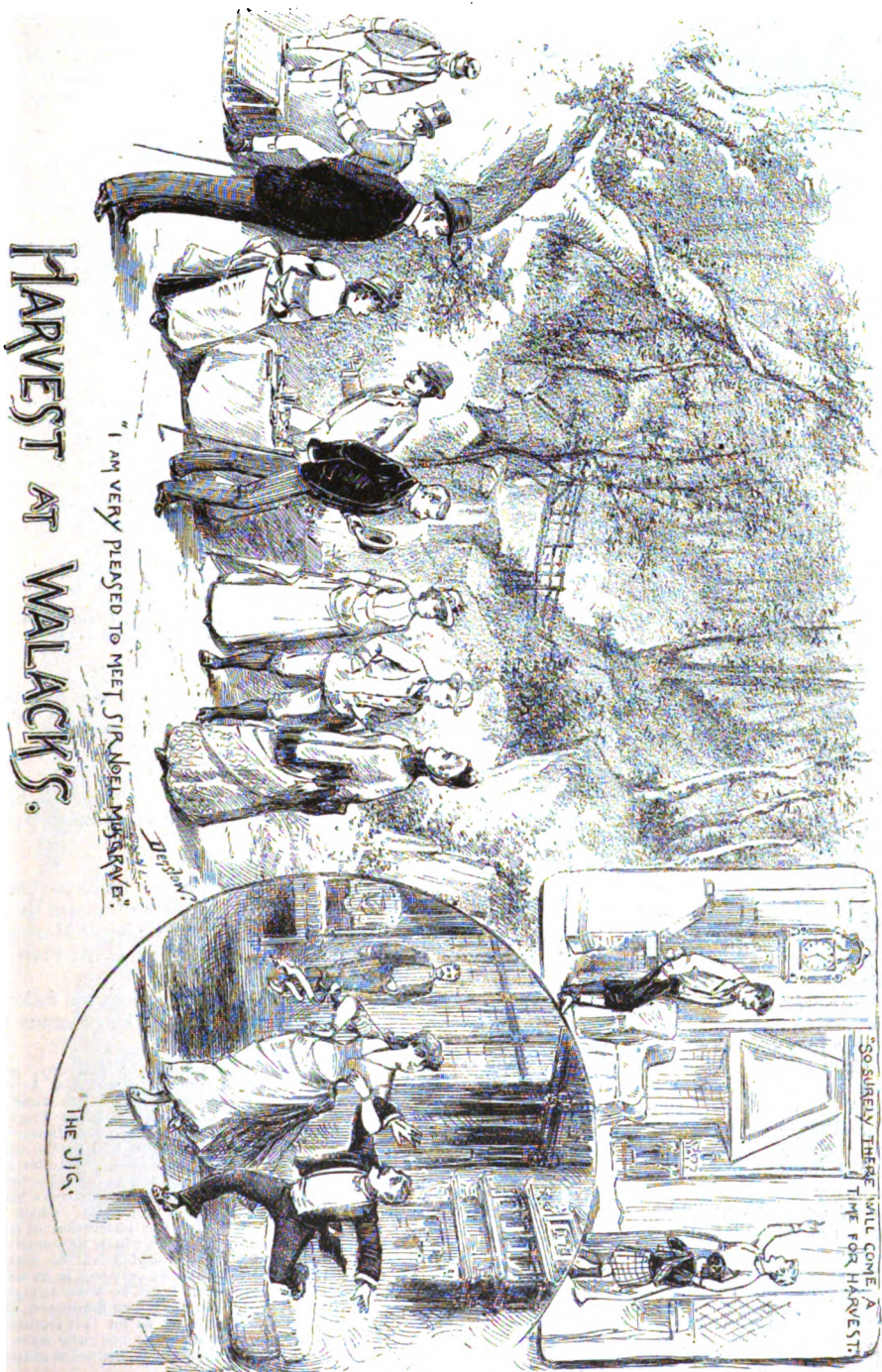
In connection with the plays we note the following editions of the poems:

"Venus and Adonis," 1593; "Rape of Lucrece," printed by R. Field for J. Harrison, 1594; "Sonnets," printed by G. Eld, for I. T., and are to be sold by William Aspley, 1609.

Poems written by Wil. Shakespeare, Gent: small 8vo., printed by Thos. Cotes, and are to be sold by John Benson, 1640; this has a portrait of Shakespeare by Marshall.

It would be of interest to the collector if we could attach some value to these rare and almost invaluable treasures of the printer's art, but at present we have no sufficient data to afford any very definite approximation; then, again, the matter of value is not at all one of standard but purely a question of personal interest and capricious auctions. To the enthusiast no sum seems too great if he can gain possession of one of these much-sought links of literary evidence. The bibliomaniac has no conscience, knows no limit to his madness but the very bottom of his purse.

J. B. Carrington.



SONNET.

TO MISS EASTLAKE.

LONG since, the wooing wind coo'd softly through
 The trembling leaflets of an aspen tree,
 And filled all Nature with his harmony.
 The offspring of their passion chaste and true
 The very soul of music, sweet and sad,
 Whilst all the countless centuries rolled
 Their load of wretched misery untold,
 Had silently re-echoed, making glad
 The hearts of seers, men of God-giv'n power.
 But now, at last, has come the fateful hour
 When all may hear that wondrous, soothing sound,
 For ages seeking through the human race,
 This soul has made but thee his resting-place,
 And in thy sweet voice is his presence found.

M. C.

ART CHAT.

M. SEDELMAYER, of Paris, having lately arrived in this city, brings with him Munkacsy's celebrated "Christ Before Pilate," and will exhibit it at the American Art Galleries the first of next week. It will be hung in gallery A. This canvas is one of the masterpieces of the nineteenth century. And the fact that America owns one of the same artist's best-known early works, "Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to His Daughters," as well as numerous less important compositions, should certainly guarantee this new work the warmest reception. Does it not seem quite like robbery to demand 30 per cent. of the value of the painting from Mr. Sedelmayer before he can be allowed to pass his property through the Custom House?

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"AMERICAN ART—A Monthly Magazine," is a new periodical just issued in Boston. It is a quarto of some 32 pages, well printed, but the contents are of slight value. The frontispiece is an abominable etching (very badly printed) by A. H. Bicknell, "Scene on the Merrimac River." A commonplace design for a library window, by Alfred Pilgrim, forms a supplement.

There is a good drawing, by H. W. Ranger, of the rear of St. John's Church, New York, accompanied by letterpress by the artist, entitled "A Nook of Old New York."

An article by Louis Wertheimer on "Art and Artists in Japan," is illustrated by some very interesting drawings made with a finely pointed brush, resembling closely pen drawings, by a young Japanese artist, Shirayama Dani, who resides in Boston.

Wm. Howe Downes writes of "An Artists' Club" (Paint and Clay Club of Boston).

Alfred Trumble follows with some "Roundabout Sketches," in which he tells how American art was ignored and neglected by the press until, ten years ago, he arose to champion its cause; how he alone "possessed the intrepidity to criticise its failings without mercy as well as praise its successes without fear of what the Mrs. Grundys might say." How at first people laughed at him. But—

time brought the compensation, as it always does. One by one the names of men whom I had always type for the first time became more familiar in other journals than in my own; one by one the obscure toilers whom I had learned to know before the patron came knocking at their doors grew strong in popularity; native art got to be a legitimate topic of discussion and a legitimate subject of inquiry and theorization. It had needed only one hand to set the ball rolling, and mine happened to be that which began the work.

I hope Mr. Trumble finds the American artist appreciative of his services.

Mr. Caryl Coleman signs a paper on "Mosaic Glass," which it is hard to distinguish from an *adv.* — it "booms" a business house so nicely.

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CHARLES DE KAY writes the most pregnant paper in the magazine entitled "*Architectura Artium Mater*." He regrets the precociousness of graphic arts in America while—

It is architecture that lags, and for that reason it is a question whether American art rests on a sound foundation. There is at least room for suspicion that the backward process which may be detected in the unfolding of our art, namely, from easel paintings and statues to decorative work, and thence finally to architecture, is neither normal nor healthful.

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THE other contents are, "Leaves From My Sketch-Book—About Hands," by A Landscape Painter—very interesting indeed; "Art in the West," W. S. Howard; "A Model Art School;" "Comment and Review"—very tame writing; "Miscellaneous Topics" and "American Art Notes"—in which I find such valuable information as—

Mr. W. E. Norton's "Fish Market at Dieppe," is in Boston. * * * In color and composition it is one of the greatest pictures ever painted by an American.

Messrs. Frost & Adams, of Cornhill, Boston, are the oldest concern east of New York engaged in the artists' materials business.

And that—

Mr. James B. Townsend, art critic of the *New York World*, is a poet of no mean order. Several of his sonnets have been extensively copied throughout the country.

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EVEN at twenty-five cents a number, etching included, I do not consider this magazine cheap.

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THE *Art Age* for October contains as usual three supplements in the form of plates from etchings and a painting. "The River Marine," reproduced from an etching by C. A. Platt, is particularly pleasing.

I clip, without entirely endorsing, the following pungent paragraph from the columns of "Art Gossip" in that paper:

Mr. Henry Blackburn, I see from the Academy, proposes to hold this winter, in connection with the American Art Association, a second exhibition—this time in New York—of water-color drawings by living English artists. As the enterprise last winter was a dead failure in Boston and Philadelphia, it might seem odd to the uninitiated that he should repeat the experiment. It does not seem to be generally known that Mr. Blackburn takes little or no risk in the matter. He receives five dollars a head from the artists represented in his 'collection,' which is brought over here duty free, for the instruction of the American public; and on those pictures which he contrives to sell, I do not think I wrong him in saying that he makes a liberal commission. All this may be very well in its way, as a matter of business; but would it not be more straightforward if Mr. Blackburn should come out flat-footed, call himself a dealer, instead of posing as an 'art lecturer,' and take his chances as a dealer with the rest, who have to pay the heavy import duty on their goods, instead of getting them free?

—E. K.





THE WEEK

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

"*LUISA MILLER*," one of Verdi's earliest operas, was given last week, Wednesday evening, by Signor Angelo, at the Academy of Music. While many of the members are vigorous and impassioned, still on the whole it was unsatisfactory. In it Madame Valda made her bow to a New York audience and was well received. It is to be regretted that she did not first appear in an opera which would have given her a better opportunity of displaying her accomplishments. Her voice is light, yet very pure in the upper register, and of agreeable quality. She is a trained vocalist of fine ability. Signor Vicini, as *Rudolfo*, sang and acted most spiritedly and divided the honors of the evening.

The orchestra was well conducted and played with a precision and effect which must have been encouraging to the singers. The performance was slightly marred at times by the loud tone of the prompter; in duos he often could be heard all over the house. On the whole although a satisfactory performance, still it is an opera which may be left in reticacy and its loss will not be felt.

Verdi's "*Un Ballo in Maschero*" was given in a highly praiseworthy manner last Monday evening, as have indeed all the works thus far produced by this company. Mme. Giulia Valda as *Oscar* fairly won the hearts of the audience, this rôle giving her much better opportunities for displaying her really remarkable qualities as a vocal artiste, than did the part of *Luisa* in "*Luisa Miller*." Her voice possesses an affectionate quality which instantly appeals to one's sympathies, and while a trifle fine and thin perhaps in the upper registers, is rich and full in the lower tones, and is so true and accurate that it is a luxury to hear her cadenzas,

a fact demonstrated by numerous recalls. Her success fully justifies all assertions made hitherto by her most ardent admirers. She is a most valuable acquisition to the company. Sig. Gianini, as *Riccardo*, was in excellent voice and proved himself to be one of the leading tenors of the Italian operatic stage. Mme. Mestress, as *Ulrico*, and Mme. Bianchi Montaldo, rendered their parts most effectively. The choruses and ensembles were very good, as usual; but the orchestra, in spite of the efforts of the able conductor, Sig. Bimboni, persisted in playing out of tune in a number of instances. It is doubtful whether the hissing of the unfortunate miscreants has a tendency to improve the quality of tone or to increase the nervousness of the performers and make bad matters worse.

MODJESKA AS ROSALIND.

MME. MODJESKA made a sagacious choice when she selected "*As You Like It*" for the opening of her new engagement at the Union Square Theatre. This engagement began last Monday evening, and Mme. Modjeska was greeted at the outset with that fervor and affection which indicate the public's definite attitude towards her in New York. The engagement will be marked by several interesting experiments, and promises to be one of the most brilliant incidents of a busy winter.

This actress was seen here for the first time as *Rosalind* only a few years ago, at Booth's Theatre. Mr. Maurice Barrymore was then, as now, the *Orlando*. To say that she has improved her performance would hardly be correct, since it was nearly perfect when we observed it at Booth's Theatre—a beautiful conception executed with extraordinary charm of manner, polished technique, and sustained

spirit. It was felt, perhaps, when Mme. Modjeska made her appearance, as an unknown player among us, that she lacked the genius — the broad impulse and inspiration — of great artists. Her work was then seen to be in the direction of uncommonly refined skill, of taste formed and controlled by bright intelligence, of power gained through the massing of details. But there can be no doubt at present that Modjeska is a woman of genius, as well as an artist of the highest type. Her versatility, her intellectuality, her genuineness, are equally apparent in whatever she undertakes. Her work has the force of personal magnetism, the suggestiveness of imagination, the drift of lucid and practical purpose. From any point of view, save that of pure tragedy, it is balanced and adequate. Who can forget the exquisite grace of her *Frou Frou*, the pathos and plaintiveness of her *Camille*, the haunting loveliness and sincerity of her *Juliet*. As to a character like *Rosalind* — so unlike all of these — it is clear enough why Modjeska was tempted to make use of it. She is in perfect sympathy with the character; she not only understands it with vivid intelligence, she feels it intuitively, and what a delicious *Rosalind* is and how subtle and true must that art be which depicts her as nature, rather than Shakespeare, created her! *Rosalind* is the buoyant spirit of fancy and feeling; her spontaneous gaiety flows like a fountain; her laughter ripples like the trill of a bird; and yet her heart hides the whole sweetness and tenderness of amorous womanhood.

In hinting briefly at the sort of woman *Rosalind* is, we have described unconsciously the *Rosalind* of Modjeska. It is true that the actress strives against an unfortunate disadvantage — the English language. Her accent is not disagreeably pronounced, and her foreign inflection is, after all, slight; but her enunciation is at moments confusing, and her speech unrythmic. Only a Saxon tongue can do entire justice to the Shakespearean text, and even a Saxon tongue is liable to halt over it and mouth it. The superb music of our language is easily made prosaic. This, then, must be taken into account when one considers the *Rosalind* of Modjeska. But one is not called upon to offer

restrictions in praise of her acting. That is marvelously fine. It has the depth and the tenderness of passion, and also an airiness, an ingenuous braggadocio, a refinement which complete one of the really fascinating personalities of the stage. The manner in which Modjeska combines, in the performance of *Rosalind*, reckless vivacity and absolute sincerity, reveals an art of rare quality and peculiar distinction.

Mr. Maurice Barrymore was never an ideal *Orlando*, and he is as far from being ideal now as he was several years ago. He is too strenuous and sentimental, over-rigorous and not over-manly. He has, moreover, a bad habit of speech; he pitches his voice high and delivers his words in nervous jerks. Nevertheless, Mr. Barrymore is a clever actor, handsome, and often graceful, intelligent and refined. There are several competent persons in Mme. Modjeska's company, and a few that are not so competent. This performance of "As You Like It" is, altogether, thoroughly interesting.

It is understood that Mme. Modjeska will shortly produce a play entitled "Les Chouans," adapted from one of Balzac's novels by Mr. Paul M. Potter.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"KENILWORTH" has taken the place of the sprightly "Commodore" at the Casino, and gives no opportunity to Miss Cameron for the display of her decidedly attractive qualities. As a comic opera, it does not contain a comic line, and borders on a vulgarity that is not pleasant. The management make a mistake by continuing "Kenilworth." Its predecessor was bright and well acted throughout, and in it Miss Cameron would have out-lived many unfair newspaper criticisms.

NEIL BURGESS gave "Vim" at the Third Avenue Theatre last week before large and hilarious audiences. As the dominating better seven-eighths of *Josiah Puffy*, the star successfully scaled the heights of rustic humor, sowing highly-colored wit broadcast with the same deft skill that she sewed a flaming red patch to the "second-best pants" of her meek and bald-headed little spouse. "Vim" is not a lubricated dramatic dose requiring explanatory notes. The unctious individuality of *Mrs. Tryphena Puffy* is its *raison d'être*. This lady is an honest-hearted but very overpowering country mother, who calls things, even vulgar things, by their right names. She believes in absolute feminine administration, and rules everything whose voice and weight is less than

hers. As a stage type, she stands pre-eminent in her limited class. Mr. Burgess surely endows the character with remarkable vitality, and is thoroughly successful with his audiences.

We find in the "Vim" company a baby girl who is quite the most astonishing tot that has ever escaped the surveillance of Mr. Elbridge Gerry.

Mr. Wilson Barrett's matinee performances, when he gave the "Color Sergeant," "A Clerical Error," and "Chatterton," were among his most successful in point of attendance and the appreciation they gained. The first named piece is a decidedly clever mixture of humor and pathos, giving true illustrations of English "types" quite as naturally as Harrigan's plays give us those of this town.

"A Clerical Error" showed us Mr. Barrett very successful in a part that never for an instant "played itself." To simulate mock gaiety when the soul is supposed to be in torture is one of the most delicate things in the art of the stage, and this is what Mr. Barrett did well in the character of *Rev. Richard Capel*. Of course *Chatterton*, the noble boy who died disdainful of the world that starved him, has the tearful sympathy of an audience—especially a matinee audience—from the start. The enthusiasm that the audiences at the Star evinced after *Chatterton's* answer to the practical landlady's query, "What is poetry good for," showed that even in this buzzing, work-a-day city the beauty of the divine art is appreciated. Mr. Barrett's efforts were worthy of the sweetly sad character. One felt the spell that solemn music produces, the delicious sorrow that the voices of choir-boys harmoniously blended can bring. There was endless pity for the "marvelous boy," great admiration for the actor. It was all very successful.

Mr. Barrett plays "Claudian" to night (Monday) in Boston.

MATTERS IN BOSTON.

BOSTON, Oct. 26.—The popular verdict given last night at the Boston Theatre was one with which Messrs. Robson and Crane must be well satisfied. Their presentation of Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor" cannot receive too much praise. That to which this rare comedy is justly entitled when the care and perfect adherence to artistic and historical details are fully considered, as offered in this performance, is its due from all who appreciate the energy and spirit displayed by these actors, who also, aside from their great reputation, have introduced into it all that the most ardent lover of an elevated drama could expect. The rich and appropriate scenery and costumes gave additional power to the comedy which, alike in exquisite force and subtle humor, aroused the large audience to repeated rounds of applause. The *Sir John Falstaff* of Mr. Crane is a wonderful picture of that delightful old rascal. While the

moralist can condemn the sensual, lying traits in this burly knight, none can resist the fascination of his humor and peculiar sarcasm. Mr. Crane in his make-up was true to the life. His delineation of the qualities of heart and mind inseparably connected with this character was perfect. Mr. Robson in his portrayal of the sheepish *Slender* was delicious, and the quiet though telling force infused therein by his quaint sense of humor was beyond criticism. The support given by the company deserves individual mention did space allow it, being entirely worthy of association with such masters of comedy as Crane and Robson.

At the Hollis Street Theatre the successful career of "Adonis" suggests that of New York and London rolled into one. And of "Harbor Lights" at the Museum, the American edition has settled down into a run which has that at the London Adelphi as a rival in the business of house-packing month in and out.

The engagement of Miss Rose Coghlan and her company at the Globe Theatre drew a fine audience last night to witness "As You Like It." Her *Rosalind* was a gratifying success, and in its conception showed the result of intelligent study. Her handsome face and figure lent additional charm to her acting, which certainly were presupposed when Shakespeare drew this enchanting heroine, and when thus united leave little to be desired. Her support is very strong, and in Mr. F. de Belleville Miss Coghlan has an actor who is worthy of the leading position accorded him.

H. W.

BROOKLYN NOTES.

IT is a long time since such elegant costumes, elaborate scenery, and good entertainment in general have graced the stage of the Park Theatre as has been the case during the past week's engagement of "The Gypsy Baron." Every evening the house was packed, not even excepting Tuesday evening, when those who ventured out-of-doors encountered the severe rain-storm. All the leading rôles were well sustained, and everybody was well pleased.

At the Brooklyn Theatre Mr. J. K. Emmet has just closed a very successful week in "Fritz." The play has been changed somewhat in minor details, but it still remains as attractive as ever. *Fritz* is still the noble-hearted Hollander whose early sacrifices and poverty are finally rewarded by a life of affluence and prosperity. The pathetic situations are as strong as ever, and gallery gods are enthusiastic admirers of the Dutch hero.

The Grand Opera House and the Criterion Theatre have both been doing good business during the past week at their respective places of amusement.

D. F.

* * * The third season of the New York School of Acting opens this month. Franklin H. Sargent is Director. David Belasco, stage manager of the Lyceum Theatre, Mme. Malvina, of Daly's, and many other prominent professionals are instructors. Intending applicants, or others desiring information, should write at once to Mr. F. H. SARGENT, Hotel Albert, 42 East 11th street, New York City.

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Mr. Lester Wallack.
Robert Buchanan's Comedy Drama,
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Founded on Fielding's Great Novel,
"Tom Jones," will be produced
THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 4TH.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

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Squire Western, Mr. Harry Edwards
Partridge, a Village Barber,
Mr. Charles Groves
Blifil, Nephew to Allworthy,
Mr. E. J. Henley
Mr. Allworthy, a Rich Country
Gentleman, Mr. W. J. Constantine
Square, Tutor to Blifil,
Mr. Daniel Leeson

George Seagrim, a Peasant known
as Black George,
Mr. Creston Clarke

Farmer Copse . . . Mr. W. H. Pope
Fothergay, a Footman to Lady
Bellaston . . . Mr. S. Du Bois
Gamekeeper . . . Mr. James Shannon
Sophia Western . . . Miss Annie Robe
Miss Tabitha Western, her Aunt,
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Fashion . . . Miss Katherine Rogers



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BLUMENTHAL), adapted by Mr. AUGUSTIN
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Willy	Master Dean
Doris Brandegee	Miss Ada Rehan
Mrs. Tommy Chipper	Mrs. G. H. Gilbert
Angelina Zipperoff	Miss May Irwin
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Mr. Chapstone, O. C.	C. P. Flockton
Mr. Netherby, M. P.	Harry I. Holliday
Dr. Pettywise	Wm. Davidge
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CHARACTERS:

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Called the White Chief, {	Barrymore
Baron du Guenic, {	Albert Lang
Count de Beauveau, {	E. H. Bell
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Cottureau, {	James Cooper
Countess de Kirsac, {	Grace Henderson
Princess de Rohan, {	Mrs. Fraser
A Priest	Albert Mario
A Footman	Charles Lamont
Marcie a Terre, {	I. Robertson
Pille-Miche, {	W. Haworth
Cibot, {	H. Hansel
Jeannio, Cibot's Son, {	L. Johnson
La Barbette, his wife, {	Mary Shaw
Francine, Marie's {	Clara Ellison
maid, a Breton girl, {	
Republicans, {	

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Sergeant Beupied, {	Robt. Burnaby
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THE THEATRE.

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NOVEMBER 15, 1886.

WHOLE No. 35

THE THEATRE: AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF
DRAMA, MUSIC, ART AND LITERATURE.—Published
every Saturday at Nos. 31 and 33 West Twenty-third
Street, New York.

DESHLER WELCH . . . EDITOR AND MANAGER.

The price of yearly subscription to *THE THEATRE* is four dollars in advance. We cannot undertake to return manuscript that is not suitable, unless it is accompanied by sufficient postage to do so. Care is always taken not to needlessly destroy valuable manuscript.

* The Editor solicits contributions from the readers of *THE THEATRE*, and suggests that old play bills, and scraps relating to the stage, notes, news and items appertaining to the different arts, would be acceptable. It is the desire of the Editor to establish a widely circulated magazine, and to further that end every good idea will be acted upon so far as possible.

* All articles appearing in *THE THEATRE* are written especially for it unless credited otherwise.

Last Week's Circulation, 11,700 Copies.

DRIFT.

AMERICAN actors have found a great deal of fault because there has been so much "imported talent" used in certain leading companies, thereby excluding opportunities in the only city where there would be most likely a chance to obtain a satisfactory display of their accomplishments. As a rule, English professional people have had the advantage of better education, and their surroundings are such that where it was not natural, they have fashioned their manners to a degree which cannot be more easily described than "polish." In this country very few actors have had a college career; they have made their own way, and what little ideas they may have formed of the customs of the drawing-room, have been impressed upon them by questionable means. The trouble is not that "society" shuns the actor, as he will himself falsely believe—in fact the profession is not at all underrated as an art. That is fully and justly appreciated, and any man who belongs to that art, who is a gentleman, has it in his power to be made considerable of a hero. But "society," or rather "culture," abroad, exerts a more powerful influence, and people, no matter how lowly born, are impressed by aristocracy to such an extent

that the artifices of their superiors are constantly rehearsed and imitated. The theatre receives much more serious attention in London than it does in New York, and the inhabitants of any English village are more learned in this regard than village-folk in this new land. There is, in fact, a stage literature of that country which has been more or less studied by youth and maiden, and its chronicles have been held as a necessary branch of education. The majority of men on the stage have been recruited from a thinking and respectable class of people, and their ambition allies itself with industry—a study of their work and a constant seeking to become accomplished in their private life. Here in America the higglety-pigglety of society, and the adventurous existence of the stage, have been an obstacle which the mills have not been able to grind with such wholesome effect. Managers of combination companies are mostly of a kind who speculate in one thing or another without any serious feeling for the good of the stage or its responsibilities, and their methods and uncertainties are such that the influence on the younger members of the profession is most demoralizing. To be sure there is a great deal of this in England, but its public is not so easily hoodwinked, and even "the pit" will not accept what the middle-class of Americans will. The principal theatres of New York are the resort of the most intelligent and cultivated people of the country, and the residents of the city who patronize them, by reason of wealth, travel, the understanding of the fine arts, and the customs of brilliant society demand such observances, which "polish" gives to a man, as to make it necessary for the manager to select for his company such people as are most competent to satisfy all this. An ill-dressed man who is neither refined in his person nor accomplished in the ordinary usages of society

is not of the sort to entertain a select New York audience. If one is not a gentleman born, he should at least learn how to act one before he attempts to master anything else. If he does not know how to manage his cup and spoon in a dinner scene, he has only himself to blame if the manager does not wish the trouble of teaching him. If he does not know the vulgarity of the tooth-pick, or black-rimmed finger-nails, he had better go elsewhere. The man of real ambition will cultivate the things which he has been deprived of knowing in early life, and he will observe, read, and inwardly digest. If these matters do not seem essential it will only show that the dissenter is the very one whom Mr. Wallack, Mr. Daly or Mr. Palmer does not want in his company.

**

Now it must not be foolishly supposed by the reader that a slovenly man cannot be a great actor. It is tradition that the very greatest of actors have been unkempt and uncombed, but exceptional genius will have its way, and we overlook a great many things where there is success. My discussion is more intended to show why the English actor, such as are usually chosen by American managers is more competent to fill the bill when the latter advertise for "a leading gentleman." Our leading men are nearly all "stars," or think they are, and there is but a limited stock of competent actors to draw from. If Mr. Wallack wants an Englishman and gets him, it is because he does not care to become a dancing master, a social censor, or a hunter in an American haystack.

**

THE truth is the young men on our stage occupy too little of their time in study. Recently an actor who was about to play a part in a dramatization of one of Dickens' books, asserted that he was going to do so and so with the character. I asked him if he had ever read the novel. He answered that he had not, and when I advised him to do so, he insisted that he did not have the time; and besides, he had seen the part played before, and understood the general idea. Yet this young man was excessively indignant because he did not receive a favorable notice. In no other

profession is there so much valuable time wasted; in no other profession is there so much conceit and vanity displayed with so little to rest it upon. The professional frequently laughs at the "amateur," but if the professional in his early life put one-half as much work in his attempts, he would be a more successful creature.

**

I MUST not be misunderstood by all this. THE THEATRE has the stage and its people of this country most at heart, and this is only a little sermon for its young men. Our actors of the "old school" will bear me out in all that I say concerning the lack of diligence now. The combination system is of course at the bottom of it, and at present it is difficult to see where our Booths, our Jeffersons, or our Gilberts are to come from.

**

IT has been observed at the Lotus Club that the members of nearly all the English companies who have been entertained there have exhibited many accomplishments which are not common to the profession here. The majority of them are good musicians, impromptu speakers, and brilliant in their social qualifications. On the other hand, it has been noted by Englishmen that our lawyers, authors, politicians and sportsmen are much better speakers than their own class; America could easily win the race for elocution and oratory, so it seems strange that a little of this has not infected members of the theatrical profession.

**

I HAVE received with the compliments of MacMillan & Co., New York, a copy of Henry Irving's discourse, entitled "English Actors, their Characteristics and Methods." This was delivered in the University schools of Oxford, on Saturday, June 26, 1886, and most of it was published in number 18 of THE THEATRE. The discourse entire is now published in most attractive style, in handy form, and is "English" to the extent that the paper is handmade and the print is very clear cut, because the book is printed, no doubt, on dampened paper.

**

THE LOTUS CLUB gave the first of its ladies' receptions for the present season Monday

afternoon. The collection of paintings belonging to the club was exhibited, and an orchestra furnished music, while a luncheon was served in the dining-room. The art committee consisted of Edward Moran, Charles Graham, and Chandos Fulton. The reception committee were Colonel W. H. White, Colonel T. W. Knox, Colonel Richard Lathers, A. P. Burbank, George H. Jones, General W. E. Webb, Chandos Fulton, A. P. Hills, J. G. De Blois, and George Squire. Among the guests were Mrs. Fanny Barrow, Harriet Webb, Mrs. James Lewis, Mrs. Florence Rice Knox, Mrs. N. Sarony, and Miss Mary Booth.

* *

I PROTEST against Sunday performances of any kind. There is no necessity to give a theatre entertainment on Sunday, even in the case of charity. Other businesses can afford to stop on that day, and the six nights of the week are enough for actor and auditor. The church will so endorse all I say that I am surprised to find the name of the Rev. Robert Collyer among the list of patrons of a "benefit" last Sunday night.

* *

SPEAKING of the Lonsdale-Cameron affair, the London *Era* says: "We are deeply grieved that any one connected with the English stage should have descended to so degrading a method of advertisement, and trust that this will be the first and last instance of the employment of such discreditable means of obtaining notoriety."

* *

THE London *Truth* declares that literature, in spite of all the nonsense which Macaulay and others have written about it, is not a brilliantly money-making profession. Decent comfort is about the most that can be got out of it, and even decent comfort, it adds, is usually only obtained by putting out of sight altogether the care of the proverbial "rainy day," and literary men, as a general rule, live from hand to mouth now pretty much as they did in the days of Grub street. The following from last Sunday's *Sun*, shows however that something good may come out of it:

The magnificent residence on Madison avenue and Fiftieth street, in which Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid will take up their residence in a few days, approaches more nearly to the

accepted idea of a palace than anything that has ever been built in this country, and in comparison with it the residences of Vanderbilts, Astors, and other rich men are very ordinary. The marbles and agates, with which floors, walls and ceilings are thickly studded, make the entrance hall and the grand suite of apartments on the first floor cold and cheerless in their grandeur, perhaps, but magnificent beyond anything on this side of the Atlantic. The principal staircase is of Tennessee porphyry similar to the one in the Capitol at Washington. The living rooms are of necessity principally on the second floor, and here marble gives place to walls of cedar inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and other decorations so unique and so costly that they recall Solomon in all his glory, and the temple that he built at Jerusalem.

* *

APROPOS of Adelina Patti's forthcoming concerts, the following advertisement found in the *Herald* will be of interest:

MME. CARLOTTA PATTI

informs American families that she gives singing lessons at her private residence, 80 Avenue Kleber Arc de Triomphe, Paris.

* *

MR. JAMES E. MURDOCH, the veteran actor, says that once during the war he went to see President Lincoln. "I'm too busy to see you now, Murdoch," said the President; "your business will have to wait." "But, Mr. Lincoln," replied the actor, "I've not come on business. I've come to tell you a good story." "Oh, if that's it," said Lincoln, "it's all right. Go ahead with the story;" and he settled himself down as though he hadn't a thing in the world to do but listen.

* *

It is announced that Mary Anderson will visit India next year and then settle down to private life. There is no evidence that she is particularly proud of being called "our Mary."

* *

LAWRENCE BARRETT is now rehearsing a new play called "Calaylos," by George H. Boker.

* *

AT the present writing I regret to say that Rosina Vokes is still ill in Chicago. Her company fulfilled the Buffalo engagement the past week, and Miss Agnes Miller assumed Miss Vokes's parts. The other members of the company are Mr. Elliott, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. Courtenay Thorpe, Mr. Gordon Dalzell, Mr. Malcolm Bell, Mr. Rivers, Mr. Wolfe, Miss Helena Dacre, Miss Mabel Millett, Miss Geraldine Dalzell, Miss May Carew and Miss Trelawney.

MR. A. M. FARNHAM, the artist, who has been living in New York for some four or five years, has returned to his home in Buffalo, where he will in future have his studio. Among other artists of Buffalo now prominent are Mr. Sangster and Mr. Arthur. All three mentioned are located in the same building.

**

NYM CRINKLE writes: Mr. Edwin Booth has been worried a good deal by the threat of the Lambs' Club to give him a dinner. He is understood to have said to the committee: "My God! gentlemen, if I eat I'll have the dyspepsia, and if I have the dyspepsia I'll make a speech, and if I make a speech I'll ruin my business for the next six months. Don't, I beseech you; don't do it! Besides, Winter will want to read a poem, and you ought to have some consideration for a man with no stomach."

**

QUITE the most inspiring lines in that successful play, "Held by the Enemy," are those delivered by the young Confederate officer before the Court Marshal. They are as follows:

"I have been fighting for my country, for my home, for those I love, for a cause that is dear to me; for that cause I crossed the lines; for that cause I am ready to give my life! Condemn me to death, for I am a spy! It is no disgrace! It is a glory! I am proud of it!"

Mr. John E. Kellard, who wrought the audience to such a pitch by his delivery of these lines that he was called four times before the curtain on the opening night of the play is a young Englishman, who came to this country only three years ago. For two seasons he has been playing second parts to Frederick Warde. He is one of the few young men who are capable of studying the art of acting from an intelligently intellectual standpoint, and as he is physically adapted to strong character parts, and is ambitious and conscientious, the marked favor with which he has of late been regarded by those who are always anxious to discover a good impersonation on the stage, is likely to be increased through his future efforts.

Q. DELANCEY GINGERHOOK said between the acts of "As You Like It," the other night:

"Fortescue's eyes gave me thrills that I soothed with beer. Langtry's neck produced spasms that I subjugated with sherry. I don't know the color of Modjeska's eyes, and am not sure if she's got a neck. But I say, old man, *Rosalind's* a great part for a healthy woman. I'll have to have whiskey, and never mind any water."

**

"I WILL now destroy all evidences of the crime," said the villain in the melodrama.

"Needn't do it as far as I'm concerned," said a voice from behind the highest bonnet in the orchestra. "I'll never discover your crime."

**

MR. STEELE MACKAYE, the most ingenious of managers, has arranged "a Drama of Civilization," which will shortly be presented at the big Madison Square Garden. It will employ 500 men, civilized and savage, and some 300 animals. It will thus include all of Forepaugh's menagerie and Buffalo Bill's Wild West show. Matt Morgan is hard at work on 6,000 yards of scenery.

**

MR. HENRY VILLARD has rented the first and second floors of the Tiffany palace, on Madison Avenue. Mr. Louis Tiffany, the artist, is at home in the same building, occupying the upper floor, where he has his studio. Mr. Charles Tiffany does not intend to live there.

**

MISS EMILY MOSS, daughter of Mr. Theodore Moss, Lester Wallack's treasurer, and Mr. Thomas B. Keater, were married at the Church of the Holy Spirit, Madison Avenue, New York, November 3d.

**

THERE seems to be less extravagance this season in the hiring of special private palace cars by theatrical people. The majority of first-class "stars" prefer to travel in a quiet way. Of course, where there is a large company, it is a very convenient method, and, no doubt, of great service, where there are many "one night stands." Nearly all the

railroads furnish easy theatrical rates, and compared to what travel was twenty years ago, there is, perhaps, even more comfort attainable in a luxurious sleeping car than there is in the mysterious bed of a country hotel.

**

I HAD occasion, a short time since, to ride the distance of the New York Central Railroad, and took particular note of many great improvements made in that company's sleeping and drawing-room service, and the coaches used for suburban travel. On the through trains the system now adopted for dining-room cars is admirable, and I had a meal that would rival many at the best hotels. Besides these things, the safety of four tracks for freight and passenger traffic, and the continual improvement in the way of extra diligence in the superintendence of track divisions and the new and handsome depots, indicates a most healthy management. It talking with an officer of the road, he said to me: "When our plans are fully consummated, our equipment will surpass anything ever before attempted in the railroad world."

**

THE prospects for the American playwright are not so bad after all. We are now getting to a point where even matrimonial expenses are no consideration whatever. The following appeared in the *Tribune* on Wednesday last:

GUNTER — BURNS— On Monday, November 8, 1886, at the residence of the bride's uncle, George H. Story, 230 West 50th St., New York City, by the Rev. William T. Seabury, Etta L. Burns to Archibald Clavering Gunter.

San Francisco papers please copy.

THE THEATRE extends its congratulations to friend Gunter, and especially to his now better-half. God bless 'em all: Prince Karl, Deacon's Daughter, Fresh, and all the rest of 'im.

Trophonius.

ART CHAT.

THE new loan collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art is not of any great interest to those who are acquainted with Lerolle's superb composition, "The Organ," and Dannat's "Un Quatuor." For, aside from these, the paintings loaned are not of striking qualities. But those who have not seen them will be well repaid if they make a visit to the Museum.

Lerolle's composition is a view of an organ loft, where we see a young girl, clad in green, singing a solo, while the organist and the rest of the choir are placed at the left hand of the picture.

The simplicity of the subject, and yet the grandeur of its effect, and the purity of its tone, has won for it hosts of admirers since it has been exhibited in this country.

Lerolle's picture is pleasing in every way, but that is not the case with Mr. Dannat's "Four Spanish Musicians."

This is merely valuable as an example of good technique; it merely shows how near a painter with a large brush and a plentiful palette of pigments, can imitate the shadows and lights, not the lights and shadows of nature. This Mr. Dannat has done with remarkable force and singular dexterity. This is hand-work indeed, and also eye-work, but it is neither mind-work nor heart-work. It is "art for art's sake" only.

All those who remember Henner's "Fabiola," which was in the Morgan collection, will agree with me, I think, in saying that Jules Lefebvre's "Mignon" is about as perfect an artistic plagiarism on the former picture as is possible to make!

If any one of my readers is anxious to compare the method of laying on the paint of twenty years ago, and the present method in vogue at Paris and Munich, he or she may compare this "Mignon" of Lefebvre's, with No. 138, entitled, "Bride of Sorrento," by the same painter. The latter may be said to be a drawing on canvas colored with an oily liquid, while the former is a canvas entirely covered with layers of paint which form a picture. This method is undoubtedly the best. Students will do well to note this.

Carl Marr's painting, sometimes called "The Wandering Jew," but here entitled, "The Mystery of Life," is seen in the present exhibition, together with his Dutch *genre*, "The Gossips," which received a prize not long ago at the American Art Galleries, and also a lately painted spring landscape with sheep, into which the artist has very unadvisedly introduced the figures of a shepherd and a soldier, thus allowing himself to daub this simple landscape with the high sounding title, "Peace and War." We find no less than four pictures by Frank D. Millet — "The Water Carrier," 106, being to my mind the best. There are two works by George H. Boughton, and several very bad examples of Alfred Stevens. Also a vile Vibert entitled, "The Forbidden Book."

If, by the way, you wish to see good humorous pictures, just turn to Nos. 174 and 159, "The Country Doctor" and "The Poet and the Publisher," two excellent subjects by the great German caricaturist, Ed. Harburger.

LAST Saturday evening a private view of some of the recent paintings of Mr. William M. Chase, was held at the Art Students' League, 38 W. 14th St. A number of the paintings exhibited were views of New York Harbor and scenes in Prospect Park, painted during the recent summer.

— E. K.

EDWIN BOOTH AND THE GADFLIES.

THERE ought to be a rare punishment invented for the crank who thinks himself the one man besides Shakespeare who could ever thoroughly comprehend the unconventional virtues and philosophical insanity of that sombre youth, *Hamlet*. Ever and anon, from the scorching desert of current journalism, one hears a few disconnected snarls and howls, weird and unmusical. They come from the spiritual coterie of uncommissioned Hamlets. These melancholy Danes are doing the part precisely as it should be done. But they are doing it in type, with a rolling-top desk for a stage. When these intellectual student-thespians go out of journalism — as they will ultimately be compelled to — if they will apply to the stage door of some Harlem or Hoboken opera house, their previous experience in the most difficult of all dramatic parts will undoubtedly win them a spear in the rear rank of a raw stage army.

The unhappy mortals who are still craving an ideal and "intellectual" *Hamlet* will never have their methodical senses satisfied till they hear the lines delivered something after this style:

"O God, exclamation point, O God, exclamation point, how weary, comma, stale comma, flat comma, and unprofitable, seem to me all the uses of this world, period; and will you notice, ladies and gentlemen, my index finger is properly turned inward on the upward gesture, a peculiarity of my dear old friend, the Prince, while the concentrated fire in my right eye is a perfectly correct illustration of a premonition of mental aberration. How is that, umpire? May I proceed with the part?"

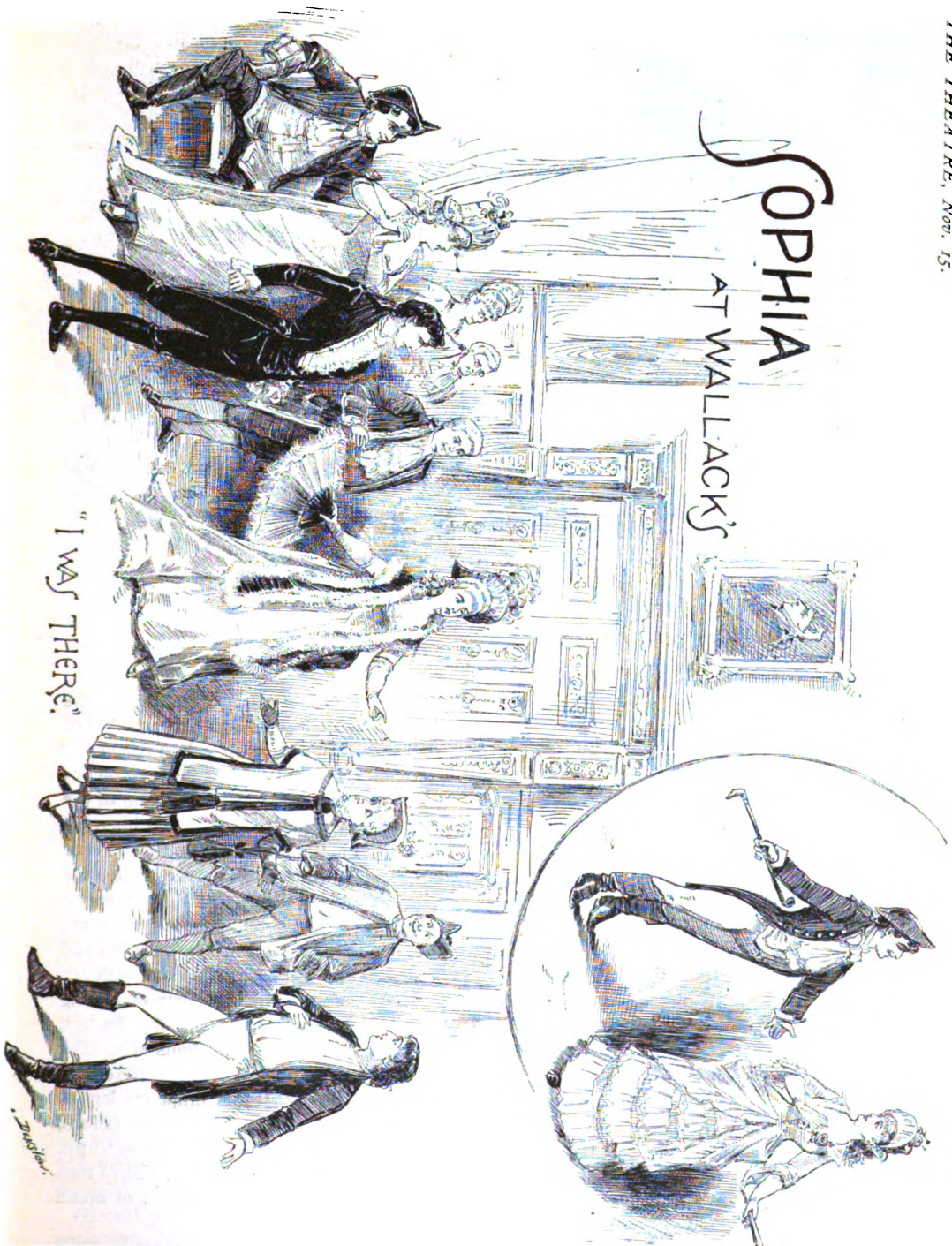
Each time that Edwin Booth plays in New York before the very best and largest audiences that any actor can convene, a number of selfish, egotistical, narrow-minded unknowns consider it their professional duty to address the enthusiastic multitudes and try to prove that Mr. Booth is just about the crudest dramatic artist outside of a Brooklyn amateur society. Thus are we taught that vivified magnificence angers a small soul; that true greatness will always be antagonized by the jealous, the bilious and the conceited.

A man should not permit himself to be too wonderful if he desires the complete acclamation of his contemporaries. It probably makes a hen very mad to see an eagle soaring near the clouds, whereas it will rub bills with a splay-footed duck and consider her quite a jolly old girl. Mediocrity will slip through the world as though it were greased, and at the end of the journey may cry out, "O, what a big boy am I." No one will take the trouble to deny it. But when a grandly clever man, a perfectly beautiful woman, anyone, in fact, who is surely and munificently gifted, claims critical attention, it is then that the long, oracular finger comes out of the fog of personal envy, and with it a voice, saying, "How dare you exist? Have thyself shot, for thou art obtrusive."

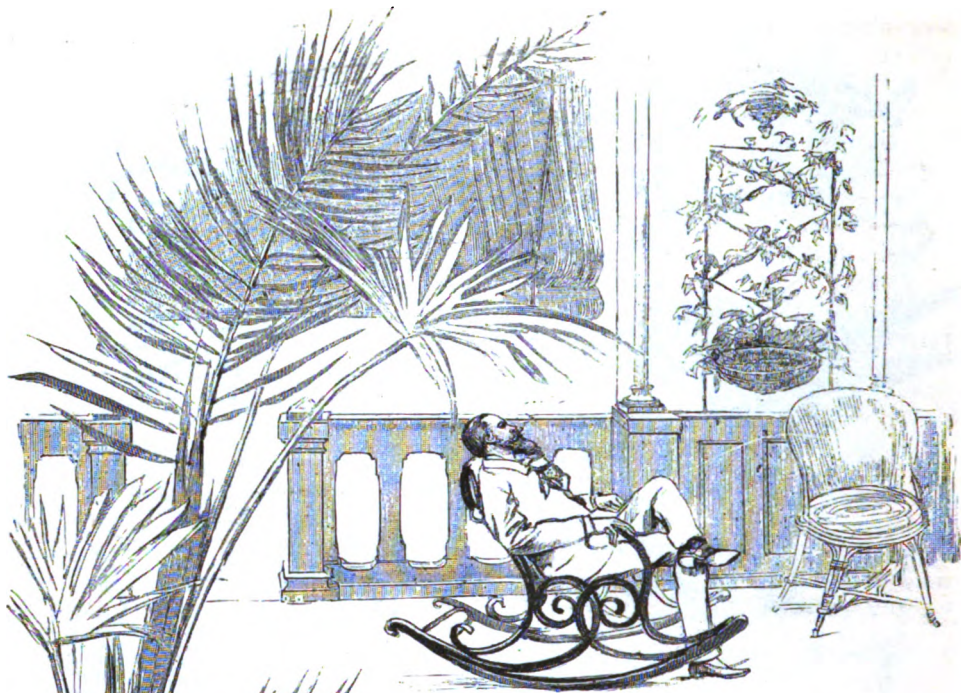
The man who will find fault with the acting of Edwin Booth would probably murder his grandmother. His blood must be made of benzine, and his soul must be like one of those little red balloons that squeak when the air is let out of them. Booth has an eye like a hawk's, a voice trained to the perfect expression of every emotion. He was never known to rant, to tear passion to tatters; he does not stalk about like a thing of springs, nor roll his eyes as an illustration of frenzy; he does not fling his arms into the air and stamp his foot when he recites a simple blank verse "yes" or "no." But when he does work up from the dignified level of calmness through increasing intensity of passion, he always attains the very most magnificent height of tragic force. Not like a brute, a maddened bull, but with the fearful, awe-inspiring energy of a perfectly-poised actor, an intellectual being, a complete man. Then his eye flashes with a terrible fierceness, the whole heart and soul of the man speaks through it, and nothing is lacking, absolutely nothing, voice, presence, force, everything is there in most intensely artistic array. How can any American say this is not so? Why are we not all glad and proud that we have the best actor in the world? No, there must always be some dissatisfied carpers. Nothing can be created perfect enough to receive unanimous approval. But, happily, Mr. Booth is given his due by all save a minute, morbid minority. If any member of this minority undertook to play *Hamlet*, he would probably be hooted from the stage for an incomprehensible idiot. But he will continue to tell Edwin Booth how to play it as long as the people who employ him supply him with pen, ink and paper.

Westmoreland.

SOPHIA AT WALLACK'S



"I WAS THERE!"



MODESTY IN ART.

A REVERIE.

THERE are excellent persons in the world — persons whose opinions we do not look upon invariably with lack of respect — that entertain peculiar ideas as to the meaning of morality in art. The painting of the nude is abhorrent to them. Too liberal a display of ankle on the stage nearly succeeds in driving them in horror from their seats. The bronze statue of a woman, without the usual adornment of a bustle, a gown, and a seal-skin sacque, fires their brains with unholy thoughts. They are apt to be very good people — the sort of people who imbibe tea and cold meats on Sunday evenings and assist their digestions with Dr.

Watts's hymns. There may be a few Turtuffles and Joseph Surfaces among them — hypocrites that conceal the wolf's fangs under the lamb's skin. In fact, harsh experience with the world goes to show that hypocrisy abounds in it. But we are charitable enough to believe that most of our modest and moral brethren are really, at heart, as sweet as the milk in a cocoanut. If they drape the legs of their pianos with Turkish trousers, what of it? Severe training in puritanism, ethical traditions and prejudices of a pronounced sort, have taught them to put faith in what the majority of us regard as fallacy. It takes various kinds of men

to make a world: imagine what the world would be if, all things being on a level of broad common sense, we should not be able to disagree with one another!

The progenital conception of pure morality in art may be found in the first chapter of the Bible. Adam and Eve came into the world without clothing. There were no tailor-shops in

those days, and why? Because the nude in nature (and, by inference, in art) was a matter of course. . . Because there was nothing that we could call morality or immorality, because there was nothing that we could call modesty. Now, it is a plain statement of logic that if Adam and Eve, without clothing, were types of fine artistic and moral nature, then immodesty in art is only suggested when we put clothes on our statues and piano-legs.

We do not assume for an instant that our argument will convince those who fail to see this profound subject with our eyes that we are right and they are wrong. On the contrary, as art and science progress (it might be added that there was not people enough in the days of Adam and Eve to support a tailor-shop any how: but this does not effect this argument), the excessive modesty of our good, puritanical friends takes deeper root. Only recently we were invited to observe a copy of one of the famous modern statues—the marble figure of a Greek woman—and, much to our amazement, we found her chaste limbs (we hesitate to write “legs”) swathed in æsthetic robes. And, the other day, in the great and civilized city of Buffalo, a rich citizen invited a large party of friends to his house, where he had promised to exhibit his latest acquisition in art, a celebrated painting of the nude. The subject of the painting was a beautiful “female.” The value of the work (or what was paid for it by the eminent citizen of Buffalo) was \$25,000. The owner, however, has convictions of his own. He objected to the nude, and he felt that the painting did not cover ground enough. In this judgment he had, apparently, the moral and practical support of his family, including his sisters and his cousins and his aunts. He had carefully stitched upon the artist’s canvas a costly lace which, in all the glory of realism, swept from the painted woman’s shapely neck downward. The picture was one-third paint and two-thirds dress. Here was a magnificent illustration of modesty in art, not to speak of that vivid imagination which could apply so effectively the resources of the loom to those of the brush.

Nevertheless, we are loath to give up our point that the moral nude is the highest

morality: that our Creator knew better than we what is inherently, spontaneously, necessarily moral. And, furthermore, there is a distinction between the nude and the naked: there is a distinction between *Rosalind*, in her doublet and hose, and a burlesque actress whose genius is in her multicolored tights.

But we admit that, from all points of view, the Statue of Liberty is a moral work of art.

Montgomery.

BOTH SIDES OF THE CURTAIN.

PHILOSOPHERS, and cynics too, for that matter, declare that prophets who foresee disaster are better pleased than are the seers whose happy guesses at the future are realized. The “Man in the Street” belongs to neither category, as he is no prophet; but on a recent occasion he tried to comfort a despairing actress who groaned over the arrival here of some half-dozen foreign musical and dramatic companies, by hinting that some of them might have to return home before Christmas. Three of these organizations are already packing their traps for a return trip to Europe, while two others are debating the wisdom of fighting adversity abroad or at home. Signor Angelo’s Italian Opera Company broke up in most admired disorder, and boarding-house and restaurant keepers in and about Fourteenth street and Irving place are on the ragged edges of despair. The latter gave such expensive orders to the importers of macaroni as to considerably enhance the price of that succulent luxury. Now it is a drug on their hands, and the choice Italian with which they anathemize Signor Angelo would not be tolerated in even the broadest libretto of the Italian stage.

SIGNOR ANGELO’S primary mistake was in coming over here at all. Nobody, it appears, wanted, and even the Italian colony of the city shunned the Academy of Music. His next error was in bringing with him an “average” opera company. New York has been spoiled for average performances, and must have something phenomenal or nothing. His third mistake was in not recognizing the theory of the “survival of the fittest.” In his anxiety to get out of the beaten track, he revived all the operas that had failed here and in Europe during the last twenty years. The one really great opera which he announced was Helevy’s “La Juive,” and this was set down for the very night on which the concern collapsed. Our lively friend, Colonel Mapleson, has been watching Signor Angelo from the other end of the commercial cable, and nobody should be surprised if the veteran *impresario* dashes over

here next January with Christine Nillson and a complete opera company, and captures the laurels Angelo fought for in vain.

MR. HENRY ABBEY, in his Italian Opera venture during the first season of the Metropolitan, lost something over \$200,000. It is an open secret that he is anxious to get that money back again. He announced his engagement of Madam Patti for a season of "operatic concerts," but his prospectus, issued a few days ago, showing that Patti's concerts were virtually to be operas, has caused no little surprise. The knowing ones hint that this is a feeler, and that if Patti commands success in a mixture of concert and opera, the first will be allowed to drop, and the latter to reign supreme. Mr. Abbey has some fine artistes in the persons of Madame Scalchi, Signor Galassi and others, and he could easily pick up a chorus of a hundred, if he determined to attack legitimate opera. If this be Mr. Abbey's plan, and Colonel Mapleson brings Nillson in January, Italian Opera will prove to have considerable vitality about it still.

MISS VIOLET CAMERON closed her inglorious and profitless engagement at the Casino on Saturday night, and in a very short time will be returning to the native land which she bitterly regrets ever having left. She has cancelled all her out town engagements, and refuses even to fill one or two made for her in other theatres in this city. There was some talk last week of reviving "The Mascot," of which she was the original in London, but the prima-donna got thoroughly disheartened and refused all overtures made to her. For a young woman of twenty-three, Miss Cameron has plenty of nerve and coolness, but these deserted her last week, and she broke down completely. She considers herself to have been very hardly used by press and public, and grows bitterly indignant at the charge that the Lonsdale and De Bensaude episodes were pre-arranged advertising schemes. Miss Cameron is not undeserving of sympathy, and those who saw the bright promise of her youth will hardly help saying with *Othello*, "Oh, the pity of it, Iago." Miss Cameron's company are also not undeserving of sympathy. They arrive here strangers in a strange land, for a nine months' season, and find themselves out of engagement after a few weeks. Very few of them will be able to get work here, and their prospects are exceedingly dismal. It is to be hoped that in these circumstances the Right Honorable the Earl of Lonsdale will prove that he has some substantial claims to his titles.

THE ways of actresses are devious and almost unfathomable. Miss Georgia Cayvan is one of the best and most cultured artistes of the day, and yet her methods of doing business

are more than passing strange. Some time ago a dramatic author, at the young lady's own request, sent her a play for perusal. A month afterwards the play was returned to him, accompanied by a letter in the following words: "I have thought that you would have sent for your MSS. or I should not have detained it so long, as I read it at once. A charmingly poetical play, as I remember it now, tho' not pronounced enough in style for the fevered appetites of the day. I am afraid unless you can introduce some dancing or contortion acts for the heroine, or a break-down for the hero, that you must expect little from the public. But, outside of jesting, I thank you for allowing me to read it. Sincerely yours,

GEORGIA CAYVAN."

Now, what the author in question wants to know is whether this letter was dictated by Miss Cayvan's peculiar sense of humor, or whether a young lady whose greatest success was achieved in "May Blossom," has ceased to have faith in other "charmingly poetical plays?"

THE variety stage is not a subject frequently touched in the columns of THE THEATRE. That branch of the drama has its own organs, which, no doubt, are properly appreciated by their patrons. Variety theatres have declined and fallen both here and abroad, and this fact is copiously illustrated by the recent arrival of Mr. "Jolly" Nash, an English comic singer, whose name has been a household word in England for the last thirty years. Until very recent times, Mr. Nash was the swell music hall artist, sang at five or six houses each evening, getting a handsome salary from each, and going his rounds in his own private brougham. Now he is compelled, if not contented to sing at matinees in local beer gardens, to draw one salary and move about on foot or in the democratic horse car. Yet Mr. Nash is a thorough gentleman, a punctilious man of business, and sings as well as ever. But the times have changed, and the tastes of the public with them.

THE Casino management have prepared a tremendous "boom" for the return of their own company to-night, though it hardly needed any extraneous effort, as the public will welcome "Erminie" back with open arms. The Messrs. Aronson are going to out-do themselves in honor of the home-coming of their artistes. Miss Pauline Hall will have more flowers than her carriage will hold, and Mr. Francis Wilson will get a reception such as will test the foundations of the Casino. The Violet Cameron company did not visit New York in vain, seeing that it will teach our play-goers to appreciate native merit.

The Man in the Street.



SCENES FROM "JACK," AS PRESENTED AT WALLACK'S.

MODJESKA IN "LES CHOUANS."

MR. PAUL POTTER'S English version of M. Berton's dramatization of one of Balzac's early novels, was presented at the Union Square Theatre, Wednesday night, under the title "Les Chouans," with Madame Modjeska in the character of a woman spy, who falls in love with the man she seeks to destroy. The story of the play is this: *Marie de Vernient*, the daughter of an executed Royalist, is sent by Fouché to lure the Chouan chief, *De Montauran*, into the hands of the Republicans. She falls in love with him, and he falls in love with her. After saving his life, he is by a jealous woman made to appear the means of his and his friends' deliverance into the enemies' hands. He believes her to be an adventuress, and in a most brutal and cowardly manner offers her as a present to a Chouan ruffian—but from his clutches she is saved. Even after this she forgives him, a marriage is determined upon, and just a few moments before its consummation she is again forced to believe his falsity through the medium of *Corentin*, a spy, and once more deter-

mines to deliver him in the hands of the enemy. She finds her mistake too late. She is shot while in disguise, and he is executed.

Now there is a great deal in this play. It is at times too complex and inconsistent, but the plot, the lines, and the ingenuity of the suspense is dramatic in the extreme. On its first representation, however, the full force of the play is not brought out. Much of the language was chewed unmercifully, and lines which might have been given with great force by *Hulot*, for instance, fell flat. But altogether the company worked remarkably well, and with practice, will considerably improve the interest of the piece. Madame Modjeska acted with brilliancy, and her realism was often painful. Her costumes were certainly triumphs of art, and this with the general perfectness of detail in the costumes of the rest of the company, served to make, with the superb scenery, some beautiful stage pictures. Mr. Barrymore was pleasant to gaze upon, and appeared as though he had just stepped out of an old French painting; but I shall have more to say of this important production next week. D. W.



THE LEADING MAN'S LAMENT.

MANY strange parts I have played in my
day,
Comic, and tragic, and sad,
With burly old stagers and amateurs gay.
Barnstorming, jays, and damsels passé,
Maidens who wanted to be the whole play.
Experiences I have had.

With Rankin I've howled in "The Dan-
ites" of old,
Screamed through "The Romany Rye,"
Stood in "Two Orphans," the snow and
the cold;
Played "Monte Christo" immense, I am
told;
"Daniel Rochat," too, was once my best
hold —
There's where I made 'em all cry.





I've played with the strangest old freaks you could get,
Stars that were given to jaw;
But never before in my life, you can bet,
Have I had such a horrible task for me set.
For I'm cast to play Romeo, while Juliet
Alas! is my mother-in-law.

E. D. Pierson.

THE "LEADING MAN" REVIEWED.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE :

PERMIT me to be heard upon the subject of "C. M. S. M." article in the current issue of your valued journal, *The Leading Man*.

The writer of this is a close observer -- has traveled in other countries, and it is his boast that his judgment is unfettered by narrow prejudices.

The reason why "this is a great country for the British delineator of the noble dramatic art" is obviously one of cause and effect. We have to-day in America more real dramatic talent than any other country is possessed of -- that it is in some respects crude, is a fault, directly at the door of the purveyors of dramatic excitement -- by a generous license called *Managers*.

With but singular exceptions their sole claim to legitimate recognition as such, is based solely upon close commercial judgment backed by capital. Independent artistic conception he is a natural stranger to -- and the last decade has given us many such. Through their ignorance, their lack of judgment, they have robbed us -- the public, of the merit they were wont to look for in the playhouse -- the actor, by stunting his legitimate growth.

What chance is offered to the development of talent in America to-day? What is there to do for the actor, who after a severe apprenticeship, has mastered the technique of stage, and aided by natural talent, made good use of the opportunities he once *surely* found, and made name and position for himself? None -- or if any, little.

The fault that we are not productive, that we create few new men -- new plays -- lies directly at the door of our "manager." (?) He is no manufacturer -- no creator -- *he* deals only in manufactured articles of commerce -- he cannot produce young Mr. Brilliant's comedy, for he has not been informed by the cable columns of the daily press that "it was received with enthusiasm in London," -- hence it has no value *to him*. This same rule governs his actions with "Leading men." Who shall say there are no undiscovered Charles R. Thornes in our country? Did you ever think how long it took the public -- through the manager -- to discover Charles R. Thorne? Can you not recall that he played, here in the city for several odd seasons with little or no recognition? that he again and again sought a foothold in the metropolis, and secured it only at last through the unusual intelligence of the manager who placed him at the head of a powerful company at the Union Square Theatre?

Accident plays too important a rôle in the career of the actor in America to-day. The American leading man is neglected for his English cousin, because England offers more encouragement to authors and to actors; native productions there are more frequent -- actors consequently are seen more -- are permitted to *do* more -- and becoming identified with success, where success is less problematical, are often brought -- sometimes sent for -- and finding here a new mecca, easily adopt us and our dollars, and our own talent is left to flourish or decay as *accident* determines.

We have only one Augustin Daly, one A. M. Palmer. A Henry Irving, a Wilson Barrett, and a Charles Wyndham, might do much for us.

I take issue with 'C. M. S. M.' "Americans of education and breeding," *do* often enter the dramatic profession quite as often as in other countries; he simply has more to encounter and overcome. I dispute his assertion that "when he does his talent shoots way over what is called "leading business," and challenge proof of such a single instance.

H. L.

— Dr. Holmes remarked in his poem to the Harvard Alumni :

For never thought but left its stiffened trace,
Its fossil footprints on the plastic face,
As the swift record of a raindrop stands,
Fixed on the tablet of the hardening sands.

The thought that is now leaving its fossil footprints on the plastic face of the average Rialto tragedian is how to redeem that faded ulster with which to thwart the swift record of the coming snow drop.



THE WEEK

"SOPHIA" AT WALLACKS.

It was a rather singular ambition in Mr. Robert Buchanan to write a play like "Sophia." Dramatists, except those who compose historical or purely poetic works, do not make it their rule to deal with dead issues and dead methods. "Sophia" might have been written a hundred years and more ago. It has the pert air of an eighteenth-century comedy, and also the artifice and something of the artificiality that were frequently confounded by some of our ancestors with human nature. There is also, inevitably, a touch of later sentimental comedy (as one finds it, for example, in "The School for Scandal," and "The Jealous Wife") in "Sophia." We do not mean to be understood as blaming Mr. Buchanan for what may be called his retrospective work. It seems merely odd that a living writer of comedy should be tempted to dig so far back for his subject. It will not be denied that there is a broad field for comedy in our own day. We, the living, may lack picturesqueness of costume and manner; but, ten-fold more than our progenitors in knee-breeches and cocked hats, we possess picturesqueness of humanity. Frail and absurd mortality was never so varied, so complex and interesting as it is to-day. And yet there is no such thing, strictly speaking, as contemporary English comedy. The skill that Mr. Buchanan has put into "Sophia," would have been considerably more effective, would have come much nearer home to us, if it had been applied to a live subject.

As it is, a performance of this piece at Wallack's excites both the gentle sympathy and the reposeful satisfaction that are excited by Mr. Wallack's revivals. We are assured that it is good taste and good form to admire these revivals, even when they seem abnormally dull; in the same spirit, it would be inadvisable not to admire "Sophia." And, for that matter, Mr. Buchanan has done some bright and clever work in this play. His dialogue is fairly entertaining, his characters are tolerably distinct and neatly contrasted, and his story is told with clearness,

dramatic effect and ingenious situation. If the tale drags occasionally, it is because there is a lack of marked vitality in it. The observer will scarcely fail to observe certain resemblances between "Sophia" and "The School for Scandal." *Tom Jones* is the prototype of *Charles Surface*, *Sophia* of *Lady Teazle*, and *Bliffl* of *Joseph Surface*. On the whole, we think that Sheridan has the better of the bargain. He stole frankly from Fielding's novel; he made no effort to "purify" it, and adapt it to harmless theatrical form. Mr. Buchanan has certainly purified *Tom Jones*, but he has also failed to suggest in a remote manner the racy quality of that remarkable romance.

"Sophia" will owe its success at Wallack's chiefly to the excellent performance given by leading members of Mr. Wallack's company, and to a very careful and pleasing presentation of the work in other respects. Mr. Bellew is hardly wild or dashing enough for *Tom Jones*, but he has caught much of the spirit of the character, and his acting is marked by thoughtful purpose and high spirit. Mr. Henley as *Bliffl*, Mr. Charles Groves as *Partridge*, Mr. Harry Edwards as *Squire Western*, and Miss Annie Robe as *Sophia*, act together brightly and harmoniously. Miss Katherine Rogers, however, appears to find pleasure in the cultivation of an absurd method of speech. It does no credit to an actress of her intelligence and experience. A special word of praise should be given to Miss Kate Bartlett, who makes a clever foil to the *Partridge* of Mr. Groves.

G. E. M.

MISS FORTESCUE AS FROU-FROU.

MISS FORTESCUE, whose engagement at the Lyceum Theatre continues to be tolerably pleasant and prosperous, and who will remain there until the arrival of Miss Dauvray, is a pretty and ambitious young woman—and, it must be confessed reluctantly, not much more than that. She has now been seen here in two somewhat exacting characters: *Gretchen*, in M. Gilbert's play, and *Gilberte* in "Frou Frou." One is simple and poetic; the other is complex and realistic. *Frou-Frou* (or *Gilberte*), is

a charming character for an actress of peculiar training, delicate method, exquisite refinement and genuine passion. The extremes of youthful gayety and morbid emotion are illustrated in her vacillating and unhappy life. An actress like Modjeska, or Ellen Terry, or Bernhardt, might be counted upon safely to express the truth, the humanity of such a character. But there is not a particle of the actual *Frou-Frou* in Miss Fortescue's affected, insincere, and crude performance. Miss Fortescue means only too well, and she is quite intelligent up to a certain point. But neither her intelligence nor her fragile bit of talent, serves her seriously in so airy a nothing, and yet so sweet and sympathetic a thing, as the volatile, the brainless, the pathetic *Frou-Frou*. It is not extravagant to suggest that, in normal circumstances, Miss Fortescue's acting would excite no deeper feeling than indifference. But she is a (we repeat) pretty woman, and, we believe, a very honest person; moreover, she is English, and she carries her advertisement in her hands.

The entire performance given at the Lyceum Theatre is a singular and excessively British travesty. "*Frou Frou*" has been charmingly done in New York on many occasions. It has been done, too, with all the vivacity, all the lightness and brilliancy, all the ease and grace, which belong to the stage of Paris. But plum-pudding itself is not heavier than the "*Frou Frou*" of Miss Fortescue and her cockney associates. Such an absolute lack of sympathy with the spirit of a play whose texture has the quality of fine-spun silk, could not have been imagined here if it had not been made real to us. It is all wool and cotton, imported from London.

G. E. M.

MR. VAN DER STÜCKEN'S SYMPHONIC CONCERTS.

LAST Thursday evening, Nov. 4, the initial concert of the series at Chickering Hall, was given before a large and select audience. The opening number was Robert Volkmann's symphony in D minor, and was listened to with interest, but it awakened little enthusiasm.

A symphony, in order to appeal to the sympathies of the musical public, must show originality in the treatment of the themes, as we find in the works of Beethoven, or the themes themselves must be of such a nature as to rivet the attention, as do those of Schumann. We sometimes find these two features happily combined, as in the beautiful symphony by Goetz. In the work by Volkmann, we find them as simple and compact as are those of Beethoven, but in the treatment the writer

seems to give us an elaborate essay upon the possibilities of his subjects, instead of imparting to us his innermost convictions, or confiding to us his heartfelt emotions. "Fritzjof at his Father's Grave," scene for baritone solo and French chorus, was admirably rendered by M. Heinrich and the ladies of Mr. Van Der Stücken's Chorus Society, and showed very careful training. This work is something in the style of Schumann's Ballads for soli chorus and orchestra, and gives to the composer a wide scope and freedom for suggesting the scenes of the poem by music undisturbed and unassisted by stage accessories. It seems as though to obtain the proper effect a composition of this kind should be heard in a darkened room, so that nothing might disturb the images as they rise before the mind's eye.

Beethoven's works are to us a continual source of disappointment. We go expecting to be pleased and come away enthusiastic. The themes are announced with no unusual flourish of trumpets, but are presented in a modest, unassuming manner. They grow continually in interest and strength till at last we realize that none but a master could compel a simple sentence to say so much. The concerto in E minor for pianoforte and orchestra so often heard and yet ever fresh, is one of the most interesting specimens of thematic development we have from the pen of this composer. The pianoforte part was brilliantly performed by Mr. Richard Hoffman.

Ophelia, Symphonic Poem by Mr. E. A. MacDowell, a representative American composer, was rendered with great taste and feeling. We believe that without any prejudice on our part (never having seen the gentleman), it is no more than his just due, to state that the above work, in the originality of its themes, their treatment and instrumentation, is equal to that of any similar works by foreign composers we have lately heard. It is really a luxury to find an American conductor, who, although a composer himself, does not consider it his duty to suppress the works of brother artists, but on the contrary, does what he can for their advancement, and we feel assured that Mr. Van der Stücken will in the future see the fruits of his labors.

The Water Nymph, for alto solo, and Female Chorus by Rubenstein, is a very pleasing work. The solo was well sung by Miss Helen D. Campbell.

The Rhapsodie Auvergne, by Saint-Saens and orchestra (pianist Mrs. Hoffman), is a very brilliant working up of what is evidently some Volk melodies so severely simple, that we can almost imagine some future American composer revealing to us the yet undeveloped beauties of that little *Volkstied* "Shoo Fly." The concert concluded with Heinrich Hoffmann's "In the Puszia," from the "Hungarian Suite."

We wish Mr. Vander der Stücken every success, and congratulate him on the very favorable prospects for the coming season.

THE JILT.



GROFF.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT, made his first appearance in New York this season at the Standard Theatre, on Oct. 30, in his sporting comedy, "The Jilt." The support consisted of several English importations, and for the rest, the company which played at the Star Theatre this spring when the play was produced in New York city for the first time.

The scenery was entirely new and very perfect.

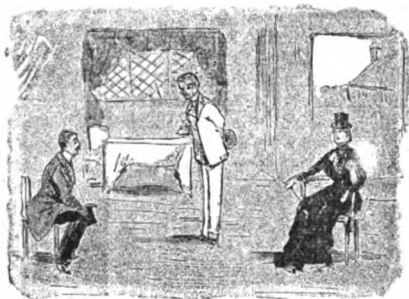
The audience was appreciative, and called the author before the curtain several times, but they were not always quick to see the subtle touches of humor, and many a fine point was passed unrecognized and unapplauded.

Myles O'Hara, a Gentleman Rider, and Prophet of the Turf, is a part we never wish to see impersonated by any other than the author of "The Jilt."

Myles O'Hara modestly portrays himself as

"A poor, broken-down adventurer, penniless, homeless—a Bohemian in the city—a vagabond in the shires." "I live in one poor room, that I may save money enough to pay for the keep of Ballinahinch."

(An Irish race-horse, his only property, which he rides for the stakes).



But he has a soft heart, and is honest and manly; he wins in the end the hand of *Kitty Woodstock*.

Myles comes to *Budleigh Abbot's* to find a certain *Sir Marcus Wylie*, who is stopping there. He walks into the drawing-room unannounced, and in the doorway encounters *Kitty*, who is running out, and who plunges into his arms.

"You present yourself without much ceremony!" remarks *Sir Marcus*, who is in the room.
"Egad, sir!" replies *Myles*. "It was the most delightful ceremony I ever encountered."

Later on in the play we find the situation of *Sir Budleigh*, embraced by his sister and wife, one on either side.

"Haw! haw! haw!" he cries to *Myles*. "I say, *O'Hara*, women are wonderful things. I don't understand them, do you? D'ye see how I am buried?"

"Yes, and I'd die this minute to get such a funeral!"

Is the very Boucicaultist rejoinder.

Yes, truly Boucicaultique! You remember in "Jessie Brown," when *Stevie* and *Cassidy* appear in the interior of the Hindoo Temple, after a journey through a subterraneous passage from a mine, they find *Jessie Brown* in the Temple, *Cassidy* says: "The road was mighty dirty, but the view at the end of it is worth the walk."

And again, in the "Shaughran," after *Conn* has related how he was run away with by Squire Foley's mare, his mother says: "Do you know you'll get five months in jail for that!"

"Begorra it's worth it," is the Irish view the wild lad takes of the matter.

**

Myles finds *Kitty*, after she hears of *Lord Marcus's* treachery, crying in distress on her knees at the sofa. He offers his assistance.



"What could you do?"

"I don't know—Do you want anybody killed?"

He asks for explanations.

"I have been deceived, and by such a serpent."

"(One of your ancestors made the same complaint. It runs in the female family.)"

**

He sacrifices his horse, his own reputation, to save *Kitty's* sister-in-law from disgrace, and he loses his heart on *Kitty*. Yet he dares not make advances. It is, therefore, for *Kitty* to give him the lead over the fence, and dialogue such as only Boucicault can write, leads him on. Yet, he dares not.

"Think of who and what you are," he says—"think of the extreme distance between us."

"Extremes meet sometimes."

And a few more lines, and he has won the heiress!

**

Kitty Woodstock, sister of *Sir Budleigh*, is a great Yorkshire heiress. She is full of animal spirits, fond of riding and hunting. Beloved by brother, uncle, cousin, servants, horses, and dogs, as well as by the ignoble *Sir Marcus*—the villain of the piece—who hopes to marry her for her fortune—he being the son of a penniless duke. But *Kitty* does not altogether like his constant approaches. She does not like to be

"Followed about with a box of sweets, as children try to catch birds by putting a pinch of salt on their tails."

She is a sensible girl, and asks *Sir Marcus*:

"Why cannot a girl have a friend without spoiling him into a lover? Is she denied all open-hearted companionship with your sex? Must it all drift into this inevitable, selfish, vulgar conclusion? You men cannot understand the offence of it, and how degraded a girl feels when she discovers that she has no business in the world excepting as an object to be made love to!"

I wonder if *Kitty's* sentiments represent the whole sex?



She is a bright girl, too, and when *Geoff* says to her: "If *Myles O'Hara* would only look over this book and put me straight, he could make my fortune," she innocently queries: "Has he made his own?" The house came down at this last Saturday night.

Kitty is a well-drawn character; more finished than the other women in the piece.

Sometimes Mr. Boucicault is nothing loth to introduce catch sentences into the dialogue of his personages inconsistent with their characters.

It is very funny to hear *Kitty* say, when *Geoff* states that his college friend, *Beecher*, who owes him some money, has given him his book, "Oh, has he written a book?" but it is quite improbable that, having been brought up in companionship with *Sir Budleigh*, and in the atmosphere of his stables, that *Kitty* would be so ignorant on such a score.



Phyllis Welter, Mrs. *Welter's* seventeen-year-old daughter,

"Cradled in a manger, passed her childhood on horseback, and, before arriving at her teens, became the spoiled child of the hunting field,"

is an unsophisticated wild child of nature.

Lady Millicent asks her:

"Have you met no one whose presence stirred your heart as if a breeze had whispered through its cords?—whose voice renders yours breathless?"

"Ah!" she knows all about that. Mr. *Spooner* reads to *Kitty* and me out of the "Idyls of the King," as we lie out under the cedars. Oh yes! love is lovely in poetry, and Tennyson makes it divinely. . . . We adore the *Idyls*. We named the peacock *Launcelot*, and one of the pigs is called *Maud*, because she was always coming into the garden."

But *Phyllis* learns very soon that she knows something more of love than that in poetry. And the scene where *Colonel Tudor* informs her that there is talk about her and his son *Geoff*, and her mother explains that she is too old to keep company with the boy, and *Phyllis* learns that she never knew until that moment how much she loved him, is truly pathetic—a graceful piece of writing.

The public are always tickled at the sight of an eccentric English curate; their appetite was not entirely appeased by the "Private Secretary." Mr. Boucicault recognizes their demand, and gives them the *Rev. Mr. Spooner*. And Mr. *Spooner's* eccentricity lies in his near sightedness. He presents a bouquet, intended for *Kitty Woodstock*, with whom he is hopelessly in love, to Mrs. *Pincott*, the housekeeper. He commences a homily on the servile classes' passion for horse-racing to *Sir Marcus Wylie*, and does not desist when *Wylie's*



place is first taken by *James*, the footman, who offers him a cup of tea, and afterward by Mr. *O'Hara*.

Besides these characters, we have *Sir Budleigh Woodstock*, a Yorkshire baronet of great wealth and ancient lineage; *Colonel Tudor*, *Geoffrey Tudor*, an Eton boy; Mr. *James Daisy* (an early bird, stable secrets always on hand, odds given and taken); *Lady Millicent*, the jilt, bride of *Sir Budleigh*, a celebrated London belle; Mrs. *Welter*, a trainer of race-horses—Yorkshire in petticoats.

According to the Boucicault pattern, the first two acts are mild, and without much action. But the action increases as the plot thickens. It is absorbing in the third act: a room in Mrs. *Welter's* racing stable; and wildly exciting in the fourth act, which is a tent on the race-course. This is indeed, with its rapid unfolding of events, its quickly succeeding tableaux, an act such as few men to-day, save Boucicault, can write.

The fifth act we are back again in the morning-room of *Budleigh Abbot's*, the action pauses, and a few minutes serves to end the play—a most satisfactory end.

A Man with a High Hat.

GERMAN OPERA.

THE season of German Opera opened last Monday evening with Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba." The sale of seats in advance has been so great that all the best seats even in the family circle have been subscribed for the entire season.

The voices were all very powerful, and with one or two exceptions possessed none of that unfortunate tremolo which characterizes so many of the Italian vocalists.

Goldmark, like Rubinstein, both of Jewish descent, have shown great preference for Oriental subjects, and have been extremely felicitous in their treatment—Goldmark's overture, based upon the Indian legend, "Sakuntala," being one of the most beautiful orchestral pieces in modern repertoires. It is difficult to predict the exact position which the "Queen of Sheba" will take in the music-dramatical literature of the world, for we are only able at present to classify it relatively. We can see that in dramatic form it is constructed after the models left by Wagner, with the occasional admission of an appropriate cadenza suggestive of the Italian school. The plot reminds one of "Tannhauser" in some particulars, but the contrasting elements are not so strong, nor do the themes have that inherent potency which characterize the *Leitmotive* of Wagner.

The orchestration is beautiful and appropriate throughout, and at times give evidence of unusual inspiration, as in the sand-storm music.

THE THEATRE.

♦♦. The third season of the New York School of Acting opens this month. Franklin H. Sargent is Director. David Belasco, stage manager of the Lyceum Theatre, Mme. Malvina, of Daly's, and many other prominent professionals are instructors. Intending applicants, or others desiring information, should write at once to Mr. F. H. SARGENT, Hotel Albert, 42 East 11th street, New York City.

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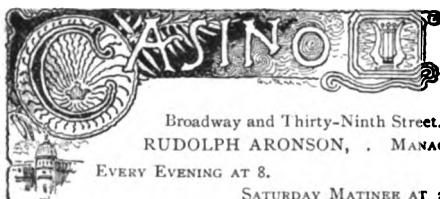
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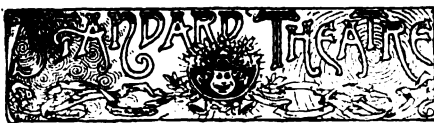


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THE THEATRE.

VOL. II, No. 10.

NOVEMBER 22, 1886.

WHOLE No. 36



EDWIN BOOTH AS *IAGO*.

"This is the night that either makes me or fordoes me quite."—*Act V.*

THE THEATRE: AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF
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*** The Editor solicits contributions from the readers of *THE THEATRE*, and suggests that old play bills, and scraps relating to the stage, notes, news and items appertaining to the different arts, would be acceptable. It is the desire of the Editor to establish a widely circulated magazine, and to further that end every good idea will be acted upon so far as possible.

*** All articles appearing in *THE THEATRE* are written especially for it unless credited otherwise.

Last Week's Circulation, 13,800 Copies.

DRIFT.

THE opera of "Aida" has been placed upon the stage at the Metropolitan Opera House, in a manner that has defied the descriptive powers of the critics of the daily press, apparently, and the audience crowd the doors on every occasion of its production. It is only truth to say that thousands of people who have endeavored to secure seats, have either been unable because all have been previously sold, or else the speculators have them in hand at prices beyond their reach. Now, then, why not produce these popular operas oftener? Why can they not be performed several times a week, and the prices so reduced and guarded as to put them within the means of people of limited income—for it is among these we find the most desire to hear the best music. It is a pity that the class who are the intelligent builders of the times; who mould and fashion the good of our country, and upon whom the industry and welfare of the land relies, are of necessity unable to gratify their progressive desires, because the lessons which would teach and help them, can only be paid for by the rich. Go to the opera any night and you will find the boxes filled with a dazzling array of dress and vanity that garbs a large class of people who do not comprehend what they are paying for, and who pass most of their time dawdling with idle frummery and gazing about the house in search of an audience for themselves. Outside the walls, in their humble homes, are music teachers, scholars of music, artists, students in literature, etc., who

would gladly give two or three dollars for a seat. It seems to me that more frequent performances and easier prices would give the management ample returns.

COLONEL HENRY MAPLESON says that Madame Marie Roze will, at the conclusion of her present engagement with Mr. Carl Rosa, make a tour through the United States, then on to Australia, returning to Europe *via* China and India, and then to Paris, where she will resume her former position at the Grand Opera, Paris.

I OBSERVE, by the way, that Mr. Charles Mapleson is in New York, but his visit has been kept unusually quiet; no newspaper interviews, and very little seen of him at the theatres.

A SERIES of morning performances are shortly to be given in London, with a view to instruct and amuse the people with what it was the popular taste was gratified about 100 years ago on the British stage. It is proposed to reproduce only the extraordinary successes of those days. The following plays among others are suggested: Matthew Lewis's "Castle Spectre," and "Wood Demon," Sotherne's "Oroonoko," Coleman's "Mountaineers," Murphy's "Upholsterer," and "Grecian Daughter," Steele's "Tender Husband" and "Conscious Lovers," Lillo's "London Merchant," better known as "George Barnwell," Rowe's "Jane Shore" and "Fair Penitent," Bickerstaffe's "Lionel and Clarissa," Dr. Moore's "Foundling," Cibber's "Lady's Last Stake," and "She Would and She Would Not," Hughes' "Siege of Damascus," Pocock's "Miller and His Men," Sheridan's version of Kotzebue's "Pizarro."

MR. SAVILLE CLARKE, a well-known London writer, has written a play on the subject of "Alice in Wonderland," which is to be brought forward during the Christmas season at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, for the especial entertainment of children. It is a pity we can not have something of the sort done here. In

England the children are always provided with a feast of good things at the theatre during holiday time.

**

I UNDERSTAND that Mr. Aronson was not altogether dissatisfied with the engagement of the Cameron company. The first week's receipts were nearly \$8,000, and the average was nearly \$5,000. Some of the out-of-town managers cancelled their contracts, and if it had not been for the persistent and repeated exaggerations published in certain newspapers that she was playing to almost nothing, and that she and her company were below mediocrity, she would have gone her way rejoicing. The fact is she is an admirable actress. She is refined, on the stage at least, and her manners are very attractive. As for her company, it has more talent than our best average of the kind in this country.

**

SOME photographs of George Francis Train displayed in a Broadway window last week show what might be the head and shoulders of a magnificent looking negro, so stained has he become by sitting out-of-doors. This once brilliant speaker and promising man contents himself now by doing nothing beyond entertaining the children who flock about his seat on a bright day in Madison Square. He still has a wonderfully good physique, although he never eats meat of any kind. In a published interview I had with him in 1875, he said to me: "Did you ever hear of a cattle graveyard — a cow Mt. Auburn, or a sheep Greenwood Cemetery? Mankind is the graveyard of the animals that die! And in addition to all his own diseases, he takes unto himself all the diseases of animals which he eats!"

**

IN the course of a very entertaining article in the *Contemporary Review*, Henry Finck writes:

It is to be regretted that the drinking of ice-water is one of the "Americanisms" which are yearly becoming more prevalent in Europe. In America ice-water is always the first thing a waiter places before you at breakfast, lunch and dinner; and thousands use it at the first course, as if their stomachs were intended as refrigerators for the food following. This absurd habit ruins the digestion and constitution of thousands, and probably does more harm than all the alcoholic liquors condemned by the temperance fanatics. If American women would drink a pint of harmless light claret in place of ice-water, there would be less anæmia and invalidism among them, fewer pale faces and fragile forms. As for the men, in most countries, the brain-workers, at any

rate, often need wine, and are benefited by it. They live under artificial conditions, and therefore need artificial aid, since brain work weakens the stomach—the brain being a sort of parasite of the body, draining the vital powers and supplying none directly. It is astonishing, by the way, that no one has pointed out the fallacy of the common argument that wine does not benefit the digestion, which is drawn from the fact that in experiments with artificial digestion alcohol seemed rather to retard than to advance it. This is most peculiar logic. The alcohol, in small quantities, aided by the bouquet of the wine, promotes digestion, not by direct chemical action, but by stimulating the nerves to fresh activity, in the same way as we have seen it to be the case with aromatic solid food. In artificial digestion there are no nerves to stimulate; hence the cases are not comparable.

Mr. Matthew Arnold never made a wiser remark than when he wrote that "Wine—used in moderation—adds to the agreeableness of life—for adults at any rate—and whatever adds to the agreeableness of life adds to its resources and powers." That is the philosophy of epicureism in a nutshell. Wine, however, should never be taken before work as a stimulus, but only after work, to prevent the brain from morbidly brooding over its problems or trouble, to insure deep sleep, and to supply the nutritive nerves with extra power.

**

BARTON KEY tells me that he has every reason to be delighted with the result of the three matinee performances of Mrs. Beckett's comedy of "Jack," and is endeavoring to secure a New York theatre for its formal production. As there are some difficulties in the way of obtaining the proper place for it in New York at present, a company is being formed for its representation in other cities. Mr. Eben Plympton's success in the part of *Jack*, was pronounced and important, and a more delightful entertainment or a more enthusiastic audience has seldom happened under Mr. Wallack's roof.

**

I AM asked to tell the author of the following beautiful lines, but I give it up:

Call you this chance? A tiny seed
Is blown by wandering winds that speed
O'er land and sea. On ocean's breast
'T is swept and whirled; then flung to rest
Upon a lonely isle, 'mid reed,

And sedge, and many a straggling weed.
Lo! soon the isle a flowery mead
Becomes, with brilliant blossoms dressed.
Call you this chance?

Will some one inform me?

**

THE Nineteenth Century Club held its first meeting for the season last Monday, at the house of Mrs. Henry Draper, 271 Madison avenue. Mrs. John Sherwood read a paper on the history and aims of the club. The following officers for the year were elected: President, Courtland Palmer; acting president, Daniel G. Thompson; first vice-president, Mrs. John Sherwood; treasurer, F. B. Thurber; secretary, William Travers Jerome.

MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD has arranged to open her course of lectures in the parlors of Mrs. Robert Hoe, Jr., on Wednesday, December 1. Although no formal announcements have been made, Mrs. Sherwood will also present other attractions, among which are Mr. Edward Heron-Allen, the young scientist in palmistry, and Mr. Edward Fales Coward, in readings. Miss Drexel will contribute to the music programmes.

**

I HAVE received the following letter :

DANVILLE, PENN., Nov. 12, '84.

ED. THEATRE :

I may as well try at guessing what will become of Lemuel Barker, as anyone else. I notice in last week's THEATRE, you offer a prize for the best "guess." Lemuel is a sort of millstone, and there is a constant feeling as though one would like to kick him, with all his integrity, but I fancy he's going to marry Miss Carver. Evans is going to die or be too infirm to continue business. Lemuel will succeed him, and once more try a hand at literature, with better success than formerly.

Very respectfully,
H. Wyle.

**

AND here is another from a correspondent who attended "Virginius," at the Third Avenue Theatre :

NOVEMBER 16, 1886.

DEAR TROPHONIUS :

I SHALL really have to get even with you sometime or other on this "Virginius" business. Two agonizing acts left me scarcely enough strength to get out of the theatre. There were five little Micks for a mob, and nearly all were bow-legged, red-headed, and cross-eyed. The man who played *Icolius* was just like Jacques Kruger as *Charlie Duno*. Another actor looked precisely like a parrot and couldn't talk any better than one. There was Sixth Avenue auction room furniture in *Virginius'* house, and the Forum scene was a side-street in Newark, N. J. I tell you honestly, that it was the *worst show that I have ever seen*. The company aggregated the most disreputable gang of Romans that could be scraped up out of the Ninth Ward. There was one exception. The *Virginius* (Miss Blair) seemed fresh as a snowflake. She looked like a sugar-plum tastes. The Prince of Wales couldn't have refused to kiss her, that is, after she had been disinfected of the contamination that surrounded her. I've made up my mind that the worst thing in life is a "jay" with a Roman toga. Warde himself is substantial enough, I suppose, but I can't believe that an actor who will give a classical play in such a wretched manner, is worthy of serious consideration. I think you owe me a good entertainment in payment for your very successful little joke.

Yours faithfully,
C. M. S. McLellan.

**

Now that Mr. Whitelaw Reid has bought the superb Villard mansion, it is expected it will be the scene of some brilliant festivities this winter, as both Mr. and Mrs. Reid desire to return many social obligations.

**

EUROPEAN music is now to be the fashion at the Japanese court. The first European concert ever given in the palace recently took place at Tokio, when the emperor and

empress and all the Court officials further copied Western usage by wearing European costumes.

**

IT is stated that Parisian authors threaten to strike against publishers whom they suspect of not keeping an exact account of the works they sell for an author, or, worse, of clandestinely printing an extra number of copies. Some of the aggrieved propose the formation of a syndicate, to put a stamp on all the volumes printed ; others suggest that authors ought to return to the old plan of signing each book ; while others propose to print their own manuscripts, like Michelet and Hugo.

Trophonius.

SIDNEY WOOLLETT.

MR. A. M. PALMER, director of the Madison Square Theatre, announces that Mr. Sidney Woollett, the celebrated English reader, will begin a series of poetic recitals there on Monday morning, at eleven o'clock, January 3d, 1887. There will be, altogether, six recitals on successive Monday mornings. Mr. Woollett is well known in this city, where he has been heard repeatedly, and his reputation as a refined and delightful interpreter of that kind of literature which command most thought and attention, is substantial among those few who have attained popularity as interpreters of Shakespeare and other great poets, and as brilliant reciters, he has, perhaps, most right to generous recognition. Mr. Woollett won his spurs long before readers like Mr. George Riddle and Mr. Locke Richardson, who now attract a large and appreciative public, were heard of, and in spite of the fact that he is English by birth, Mr. Woollett has been identified for many years with the progress of this country. His home is in Newport, and season after season, he has addressed the most cultured audiences of our Eastern states. Last year he was induced to visit the west for the first time, and he read with marked success, in Chicago and other cities. At present his engagements are particularly onerous, as he is obliged to read in schools, lyceums, public halls, and private houses, many times each week.

Mr. Woollett has, all along, maintained an unimpeachably high literary standard. He has not cheapened his programmes with feeble poems, farcical sketches, oratorical tricks, and vocal gymnastics, to please miscellaneous gatherings. He has

interpreted only the best literature. He has aimed steadfastly in his recitals at intellectual purpose. As long ago as 1875, Wendell Phillips wrote to a friend in Philadelphia: "Woollett is doing wonders here in Boston; the best elements in the city attend his recitations, and all are enthusiastic about him." There is no disagreeable pedantry in Mr. Woollett's reading, and there is no pretension, yet the scholarship is there, since his work is noteworthy for ripe thought, true sympathy, and acute understanding. He is a thoroughly *intelligent* reader, and he has some physical advantages. His appearance is striking, his eye quick and expressive, his voice rich and deep-toned; his enunciation is clear, his gestures simple and vigorous. He is entirely sincere, and his action often goes to the point of acting. As to his memory (he recites wholly from memory), that is prodigious. He carries a library of choice literature in his head. His has been called one of the most remarkable instances of mnemonic power on record. His method is quite unforced and amounts to this: He reads something over once, then lays it aside, dismissing the subject from his mind often for a week or two; then he finds it coming back to him by bits at a time, and finally, either with or without another reading, it settles into the plastic substance of his memory. Once fixed, it never leaves him, and so it happens that he can recite, at the shortest notice, anyone of two or three thousand poetical compositions.

Mr. Woollett's repertory comprises, among other things, Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," "As You Like It," "Henry VIII," "King John," "Much Ado about Nothing," "The Tempest," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "King Lear," "Twelfth Night," and "Julius Cæsar." He is letter-perfect in Longfellow's "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," and "The Courtship of Miles Standish;" in Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," "The Princess," and "Enoch Arden;" in Sir Henry Taylor's "Philip Van Artevelde;" in Byron's "Childe Harold," "The Siege of Corinth," "The Corsair," and "The Prisoner of Chillon;" in Scott's "Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion;" in Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes," Parnell's "Hermit," Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram," Macklin's "The Man of the World," Sheridan's "School for Scandal,"—not to speak of pages from Dickens and other novelists, and a thousand or more short poems by authors ranging from Milton to Will Carleton.

Mr. Woollett first began to give public recitations from memory in London, during the year 1867. Shortly afterwards he won success on the stage and was invited by the late Charles Fechter to join the company of the Lyceum Theatre. In deference to his family, he refused Mr. Fechter's offer and continued his recitations. Finally he came to the United States, where, for a while, he was the only reader of distinction before the public. Since then, younger men have attempted to take his place, but have not disturbed his popularity. His appearance here in January, at the Madison Square Theatre, under the brightest auspices, will bring him into still greater prominence. He will offer a programme of extraordinary interest.

Stylo.

BOTH SIDES OF THE CURTAIN.

SOMETHING ABOUT DICKENS AND GEORGE DOLBY.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH'S illness has been a very serious blow to Mr. Lawrence Barrett, who manages him to the lessees of the Star Theatre, and to the ticket speculators, who expected to coin money every night the great tragedian acted. The only person who took Mr. Booth's sickness philosophically was Mr. Booth himself. He and dyspepsia are very old acquaintances, if not very fast friends. The bond which unites them is strong coffee, and Mr. Booth seems as unable to shake off his craze for this refreshment as a medical man for chloral or a toper for whisky. With no mishap intervening, the indications were that America's tragedian would have acted to enormous audiences. The doubt and uncertainty which filled the public mind have, however, seriously affected the business of the Star Theatre. Mr. Booth has never acted better than he did last week, and has rarely aroused more enthusiasm, but his engagement has not proved to be the "bonanza" his friends and admirers anticipated. He has no more enthusiastic devotee than "The Man in the Street," and that mysterious individual urgently implores Mr. Booth to substitute honest claret for strong coffee, exercise for meditation, and hopefulness for retrospection. When he accomplishes these things he will resemble George Washington in being first in tragedy, first in comedy, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

AN "old-timer," in fact a very "old-timer," who has n't missed an Italian opera night for thirty years, was woefully deceived, disappointed and disgusted anent the Adelina Patti nights of last week. He had listened to the hair-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity which pervades the morning papers, and believed that Patti was played out in New York. He intended, as usual, to take a box for the season, but relying on newspaper talk, carried out his intention late last week. At the Academy of Music he learned to his astonishment that no box was left, and when he consulted the speculators on the sidewalk he was paralyzed to find that they wanted a hundred dollars for a box he might have bought a few days before for twenty-five. Like a sensible man, however, he paid up and looked as pleasant as possible, and when he heard Adelina sing "Bel Raggio" in "Semiramide," he declared that his hundred dollars had been well invested.

There was wild talk round Fourteenth street last week about the gigantic efforts made by the speculators to be first at the box office when the sale of Patti seats began. There were stories about enterprising individuals hiring a small army of messenger boys to

hold their places in the line. But does any THEATRE reader remember the *furore* Charles Dickens created eighteen years ago, when he came here to read his own works to us? His debut was set down for Mr. Beecher's church in Brooklyn, but the sale of seats was to take place at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The night before the sale began Pierrepont street was a pandemonium. Speculators assembled in hundreds, and quarrelled, fought, and defied the authorities. The weather was so bitterly cold that the mob were forced to build a large bon-fire in the middle of the street to make existence endurable. Tramps seemed to rise up from the ground, and, as fast as they appeared, were engaged at fifty cents an hour to hold the speculators' places in the line. An hour was as much as even a tramp could endure, and towards early morning they successfully "struck" and secured a half-dollar for each half hour's waiting. The profits of the speculators were prodigious, but Charles Dickens got just the two or three dollars he demanded, but not a cent more. I forget how much Dickens made by this last and fatal visit to our shores, but I remember well that an experienced theatrical manager said, that had he received all the public paid to see and hear him, his "boodle" would have been, at the least, ten times greater than that he carried away. Carlyle said that had it not been for Dickens' American tour he might have been writing "blessed books until he was seventy," and I have always fancied it rather hard that the great novelist should have only realized about a tithe of his own hard earnings.

I am reminded by this of Dickens' manager, one George Dolby, who took great credit to himself for the success of the Dickens' campaign. He had as much to do with that success as the war correspondents had to do with General Grant's victories. I am opposed to ticket speculating on principle, just as I am antagonistic to corners in grain, pork or petroleum; but if "cornering" or "speculating" is done, and I am a producer, I want to get the benefit of the "boom." Dickens produced what everybody wanted, but the "other fellows," by which term I mean the sidewalk brokers, got nine-tenths of the "pull." George Dolby ought to have prevented all this, but George didn't know enough to do so. However, on the reputation he had gained as Dickens' manager, George Dolby visited America again. This was some fourteen years ago, when he arrived here to "manage" the "Dolby Ballad Concert Company." An excellent company it was, seeing that it included Charles Santley, the famous English baritone, Edith Wynne, a great soprano, Madame Patey, the greatest concert

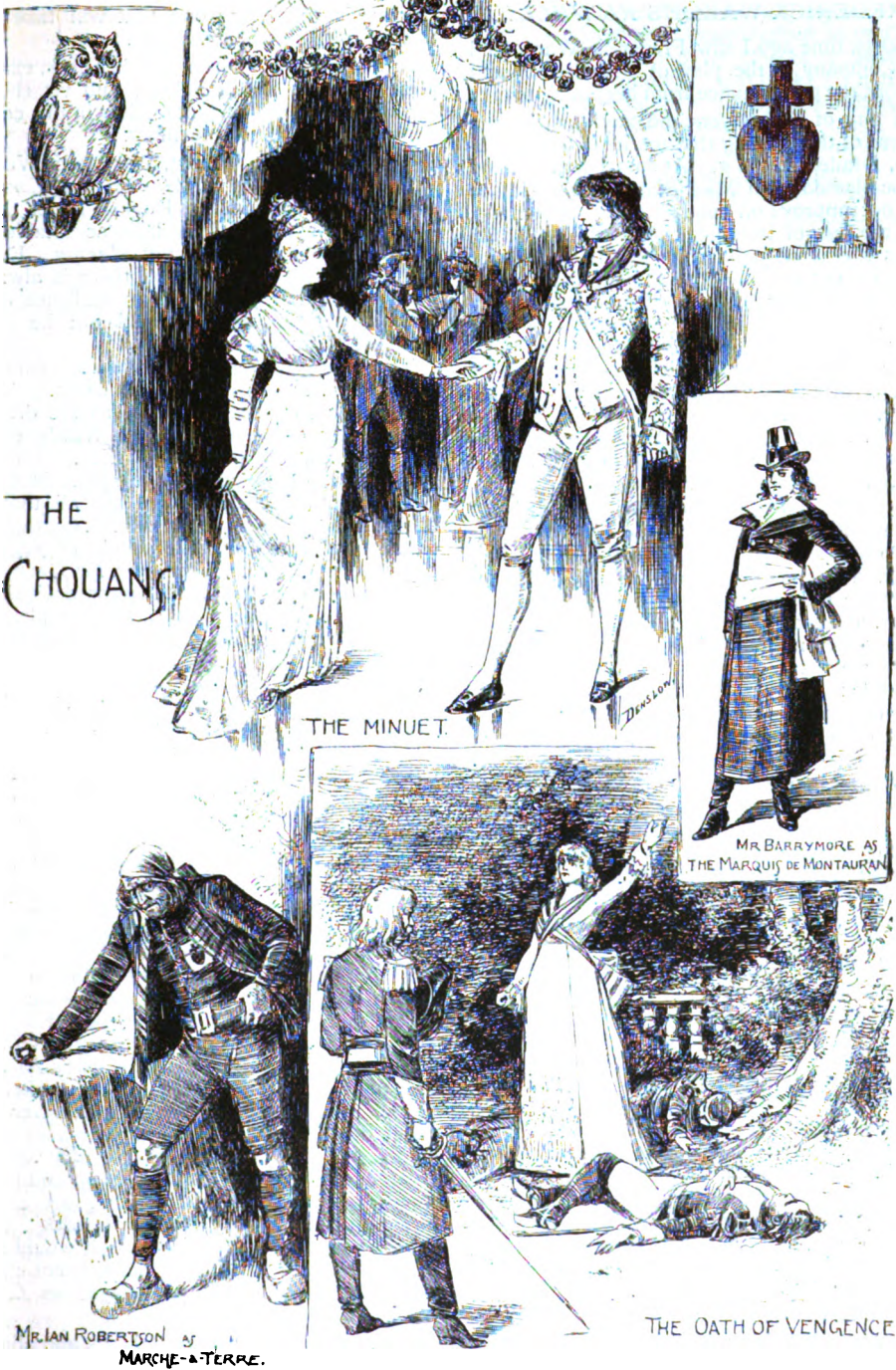
contralto of her time, Mr. Patey, the basso, Cummings, a fine tenor, and Lindsay Hoper, the well-known pianist. But the names of these great artistes only appeared in the concert programmes and on the posters, and in the advertisements was nothing but "Dolby." When the concerts took place everybody wanted to know what Dolby sang or what instrument he played. A few months of disaster ended the tour, and the Messrs. Chappell, the music publishers of London, who "backed" the venture, were a great many thousand dollars out. Carl Rosa then "took up" Santley, and placing him as the star of an English opera company, and packed the Academy of Music, with Santley as the hero of "Zampa" and "Fra Diavola." Carl Rosa eclipsed even this enterprise by joining forces with Herr Wachtel and singing Italian opera with Parepa, Adelaide Phillips, Wachtel and Santley as the quartette, and Ronconi as the buffo. It was a "scratch" company, but those who heard it said that Verdi and Mozart had never been sung better, and probably would never be sung so well again. George Dolby went home, and according to late advices is, in the language of the day, traveling on his "uppers" and vainly persuading managers to buy "his recollections of Charles Dickens in America." The reminiscences only cover a period of six months, but Mr. Dolby has contrived to fill three volumes with them, and is prepared to "recollect" Dickens to the crack of doom.

By the way, the craze of managers advertising themselves at the expense of their stars or attractions, is a very curious modern growth. The average agent or manager now-a-days insists upon having his name printed as boldly as his star, quite regardless of the fact that the public don't care a brass farthing who manages Mr. Booth or Madame Modjeska, providing these great artistes appear. I notice that estimable *impresario*, Mr. Miner, has been attacked by this foolish weakness, and is at present flooding the country with posters and lithographs announcing the arrival of "Harry Miner's "Silver King." The uninitiated would suppose that Mr. Miner wrote the play, but I don't fancy that the genial Bowery manager wishes to deprive the real authors of the credit due to their admirable work.

I HEAR, on good authority, that Carl Rosa has at length made up his mind to bring his English Opera company over here. If he comes, his company will be as curious a study as Mrs. Thurber's enterprise. The latter is an American Opera, peopled almost entirely by Germans, while nearly all the principals of Carl Rosa's English company are Americans.

The Man in the Street.

THE THEATRE.



SCENES FROM "LES CHOUANS," AT THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

FREDERICK WARDE'S *RICHELIEU*.

SOME time ago I saw Frederick Warde and his Company in the play of "*Richelieu*," and sat out the performance from beginning to end.

If any of the players did anything in the course of the evening that merited commendation, I failed to see it. At first I was inclined to be pleased with Miss Blair's *Julie*, but she did not improve on acquaintance. What she, like the rest of the cast, knows about the business she is engaged in, she has picked up, which is not the way to make one's self an artist. Miss Blair has a good appearance, very good, and is easy in her movements, but she does not read well, and the reading is the thing of things in the whole business; the difficult thing; the thing that makes or mars the actor more, perhaps, than all other things put together. What does the actor amount to that does not speak his lines well, no matter what his other merits may be?

But assertion is not criticism; merely to say this would benefit no one.

To particularize: Miss Blair has the bad habit, in common with many others, of letting the voice run down as the breath leaves the lungs, and the worse habit, in common with a still greater number of others, of continually misplacing the emphasis. She says, for example:

"I saw the impostor, where I had loved the god."

The proper reading of the line is so evident that no one of any intelligence could go wrong in its utterance if he would use his intelligence; Miss Blair has the necessary intelligence; but, instead of using it, she blunders forward, leaving correctness to chance. Her emphasis makes the line say something like this: "I did not feel the impostor, nor smell the impostor, I saw the impostor." If Miss Blair, the next time she plays the part, will make "impostor" and "god" strongly and equally emphatic, and will touch the other words quite lightly, with the exception of "loved," on which the voice should dwell a little, she will not only bring out the thought intended, but will make an effective climax for the speech, which she cannot do, reading the line as she does.

Again:

"Her word sufficed to unlock the palace gates."

Why emphasize "her," as there has been no question of the word of anybody else? There is no word in the line that should be specially emphasized, and with the exception of the two particles "her" should be touched more lightly than the others.

Again:

"You reign over millions. What is one man's life to you?"

There is nothing in the context to justify this emphasis. "Millions," "one" and "you" are

the words that every one that will take the trouble to think will emphasize.

In Miss Blair's utterance of her lines, examples like these are abundant; and yet she is one of the most intelligent readers in the company of which she is a member.

The other lady in the cast, Miss Mattie Wood, who spoke the lines of *Marion De Lorme*, must learn to pronounce English better than she does now before she will be acceptable in even as small a part as that of *Marion*. Even on the borders of civilization there is always likely to be some persons in an audience that know that "*Eminence*" should not be pronounced "*Eminunce*."

There are degrees everywhere. Among the bad there is always a worst. The worst in the "*Richelieu*" cast, as the drama is presented by the Frederick Warde company, is Mr. Thomas E. Garrick, who attempts the personation of *Baradas*. Not till gesticulation and vociferation are all that is necessary to make an actor will Mr. Garrick be one, unless, meanwhile, he should undergo a radical regeneration. If, however, Mr. Garrick's auditors were only half as well pleased with him as he, in his ignorance appears to be pleased with himself, he would be a popular member of his profession.

"Listen to me, lady;
I am no base intriguer. I adore thee,"

says Mr. Garrick, which is an intimation that he is an exemplary, an angelic, or a seraphic intriguer, and consequently a sort of intriguer whose suit her ladyship should be proud of. The school that Mr. Garrick has thus far studied (!) in is the school that turns out fakirs, not actors. He has thus far learned but little that he will not have to unlearn if he ever gets into a school that makes any demands on the intelligence. Mr. Garrick's auditors hear all he says, but they do not understand half of it.

As for Mr. Warde, he may be able to play some of the great parts in the classic and standard drama satisfactorily; but if he is, *Richelieu* is certainly not one of them. Of the wily, imperious cardinal in Mr. Warde's *Richelieu*, there is nothing. Men of the Richelieu stamp, however infirm they may be, never go about doubled up as Mr. Warde makes him go about. As long as they are able to be about at all they carry their heads up and their shoulders back. To the last they are erect, proud and commanding, in their bearing. Mr. Warde's manner of holding himself would not be objectionable in *Shylock*, but it is not characteristic of such stage personages as *Lear*, *Richelieu*, and the like.

Mr. Warde does unusual things and allows his support to do unusual things in the progress of the representation, all of which, it seems to

me, tends to take from the dignity of the central figure and to lessen the general effect. To particularize: He recoils in a cowardly manner before *De Mauprat*, in the midnight scene in third act. A man of *Richelieu's* intelligence would surely know that *De Mauprat* would be less likely to run him through if he showed a bold front than if he acted the poltroon. Then to the courtier that comes on in the fourth act he is most undignified in the lines,

"To those who sent you,
And say you found the virtue," etc.

Indeed, Mr. Warde, I think, often misconceives the spirit in which the individual speeches should be spoken. True, his way is often better calculated to stir the groundlings, who can always be stirred, as we know, with a little exaggeration.

But Mr. Warde's weakest point is his delivery. His elocution is not good; indeed it is very bad. His articulation is distinct and his pronunciation is correct; but aside from these two things there is nothing in his delivery to recommend it. He takes breath in the loud, gasping manner that every student of the art of using the voice-apparatus carefully avoids; he speaks in a sing-song, whining tone that is entirely foreign to anything that has any kinship with nature; and he misplaces his emphasis as no reader ever does, that approaches the mastery of the intellectual side of his work. Mr. Warde says:

"If he *play* the lion,
Why, the dog's death."

If he should *be* the lion, what then? It would seem to be the *playing* of the lion that Mr. Warde objects to. The words, and the only words here to emphasize are, clearly, "lion" and "dog." Again:

"Wild debauch
Turbulent riot—for the morn the dice-box."

This reading makes *Richelieu* object to the wildness of the debauch and the turbulence of the riot, and not to debauch and riot.

Again:

"Messire de Mauprat is a *patient man*,
And he can wait."

As far as the sense is concerned, the sentence would be better without the words "a," "man" and "and." "Man" should barely be touched in the utterance. The important words are "patient" and "wait."

Richelieu accuses *De Mauprat* of being *gallant* in steeds, not of being *gallant* in steeds—words of a very different meaning; besides by using the wrong word, Mr. Warde spoils the measure,

"I have re-created France."

Not so. I have *re-created* France. There is no question of France having been re-created by anyone else.

"I clove my pathway *through* the plumed sea."

Not *over* it, nor *under* it, but *through*. The words the writer most depended on to make the picture in the mind he desired to make, are "clove," "plumed" and "sea;" hence these are the words to which attention should be specially called by the reader.

Lastly:

"You do not know that this brave, honest heart,
Stood between mine and murder."

He did not *lie* nor *sit*, he *stood*, according to Mr. Warde. Of course "mine" and "murder" are the words to emphasize.

Slapdash achieves no more on the stage than it achieves elsewhere. There, as elsewhere, it is only the well-considered that wins.

Alfred Ayres.

CRITICAL SERVICE REFORM.

As a means of defense against the incomprehensible criticism that good plays and players receive from some sources, and bad plays and players receive from the same sources, we commend the following to respectable managers and the general public. Before admitting a representative of the press, the manager may, if he so wishes, institute an examination, in order to prove if the critic possesses the qualifications necessary for passing judgment upon a dramatic work. The following questions may be asked:

1. Who wrote "Hamlet?"
2. Has my press agent yet asked your opinion of art, and did he think that you had too high an opinion?
3. In whose works do you discover the greater amount of ethical merit, William Shakespeare's or Chas. Hoyt's?
4. Are you a Knight of Labor or a "rat?"
5. Why didn't you put on a necktie when you got up this morning?
6. Did your hair grow gray in your present service, or while you were driving a horse car?
7. How many dead-heads make a graveyard?
8. Is this your family with you, or a delegation from the Old Ladies' Home?
9. Would you dictate poetry to a typewriter?
10. Have you come here to criticise a play or a sparring match?
11. What is your method of getting from New York to New Jersey?

By asking such questions as these the manager may readily learn if the newspaper has sent a proper person to investigate what to him, the manager, is a very important venture. Accidents will happen in the best regulated newspaper offices.

A BREAKFAST MONOLOGUE.

A tiny farce in one act of three scenes; with cast of characters, stage business, etc.

MAMA, DAUGHTER, PAPA.

SCENE I.

DAUGHTER:

(*Neatly*) He called last night at eight, mama,

(*Clearly*) But simply talked of stocks!

(*Sweetly*) He thought men met their fate, papa,

(*Dearly*) By *dresses* and by *frocks*.

(*Teasingly*) I think him ill-disposed, mama,

(*Proudly*) And not like other men;

(*Pleasingly*) You see, he's *not* proposed, papa,

(*Loudly*) And has *not* asked me *when*.

SCENE II.

(*Brightly*) He said *all* girls should wed, mama,

(*Grandly*) I tried to lead him on;

(*Sprightly*) If you had gone to bed, papa,

(*Blandly*) I'm *sure* I would have won.

(*Sighingly*) He told me all his woes, mama,

(*Truly*) And called his home 'a den;—

(*Cryingly*) But yet he *won't* propose, papa,

(*Blue-ly*) And *will* not ask me when.

SCENE III.

(*Coldly*) I used his Christian name, mama,

(*Dryly*) He'd smile—and—hem—and—cough:

(*Boldly*) He thought it such a shame, papa,

(*Shyly*) *Some* girls were not well-off.

(*Tearfully*) He's bashful, I suppose, mama,

(*Kindly*) And all that thing, but then—

(*Tearfully*) Can't *you* make him propose, papa,

(*Blindly*) And *make* him ask me when?

CURTAIN.

De Witt Sterry.

—It is stated that on the night of the first production of "The Lights of London," George R. Sims walked up and down the Thames embankment with the full determination of committing suicide if the piece proved a failure.

SOME POSTAL CARDS TO A FEW FAIR WOMEN.

THEATRE OFFICE, November 22.

MY DEAR MISS FORTESCUE:

PLEASE send me the light from one of *your* eyes. I wish to place it in Liberty's torch.

MY DEAR MISS "LOTTA":

THEY tell me that a woman is just as old as she looks. I shall be compelled to call the attention of Mr. Elbridge Gerry to your *case*.

MY DEAR MRS. LANGTRY:

LOOK out for those Boston east winds. You couldn't blame consumption for settling on that chest of yours.

MY DEAR MRS. POTTER:

IT has been darker here since the last rays of you sunk beneath the horizon. Hurry back as soon as M. Worth has completed your stage-training. There goes a tear. 'Tis for thee. I buy only one morning paper now. What is the use of them? John L. Sullivan has the field all to himself.

MY DEAR MISS CAMERON:

IF I had your *aplomb* and sweep of limb, I would call for diamond-back terrapin and be happy, even in the very whirlwind of hard luck.

MY DEAR MISS EASTLAKE:

I KNOW you will return to us when the sweet dainty May-flowers lift their soft, innocent eyes to the amorous summer sun. We will crown you queen, never fear.

MY DEAR MISS HALL:

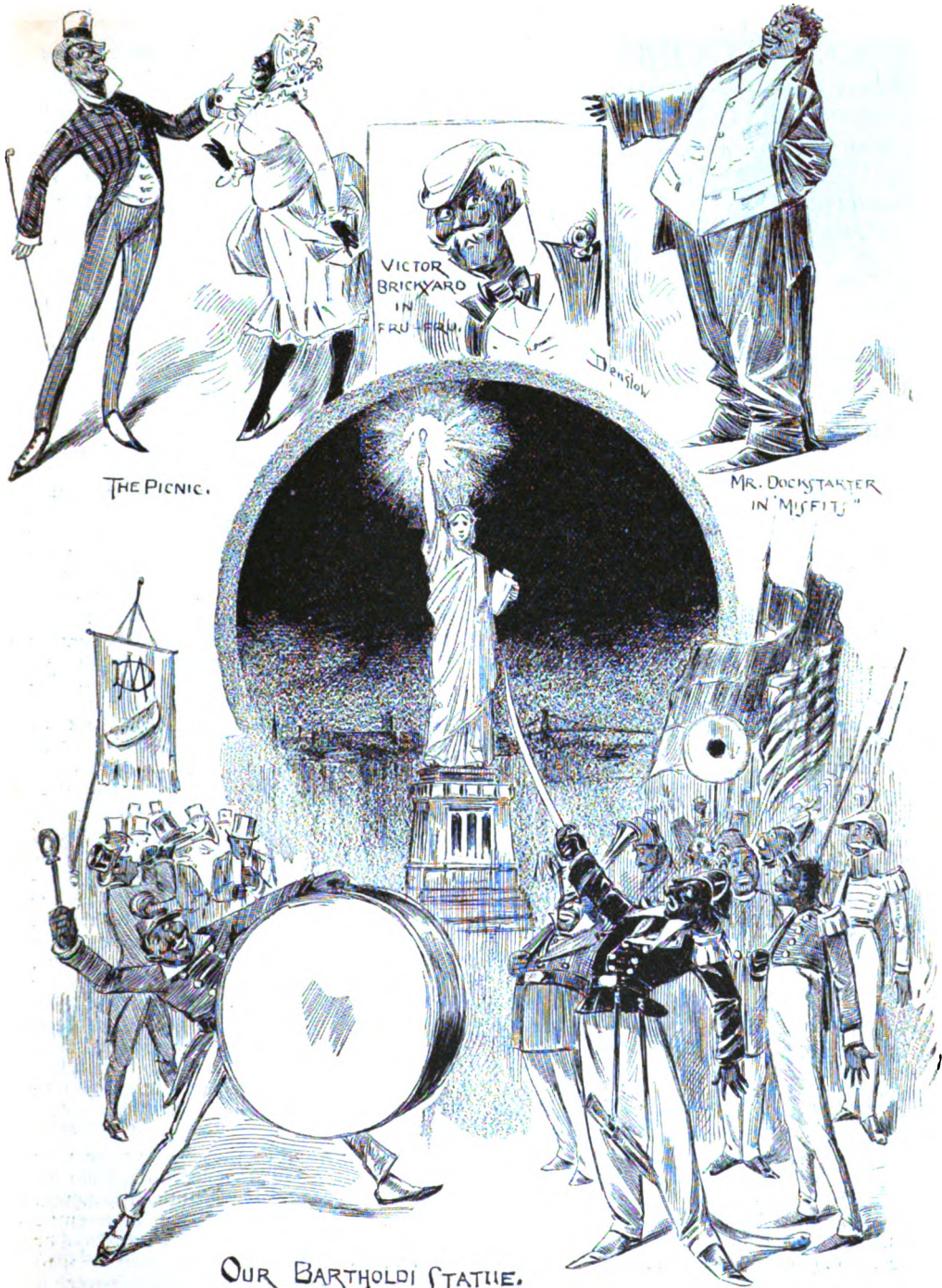
BACK again, eh, like a hand-painted comet? They say that many Philadelphians felt no regret at being kept up till eleven o'clock to see you play *Erminie*.

Thine, and all of yours,

Charles, the Wrestler.

THERE are probably women who feel mad when they realize that "all the world's a stage," because a hat can't be made big enough to obscure it.

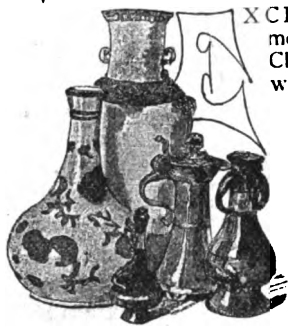
THE THEATRE.



OUR BARTHOLO STATUE.

MODERN MINSTRELSY.

ART CHAT.



XCELLENT as is most of Mr. J. Wells Champney's work with the brush in oil or water-color, or with pencil or etching needle, think he has outdone himself in his late work in pastel which I had a chance of seeing last week, in the form of

some unfinished portraits. I have seen many portrait "studies" and "sketches" very effective in their way, but always slightly unsatisfactory on account of vagueness, and because they were more pleasing at first sight than after careful study. But the medium has found a happy exponent in Mr. Champney. He uses the crayons with almost all the results of oil colors. I can even go farther and say that, on account of the transparency of the shadows in his production, he takes a leap above the powers of oil paints.

A strong portrait of the Hon. John Bigelow, and a beautiful head of Mrs. H. H. Boyesen gave me an estimation of Mr. Champney's abilities, I am not afraid to say, I never had before. I think Mr. Champney must feel that way about it himself. That is to say, that he has never previously done work half so strong, half so complete, half so mellow as he does at present with pastels.

THE portrait of John Bigelow is a face one is not likely to forget quickly. And recalling it, reminds me, that Mr. Frank Fowler is lucky enough to possess a fine sketch from life of the late Samuel J. Tilden, and he has received several orders to paint pictures from it. He is engaged at one at present. I say "lucky" because it is a well-known fact that Mr. Tilden, on account of his ill health sat for his portrait but rarely, and the painting made from a photograph can never have the full reality that one made from a sketch from life must have. Besides this Mr. Fowler's study represents Mr. Tilden in a very happy pose, a dignified standing position.

THE *Art Interchange*, for November 6, contains a colored supplement of yellow roses. The *Art Amateur*, for November, also contains a colored plate — magnolias, by Victor Daugon. A short biographical notice of that artist, together with his portrait, drawn by J.

de Thulstrup, is given in the body of the magazine. Mrs. Fowler gives some practical hints on Fan Painting; Theodore Child writes on "New Porcelain Decoration," and S. Donaldson on Flower Painting in Oils.

The illustration on the first page is a reproduction of a most graceful "Study from Nature" of a peasant girl, by Jules Breton.

**

CHARLES WALDSTEIN has a paper in the November *Century* on "The Temple of the Ephesian Artemis and the Ancient Silver Paters from Bernay."

In the department "Open Letters," Mrs. Van Rensselaer publishes a correction of a recent statement of hers that the Architectural League of New York was "a students' club."

**

EARL SHINN, who was widely known as an art writer under the name of "Edward Strahan," died at Philadelphia last week, at the age of forty-eight. He studied art under Gerome, in 1868. He was a member of the New York Tile Club.

**

ON Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings of this week were sold at Moore's Art Galleries, 290 Fifth avenue, some two hundred and thirty studies in oil, water color, and black and white by many of the most celebrated French painters of this century. They were the property of one Mr. Thomas Robinson, known about Providence, R. I., and Boston, Mass., as a cattle painter and art dealer.

Among these odds and ends and scraps of studies, impressions and sketches, were some few real gems of art; but as the Moore's Gallery is very badly lighted, only about half the collection could be seen. And, besides, it shocked one's taste to see some of these atrocious daubs never made for public eye, thus set up at public sale. One felt anything but kindly toward this Mr. Thomas Robinson for thus fairly setting at ridicule these celebrated names in art. It was hardly good taste for the mere gain of "filthy lucre" to allow these weaklings of great geniuses to go into the market and compete with their masterpieces.

Of course, some of the studies were very fine, and many finished enough to fit them for public sale, but the majority of them were not. Had Mr. Robinson loaned them, or presented them, or even sold them to some art school or museum, his action would have been open to no criticism; but he should have never, it seems to me, offered them at public auction to be bought by private persons. E. K.

THE THEATRE.



RICHELIEU AND JOSEPH.

THE WEEK.

MR. DALY'S NEW PLAY.



IF the actors in Mr. Augustin Daly's company were less clever than they are less vivacious and less popular, Mr. Daly's bright comedies might appear somewhat monotonous. Not because these plays lack substantial merit and abundant drollery; they are, without doubt, extremely amusing. But they are fashioned after a single pattern, and one play is, therefore, apt to repeat another. Yet the fact remains that Mr. Daly's comedies are invariably seen with

delight and it is hard to think of one of them as a possible failure. They are humorous trifles, and Mr. Daly's actors carry them with an ease, a grace, a lightness, that is certainly as rare as it is charming.

"Love in Harness," which was given for the first time last Tuesday, is an excellent adaptation of "Le Bonheur Conjugal," a comedy in three acts, by Albin Valabreque, which has been very successful in Paris. The French play is ingenious and witty, but displays questionable taste. Its main motive, and a large part of its dialogue, are not reproduced in Mr. Daly's adaptation. In fact, the English piece has a moral tone of its own. The moral tone of "Le Bonheur Conjugal" might be described as immoral.

The story of "Love in Harness" is simplicity itself. An old couple, *Mr.* and *Mrs.*

Joblots (what a name, by the way!) have married off two of their daughters to young men of means and position, *Mr. Julius Naggitt* and *Mr. Frederick Urquhart*. Unfortunately, the daughters had been trained to false ideas of life, and their husbands find them frivolous, inconsiderate, and selfish. Disagreements follow disagreements, and the two men decide finally to separate from their wives and teach these reckless persons a valuable lesson. By their apparent indifference, and by the help of a skillful device hatched in the fertile brain of *Naggitt*, they succeed in making their wives jealous and, at last, in bringing them to terms.

It is the manner, not the matter, of this piece which tells. The dialogue is rapid and sparkling, the situations are neat and humorous, and the drift of the story is in a right direction. The first act is, perhaps, the best of the three; but the interest is pretty evenly divided. The humor oscillates between serious comedy and farce, and is seldom purposeless. "Love in Harness" may be properly called a comedy; it excites thought as well as amusement.

The acting is fresh, breezy, and natural. As a young man, with a particularly cool head, Mr. James Lewis is observed with some astonishment, but he handles the part admirably. Dr. Drew has a good character in *Urquhart*, and his performance is full of tact and suggestion. The two married daughters are Miss Rehan and Miss Dreher, neither of whom is called upon for much exertion. Mr. Fisher and Mrs. Gilbert are, of course, the old couple. Other characters bring into comparatively slight service Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Skinner, Mr. Bond, Miss Lillian Hadley, and Miss St. Quentin.

Mr. Daly has now underlined "The Hobby Horse," Mr. A. W. Pinero's new comedy.

G. E. M.

"OTHELLO" AT THE STAR THEATRE.

MR. BOOTH'S *Iago* has long been admired, and there is no reason at this date to try to pick it to pieces or to describe it. Like all of Mr. Booth's work, it has become more quiet, and bears the mark of his matured intellectuality and wonderful art. But it seems to me

that, looking at the production of "Othello" as given at the Star Theatre, Monday night, the appearance of things suggested that Mr. Barron was being "supported by Edwin Booth and a carefully selected company." The part of *Iago* by no means furnishes the great tragedian with an opportunity to display his marvellous power, and certainly a foreigner unable to appreciate his delightful reading of Shakespeare, would not understand why he is measured as he is. I was never more impressed with the fact of how free Mr. Booth is from "mannerisms." His walk is unaffected — as simple as possible — and his delivery is not accompanied by any peculiar jerks of the head or body. His reading of blank verse is a realization which I do not believe was ever attained by any actor, reader, or elocutionist. It was so striking when contrasted with the speaking of a number of excellent actors in his company as to make their shortcomings especially noticeable. Mr. Barron's *Othello* is a worthy performance, and shows constant application and good understanding. But he put in it so much of the oratorical style of delivery, and hung on to his words with such mournfulness, as to render it into nothing less than rant at times. However, his is an ungrateful work. The public cannot forget Salvini's bull-dog force and determination, and his heart-like passion contrasted with the more tender emotions which Mr. Barron tries to put into *Othello* makes it a part in which he is, doubtless, ill at ease.

Why is it that actors hesitate to say the word *my*? Mr. Barron at one time on Monday night enunciated "all *my* heart" as to make it ridiculous.

THE THEATRE publishes this week a portrait of Mr. Booth in the scene where *Iago* kills *Roderico*.
D. W.

THE AMERICAN OPERA.

PHILADELPHIA is a placid city, and its inhabitants are not given to inventions in art and literature. It is also a very charming city, while not that sort of place where genius thrives. Nevertheless, there is an abundance of appreciative and sympathetic spirit for good things in Philadelphia. This fact was illustrated last Monday evening, when "Faust" was presented at the Academy of Music.

The occasion gave the city a chance to distinguish itself. The Academy is an old-fashioned, stuffy theatre, which would burn like a tinder-box if a match were applied to it accidentally. Its seats are small and badly arranged, and its boxes are absurd. The stage, however, is deep and spacious, and is, therefore, adapted to schemes of spectacle. The American Opera puts as much faith and money into spectacle as it does into music. For this reason, if for no better one, it was sagacious to choose the Academy of Music for the opening of a second season of American opera.

We have been disposed to think, in New York, that the American opera belongs here. It came to life here and was matured here. Perhaps we are equally disposed to confound New York with America. That is a pardonable error, since, after all, we do most of the inventing and thinking for the country. We should have been delighted to accept the American opera as a local enterprise. But those who direct it regard it as a national enterprise. To make their point clear, they decided to open their second season in Philadelphia. If the American opera can be successful in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and St. Louis, as well as in New York, then its national significance and purpose can hardly be questioned.

The point has been made, and triumphantly. On Monday afternoon, two luxurious parlor-cars ran from Jersey City, at the rate of forty-five miles a minute, to Philadelphia. They carried thirty curious New Yorkers. These New Yorkers, when they arrived in Philadelphia, found the Academy unpleasantly crowded. Not an inch of standing-room could be purchased. Rows of men and woman stood patiently during tedious intermissions and long acts. The boxes and choice seats contained representatives of all the brilliant families of the city. The gallery was a dense mass of humanity. Philadelphia, had, evidently, made up its mind to distinguish itself and to add its slab to the pedestal of American opera. It gave more than six thousand dollars in a single night to the good cause. Mrs. Thurber and her brave associates may, in consequence, felicitate themselves on their experiment. Our cities will outdo one another in their honor. What New York and Philadelphia have accomplished will be surpassed by Boston and Chicago. The American opera has come to stay. It will not merely stay — it will sweep over the land with creative energy.

"Faust" has just been added to the repertory of the American opera. The scenic display is accurate and impressive; the orchestra, led by Theodore Thomas, interprets Gounod's

subtle and lovely music deliciously; the ballet is correct and graceful; Miss Emma Juch is undoubtedly the most interesting *Marguerite* that we have seen and listened to since Nilsson, many years ago, gave her first performances of this character; Mrs. Jenny Bartlett Davis is an excellent *Siebel*, and Mr. Ludwig is an exceptionally fine *Mephistopheles*; but the new tenor, Mr. Bassett, offers the poorest excuse of a *Faust* that we have witnessed. The American opera needs a competent tenor. Mr. Bassett is not, unfortunately, a competent tenor.

"Orpheus and Eurydice" was given on Tuesday evening, with Miss Vanzanten in the part which Mme. Hastreiter made glorious last winter. The American opera should have clung tenaciously to Hastreiter.

Those New Yorkers who visited Philadelphia in a spirit of patriotism, got back to their town Tuesday morning, at the cock's crow.

G. E. M.

WILSON BARRETT IN "CLITO."

BOSTON, NOV. 16.—Thursday night last witnessed the production of "Clito" at the Globe Theatre, its first presentation in this country, by Mr. Wilson Barrett and his company. The authors are Messrs. W. Telbin, Stafford Hall, and Walter Hann; and the archæologic effects the production of Mr. E. W. Goodwin, F. S. A. The scene of the play is laid at Athens about 400 years B. C., and the plot, as officially set forth, is as follows:

The people of Athens, groaning under the tyranny of the ephors (sic!) are ripe for revolt, and look for leadership to a young sculptor, *Clito*. The latter is hated by *Helle*, the mistress of *Critias*, the leading ephor, for his withering denunciations of her to the people. *Helle*, who is as wanton as she is beautiful, as merciless as profligate, and without one redeeming quality, seeks revenge. The humiliation of the aspirations as a sculptor is not enough. She ensnares the youth, to whom she is unknown, by her fatal beauty, under the influence of which he reveals the plots of his fellow-patriots who are killed or imprisoned; and, even when her identity is disclosed to him, believes her protestations that she is pure and maligned, and becomes her willing slave. *Helle's* vengeance is not complete. *Clito* is loved by, and, as a brother only, loves *Irene*, the daughter of his father by adoption, and this maiden *Helle* inveigles and hands over to a relentless profligate named *Glaucias*, who has pursued her. Then *Helle* turns upon *Clito*, mocks his love, dashes a cup of wine in his face, reveals the treachery she has practised, and gives her order that the "devil shall die." An uprising of the people rescues *Clito*, but is too late to save *Irene*. *Glaucias* stabs her, and is in turn stabbed by *Clito*. In the last act, *Helle*, abandoned by her friends, seeks shelter from the fury of the mob in *Clito's* studio, where she begs in abject terror for means to save her life. The mob, however, runs her down, and one of the daggers which seeks her life ends also that of her ruined dupe.

In its scheme and details "Clito" is original, replete with variety. The attention of the audience is held from first to last by its strength of action and audacious conception. Purists will point to the Zola-like fidelity with which the methods and attractions of ancient Grecian courtesans are depicted; but faithfully as this

picture is drawn, it is not needlessly repulsive. The telling manner in which *Helle's* loathsomeness of character is exposed to constant view, even while her intellectuality is most apparent and dazzling, her sensuousness most fascinating, never for a moment is lost in the contemplation of this union of woman's highest attributes with satanic simulation and quest after a soul's destruction. None can be deceived as to her real character. The terrible punishment meted out to herself and profligate associates points a strong moral. The ethical meaning in "Clito" reaches this point: that pure love can be blinded by the pretence of a woman's sincerity, yet this spirit through all retains the consciousness of honor, and when death comes to it as the reward of self-deception — where patriotic motives should have ever been foremost, even when influenced by this love — the anguish of this great nature in its self-scorning is most instructive and pathetic.

In its construction, the drama is most artistic. It is written with taste and elegance, and though its diction never reaches great heights of thought, yet in style it is smooth, and sweet, and full of pleasing rhythm. There is much wit in the dialogue, the situations are often heart-stirring, and the *mise en scène* is magnificent. The characters are all drawn with dramatic care and discretion. In its appeal to the eye, "Clito" is irresistible. The marketplace and views of the harbor in the first act, the handsome studio in the second, and the apartments of *Helle* in the third, with the open-air scene in the fourth; all these, together with the rich costuming of the characters, make it a superb spectacle. The acting is at times almost great. Mr. Barrett as *Clito*, reproduces with ideal perfection the sculptor's beauty and nobility of aspect; is in vigorous passages stirring and natural, and is always so manly that he seems to fill out the character beyond question. Unfortunately there are moments when he is prosaic and monotonous in declamation, lacking in emotional effects. When the highest pathos is required, the failure to reach such, places the greater effect of acting beyond his reach. In her impersonation of *Helle*, Miss Eastlake has given us by far her strongest character, one which justifies her reputation. In her quiet aspects she excelled in displaying the sensuous charms and fearful malignancy of the rôle, and scored her points with shrewdness and power. Her speech of wrath when she flung the wine in *Clito's* face was travestied by a screaming delivery. When in the presence of death, her acting was strongly powerful, but overstepped the limit of effectiveness by reason of its extravagance. Mr. Charles Hudson as *Critias*, Mr. Milford as *Theramenes*, and Mr. Clynds as *Xenocles*, deserve special mention for

their excellent acting. Altogether, the tragedy scored a great success, and was enthusiastically received by a large and fashionable audience.

Henry Whiting.

THEATRE MATTERS IN CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 16. — Active preparations are being made for Lewis Morrison's version of "Faust," underlined for an early presentation at the Columbia. The original sets, as produced at the Lyceum, in London, under Irving's management, are being used as copies. Prominent posters announce the need of 75 ladies and 150 gentlemen to swell the ensemble. We have not been positively impressed with any advance notices of this venture, but surely an actor of Mr. Morrison's picturesque methods, ought to make an interesting character of Goethe's study. The London notices of the Irving piece, with its marvelous display of scenic grandeurs, and its perfect performance suggests what an Herculean task our enterprising American manager has undertaken.

Mc Vicker's theatre will be the place for the Lyceum engagement, next December, 1887.

Wilson Barrett will play at the Columbia during the present season. German operas have been sung at this house for two weeks.

I have heard a number of pleasant comments on the sustained excellence of THE THEATRE, and especially of the unusually striking likeness, in a late number, of Manager McVicker.

A little book, "The Insomnia of Shakespeare," privately printed for a well-known lawyer here, has attracted wide-spread notice, and afforded no small amount of amusement. The principal part of the book is made up of a lot of clever letters, purporting to have been written by Shakespeare and some of his contemporaries. One of our prominent dailies wrote a column of serious review, intimating that the writer thought the correspondence must be spurious, and presuming that the British Museum had been taken in by some ingenious literary wag. Shakespearean readers will recall the once celebrated Ireland forgeries. With our present meagre actual knowledge of the real origin of the plays, and the almost ignorance in which we stand with relation to the man, Shakespeare, it seems comparatively an easy trick to invent and mystify a credulous public.

J. B. C.

BROOKLYN NOTES.

ONE never tires of witnessing good acting, and for this reason Miss Rose Coghlan (Mrs. Clinton J. Edgerly) was favored with large and

refined audiences during her entire engagement last week at the Park Theatre. Monday night the play was "School for Scandal," in which Miss Coghlan's *Lady Teazle* was admirably sustained. Mr. Frederic de Belleville's *Charles Surface* was exceedingly good, as was also the *Oliver Surface* of Mr. Verner Clarges. Each role was well sustained by the several persons in the cast. The *Pauline* of Miss Coghlan in "Lady of Lyons" on Tuesday evening, and her *Lady Gay Spanker* in "London Assurance," were fine bits of acting. Miss Coghlan made a charming *Rosalind* in "As You Like It," on Thursday evening, and at the Saturday matinee, and her *Peg Woffington* on Saturday evening in "Masks and Faces," gave her audience an opportunity to witness her scope as an actress of no common ability. Her engagement at the Park Theatre has been a pronounced success. This week McCall's Opera Company produce "Josephine Sold by her Sisters," and "The Crowing Hen." During the week of Nov. 29 Mr. Edwin Booth will produce "Richelieu," "Hamlet," "Othello" (Mr. Booth taking the character of *Iago*), "Macbeth," "Merchant of Venice," and "Katherine and Petruchio" and the "Fool's Revenge." Mr. Booth is a tremendous favorite in Brooklyn, and those who wish to witness his superb acting will do well to secure their seats far in advance.

The Lonsdale-Violet Cameron Company has been doing good business at the Brooklyn Theatre during the past week, and the "Commodore" still commands the same singular craft that recently set sail from the Casino in New York, and anchored at the Brooklyn Theatre last Monday night. During the entire week a fair wind has blown towards the box office, to gladden the hearts of the crew.

Fosdick.

— The *Venago Spectator* says: "A profound respect for the memory of William Shakespeare prevented us from witnessing the performance of 'Othello' by James Owen O'Connor, at the Opera House on Monday night. The remarks of our contemporaries of the press, and the expressions of those that were present incline us to believe that Mr. O'Connor is not a good tragedian, but that he might be a valuable man on a Balltown sawmill."

*** The third season of the New York School of Acting opens this month. Franklin H. Sargent is Director. David Belasco, stage manager of the Lyceum Theatre, Mme. Malvina, of Daly's, and many other prominent professionals are instructors. Intending applicants, or others desiring information, should write at once to Mr. F. H. SARGENT, Hotel Albert, 42 East 12th Street, New York City.

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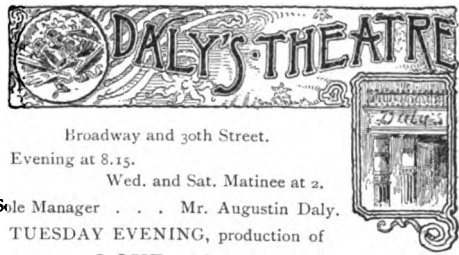
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Mr. Netherby, M. P.	Harry I. Holliday
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Eugene Marcel	Henry Hallam
Chevalier de Brabazon	Max Freeman
Dufois	Murry Woods
Simon	A. W. Maffin
Viscomte de Brissac	C. L. Weeks

Boxes \$8, \$10, \$12 | Balcony \$1.00
 Orchestra . . . \$1.50 | Admission50



Mr. Edward Harrigan's Original Local
 Comedy, in three acts, called
THE O'REAGANS.

Mr. Dave Braham has composed five new songs for this production: "Mulberry Springs," "The Little Hedge School," "Strolling on the Sands," "The Trumpet in the Cornfield Blows," "The U. S. Black Marine."

BERNARD O'REAGAN, Mr. E. HARRIGAN	
Silas Cohog	Mr. John Wild
Lulu Cohog	Mr. Dan Collier
Darrell Kilhealy	Mr. M. J. Bradley
Herman Krouse	Harry Fisher
Paddy Kelso	Mr. John Sparks
Charley Dreams	Mr. George Merritt
Ludlow Filkins	Mr. Peter Goldrich
Stevie McAleer	Mr. Richard Quilter
Rit Bloomfield	Mr. William West
Redalia McNeirney	Miss Annie Yeamans
Kate McNeirney	Miss Amy Lee
An Unfortunate	Miss Annie Langdon
Kate, a Ballet Girl	Miss Nellie Wetherell
Mrs. Kehoe	Miss Nellie Wetherell
Mrs. Silvie Dreams	Miss Emily Yeamans



Broadway, bet. 32d and 33d Streets.

Evening at 8, and Saturday Matinee at 2.

Director, Mr. JAS. C. DUFF.
 ROSINA VOKES LONDON COMEDY COMPANY
 in their triple bill of

COUSIN DICK, IN HONOR BOUND,
 AND
A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL.

Boxes \$6, \$8, \$10, \$12 | Balcony (rear rows) . . \$1.00
 Orchestra & Balcony . \$1.50 | Second Balcony50
 General Admission \$1.00



On Tuesday Evening, November 9th,
 During the Week and Saturday Matinee,

THE CHOUMANS.

A Romantic Drama in Three Acts and
 Eight Tableaux
 from a novel by BALZAC
 Dramatized for MADAME MODJESKA
 by PIERRE BERTON.
 English Version by PAUL M. POTTER.

CHARACTERS:

Royalists.

Marquis de Montauran	Maurice
Called the White Chief	Barrymore
Baron du Guenic	Albert Lang
Count de Beauveau	E. H. Bell
Major Brigaut	Frank Lyman
Cottureau	James Cooper
Countess de Kirsac	Grace Henderson
Princess de Rohan	Mrs. Fraser
A Priest	Albert Mario
A Footman	Charles Lamont
Marcie à Terre	I. Robertson
Pille-Miche	W. Haworth
Cibot	H. Hansel
Jeannio, Cibot's Son	L. Johnson
La Harbette, his wife	Mary Shaw
Francine, Marie's maud, a Breton girl	Clara Ellison

Republicans.

Colonel Hulot	James L. Carhart
Captain Gerard	Robt. Labor
Sergeant Beupied	Robt. Burnaby
Corentin, an Agent of the Directory	Chas. Vandenhoff
Compian, a postillion	Charles H. Kelly
Mme. Du Gua Saint Cyr	Mary Fraser
Maria de Verneui	Modjeska

Scenery by Wm. Voegtlin, Jos. Thompson,
 Gaspard Maeder, and Wm. Voegtlin.



Fourth Ave., bet. 23d Evening at 8:15.
 and 24th Streets Matinee Saturday at 2.

Manager Mr. Dan Frohman

FAREWELL WEEK OF

MISS FORTESCUE'S ENGAGEMENT.,

KING RENE'S DAUGHTER,

AND

SWEETHEARTS.

ELOCUTION, STAGE TRAINING, By PROF.
 KEENAN, Twenty-five years Actor, Public Reader,
 and Instructor in Dramatic Art. Terms moderate.
 Spencer Hall, 114 West 14th St., New York City.

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 135 East 50th Street, New York City.

THE THEATRE.

VOL. II., No. 11.

NOVEMBER 29, 1886.

WHOLE NO. 37



HELENA MODJESKA.

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 Street, New York.
 DESHLER WELCH . . . EDITOR AND MANAGER.

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*** The Editor solicits contributions from the readers of *THE THEATRE*, and suggests that old play bills, and scraps relating to the stage, notes, news and items appertaining to the different arts, would be acceptable. It is the desire of the Editor to establish a widely circulated magazine, and to further that end every good idea will be acted upon so far as possible.

*** All articles appearing in *THE THEATRE* are written especially for it unless credited otherwise.

DRIFT.



THE birds must have been whispering words of advice into the ears of the public, for the circulation of *THE*

THEATRE has taken some big jumps of late. Last week the edition was nearly

twelve thousand copies, and at present writing the indications are that this issue will be fully as large. Yet *THE THEATRE* is an expensive paper, and after deducting the expenses of transportation, loss on unsold or damaged copies, there is not much profit. But of course every little helps the machine, and the oil that will make this contrivance go is the popular encouragement for a journal that represents the stage in its proper light. *THE THEATRE* is for *the theatre-goer*. It was not started with any idea of subsisting on the support of the members of the profession, and there has been no canvass made among them for subscriptions or advertising.

I REITERATE what I have said before in *THE THEATRE* — and a good thing ought to be worth twice saying — in answer to a pessimist, who thought the circulation of *THE THEATRE* must of necessity be limited, because it appeals to a meager portion of the community. There are men who do not like the drama

because they believe its influences are bad. But these are few, and principally confined to over-zealous moralists, who have little or no actual knowledge of theatrical affairs. They oppose the theatre because it is the theatre. They preach of the vice of the play-house, and never go into it to see whether it is evil or not. They wrongly compare the drama with the immoral exhibitions that are nightly given by vicious and immodest persons. It would be as reasonable to compare the church with the iniquitous institution of mormonism. The relation is the same. The theatre in its simplicity is a moral school: a school of ideas, of philosophy, of humanity. It will hurt no one, it will improve many. Where one man opposes the drama, a thousand love it.

FROM "Love in Harness: "

Una: You haven't taken me to the theatre more than once in two years!

Urquhart: Well, I take you as often as there is a good play!

MARY ANDERSON has practically given up her home in this country and prefers the mess of potage. Her career here was a remarkably brilliant one, and much that made it so was because the people found in her unusual talent and beauty, and she seemed to be the very ideal of an American girl. She was helped on by press and public, and all criticisms dealt with her kindly and discreetly. Had she followed all the best and wisest suggestions, she would be greater than she is, but her manager from the first was her father-in-law and her jailer. "Mary" was his standard, and he has been always possessed of the idea that she is absolutely perfect, and any objection to her methods was met with secret scorn and contumely. But in spite of all this the positively wonderful dramatic talent of the girl made her fortune and put her on a pedestal. Her movements now tend to show that if she ever returns to this country it will not be for a long while. She will appear at the Gaiety Theatre, in London, next May, and meanwhile is assiduously studying French in Paris with an ultimate appearance there on the stage in contemplation.

ANOTHER girl, Grace Hawthorne, who is a hard student, if not an especially clever actress, is playing in London, and proudly flaunting the American flag before the public. She purchased from M. Sardou last week all rights to produce "Theodora" in English in the United Kingdom, and, I dare say, will make some money by it.

**

THIS suggests to me the fact that a few weeks ago Miss Hawthorne was extensively advertised in this country in connection with a new play called "The Empress Josephine," subsequently to Mrs. D. P. Bower's announcement that the same subject was in her repertoire. Mrs. Bowers has not, however, given up the idea. She is now playing in the West to good business, I am informed, and will probably get around this way again in the spring.

**

MR. WILLIAM D. HOWELL's dramatization of his own book, "A Foregone Conclusion," was given public performance at the first of a series of author's matinees at the Madison Square Theatre, November 18, too late for review in the columns of THE THEATRE of that week. As a matter of record, the cast was as follows:

Don Ippolito Rondinelli, a Venetian priest	Mr. Alex. Salvini
Henry Ferris, a painter, U. S. Consul at Venice	Mr. L. F. Massen
John Billings, an American sculptor.	Mr. E. M. Holland
The Canonico, uncle to Don Ippolito.	Mr. Herbert Millward
Joseph, Ferris' servant	Mr. H. Hogan
Mrs. Vervain, of Providence, R. I.	Mrs. E. J. Phillips
Florida Vervain, her daughter.	Miss Marie Burroughs
Nina, servant to Mrs. Vervain	Miss Greenwald
Veneranda, servant to Don Ippolito	Miss Robson

So many are acquainted with the book that I shall not trespass on space to relate the story as it is told in the drama. As a matter of intellectual gratification the performance was certainly interesting, and those who were not conversant with the novel doubtless obtained much pleasure in listening to the bright dialogue. . . . Of all Mr. Howells's works the story of "A Foregone Conclusion" is, perhaps, the most dramatic, but in preparing it for stage representation much of its force is lost, and in the present instance consisted merely of the recital of the book in a synoptical way. The character of *Ferris* was made absolutely inane and annoying, and the underlying reasons for his actions,

as clearly understood in the novel, appeared foolish and unnatural. What success there was in the piece was due to Alexander Salvini, who played the priest in a way that must have certainly pleased the author as well as awakening in the minds of the audience a feeling that this young actor is destined to become famous. The genius of the father was clearly manifested as descending to the son, and nothing could have been more impassioned, more noble, than the scenes wherein he tells his love to *Florida*, and his struggling death. His quick mastery of the English language and the rapid development of his power indicates that there is at present no one who is so likely to become really great. In appearance he is most pleasing to look upon, and his voice is a rare combination of tone. With a splendid physique, a large amount of reserve force and an intense earnestness, his qualities are such as to lead me to believe that young Salvini is the coming star among the brightest lights.

**

BUT there is no reason why "A Foregone Conclusion" could not be turned into an acceptable play. To do it, Mr. Howells must sacrifice his book as his model. Around *Don Ippolito*, the central character, could be weaved a thoroughly dramatic work. The plot must be conceived with a due regard for stage requirements, and there must be some value attached to the different personages rather than as so many individuals gathered together to help out the lines on which the book is written. In other words, the spirit of the thing must interest other kind than those who are Mr. Howells's readers and admirers who were gathered at this matinee. Given the benefit of Mr. Palmer's admirable management, and the cleverness of his people, there was a positive success in this production which would degenerate considerably in less competent and intellectual hands.

**

AFTER Miss Fortescue's performance of "Frou Frou" at the Lyceum Theatre Monday night, a reception was given her by the Amateur Comedy Club, at Delmonico's. About sixty people were present at the supper. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. W. A.

Bloodgood, Mrs. Paran Stevens, Judge and Mrs. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Drexel, Judge John R. Brady, Miss May Brady, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Pell, Mrs. Van Voorhis, Mr. and Mrs. Lowrey, Miss Amy Draper, Miss Edith Draper, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Post, Mr. and Mrs. Shack, Miss Coudert, Mrs. Merritt, Miss Van Auken, Miss Van Duzer, Miss Ruth Lawrence, Miss Elsie de Wolfe, and the following members of the Amateur Comedy Club: Harry S. Blake, Evert J. Wendell, J. V. Boynton, Charles E. Boynton, J. Hart Lyon, Henry Chauncey, jr., Frederick W. Satterlee, sr., James B. Ludlow, and Samuel H. Parsons. Miss Fortescue's health was proposed in the following lines, written by a member of the club:

Our manager boasts that whatever we do,
The Comedy Club never misses a cue.
But this rule we'll break when you say adieu,
For we never missed one as we'll Miss Fortescue!

THE American Opera Company appeared in the Music Hall, Cincinnati, last week, and the audiences were very large and brilliant. "Lakme" received much enthusiasm, and Mlle. Pauline L'Allemand, the prima donna from Syracuse, could hardly be heard above the bravas.

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT is making elaborate preparations for the production of "Rienzi," in Washington, on December 13. This tragedy was originally written by Miss Mitford, in 1825, and thus preceded Bulwer's novel on that subject, and not an adaptation as generally supposed. But in order to accomplish a satisfactory theatrical effect, Mr. Steele Mackaye has labored over it with a success which will doubtless be seen in this performance. In talking with Mr. Barrett's stage manager, Mr. Oliver Doud, he said to me that some idea of the magnitude of the work occasioned, could be formed by stating that the transportation of new scenery would require two car loads, and that over two hundred people would be used in the representation. In the church scene, which will be something magnificent, sixteen well-drilled voices from New York and twelve local madrigals will take part in the singing. A platform and stairway nine feet high have been especially constructed for this scene, and its massiveness may be

estimated by the fact that it is intended to support a procession of men numbering all who are employed. This piece of stage carpentering cost \$2,200. Carte blanche was given to Hawthorne and Dazien, the costumers, and the result of their efforts will be the exhibition of some extraordinary gorgeousness. Mr. Barrett has a part which is considered equal to his *Cassius*, and it is expected that it will be his crowning achievement. In the banquet scene after *Rienzi* gains power, and by his riotous living brings disgrace upon his reign, the Bacchanalian revelry will be shown by an extravagant stage picture of this unparalleled wallow in debauchery and the Circean cup.

"RIENZI" was first brought out at the Drury Lane Theatre, October 4, 1828, with Charles Young as *Rienzi*. A MS. copy of it was brought to America by Macready in 1828, and was produced here in January, 1829, at the old Park Theatre, when the elder Wallack enacted *Rienzi*. Barry and Peter Richings were in the caste, and *Claudia* was impersonated by Mrs. Hilson. The piece was a brilliant success at that time. "You will be glad to hear," wrote Miss Mitford — May 29, 1829, to her friend, Sir William Elford — "that 'Rienzi' has been received rapturously all over America. No play, I am told, has ever produced such an effect there. I gain nothing by this, but one likes that sort of rebound of reputation — that traveling along with the language." Bulwer's novel of "Rienzi" appeared in 1835, and in the preface to the first edition of that work the author states that his novel bears no resemblance to Miss Mitford's tragedy, except in so far as both works relate to a love-intrigue between one of *Rienzi's* relatives and one of the antagonist party. A play by Miss Medina, the actress, based on Bulwer's novel, was brought out at the old Bowery Theatre, with uncommon splendor of scenery and dresses, on May 23, 1836, when *Rienzi* was impersonated by Hamblin. In the spring of 1836 another play based on Bulwer's novel, being the work of Mr. Jonas B. Phillips, was brought out at the old Franklin Theatre, in Chatham Street, with John R. Scott as *Rienzi*. Mrs. Blake, Alexina

Fisher, and William Sefton were in that cast. Miss Medina's play, when revived at the Park, in 1839, with Hamblin as *Rienzi*, and Mrs. Richardson (now Mrs. Fisher) as the heroine, did not prove attractive.

* *

AN unfortunate typographical error in last week's issue of the THEATRE, made rather a ridiculous mess concerning the authorship of "Clito." Mr. Whiting has my sympathy, but then he ought to fairly revel in the thought that he is not the only author misrepresented of late. He and Mr. Holmes, and Mr. Lowell, ought now to make the Boston welkin ring. I have received a score of letters calling my attention to this error, and the following I give space to :

EDITOR THE THEATRE :— As I am a weekly subscriber to your invaluable paper, I herewith take the liberty of correcting a mistake made by Mr. Henry Whiting. This gentleman says in this week's (Nov. 22, 1886) THEATRE, that the authors of "Clito" are Messrs. W. Telbin, Stafford Hall and Walter Hann, which is incorrect, as Mr. Wilson Barrett and Sydney Grundy are the joint authors. Enclosed I send you a programme of "Hamlet" and "Clito" as I saw them performed in Liverpool, one week before Mr. Barrett's departure for America. Miss Eastlake's performance in "Hamlet" and "Clito" is the finest I have ever seen, and is very commendable. The above gentlemen credited as being the authors have painted the scenery for the above plays besides that for Mr. Henry Irving's "Faust," which I had the pleasure of witnessing in London.

Mr. Irving appears at his best in this play as *Mephistopheles*, as does Miss Ellen Terry as *Margaret*. The lighting of the play is under Mr. Irving's own supervision, as are all the mechanic and scenic effects. The part of *Faust* is taken by Mr. Alexander, who is a very promising young man. Mrs. Chippendale has taken the part of Mrs. Stirling as *Martha*. As a whole, the play is magnificent, and when it is presented at the Star Theatre this season it will undoubtedly meet with as great success as it has had during its long run in London, during which time Mr. Irving has always had packed houses.

A. L.

* *

MR. DAVID BIDWELL'S stock company opened the season at his New Orleans theatre with Sardou's comedy, "A Scrap of Paper." In the company are Osmond Tearle, Charles Wheatleigh, Barton Hill, Hart Conway, Junius Brutus Booth, H. Brincker, Minnie Conway, May Brookyn, Isabella Waldron, Emma Madden, Pauline Duffield and Kate Stanley.

Trophonius.

IT IMPROVES WITH AGE.

THE THEATRE improves with age. Each succeeding number shows improvement. This clever periodical, under the management of Deshler Welch will certainly receive the reward it merits.—*Albany Evening Union.*

THE STAGE ALPHABET.

A STANDS for Miss Anderson, stately and tall,
Who draws splendid houses from winter to fall,
And B stands for Bernhardt and also for Booth,
And to call them immense is to simply state truth.
For C we have Cushman who instantly took,
And also an actor once famous, called Cooke.
While D is for Davenport, prenames E. L.,
Who played tragic and comic parts equally well ;
His *Brutus* was noble and pleased every time,
While his *Sir Giles* was great and his *Hamlet*
sublime.

For E we have Eyetinge, whose first name is Rose,
And Emmet, who makes gold wherever he goes.
While F is for Florence and Forrest, 'tis clear,
Who was such a fine *Spartacus*, such a *King Lear*.
The G is for Garrick, and Gilbert, and Got,
The latter the best that the French critics know.
The H is Henriquez and Holland in short,
Who astonished us all with his wonderful snort.
And I is for Irving, in London the craze,
Who of course will come back to us some of these
days.

We have Jennings and Jordan to fit for the J,
And Kemble and Keane will both do for the K.
While L is for Lingard, whose *Jinks* filled the
town

Some twelve years ago with a lasting renown.
The M is Macready, once laurelled by fame,
And N is for Newton, Eliza by name,
While O stands for Owens, whose *Shingle* was
fine,
And in fact the best thing he has done in that
line.

With P comes Placide, who did early begin,
And Q goes of course to the jolly old Quinn.
We find there are Rehan and Rossi for R,
And the first is already a very bright star.
The S is Salvini, tremendous, unique,
And also poor Sothern, who never was weak.
While Talma's the T who in triumph was borne,
And it also was carried by poor Charlie Thorne.
For U we have Unsworth, a minstrel whose fun
Was infectious and true in the days that are done.
And V is for Vezin who, over the sea,

Is a pretty good actor, all critics agree.
For W, Wallack comes first to the tongue,
As jolly as ever, as hearty, as young ;
And as there's no X, we pass on to the Y.
And there's plenty of Yates to honor it by,
While Z is Zucchini, who, though he sang too,
Was perhaps the best mimic that Italy knew.

Cupid Jones.

IN THE LIMELIGHT'S GLARE.

VIOLET CAMERON has gone home. I pity the woman. I am glad that I can still pity anything living, no matter what its value or condition, when it is down and being stamped upon by a lot of its heartless fellow creatures. I am glad that I resemble thus closely the average human. If I had a wife I should warn her against the man whose lips could never frame an excuse for a soul that errs. Were I the managing editor of a paper, I would discharge a writer who had a petrified heart and venomously stabbed people in the back with a stub pen for the sake of literary flourish and popularity. A journalist that did not have time to outgrow the popular ill-feeling towards Violet Cameron, is too narrow-minded to be allowed access to the ear of the public. Up to the day that the English actress sailed for home, she was openly insulted and vindictively slurred by certain members of the press. Whether she deserved it all or not makes no difference, she should have been spared it at the last. Nothing in this world can deserve abuse when it stands, friendless and humiliated, in the midst of failure. When Miss Cameron first arrived in this country, and before she ever appeared at the Casino, I was requested by the editor of this paper to write an article concerning her, and to deal with her evident indiscretions as I saw fit. I had allowed public opinion and newspaper talk to prejudice me against the woman, and so I wrote harshly and pitilessly about her. The editor considered my article much too cruel in its abuse, and, I am glad to say, it was not printed. When I saw the actress I found that she was well up in the burlesque art, and that her performance deserved just as much success as anything that the regular management of the house ever gave us. All that we read about the wretchedness of the show as compared with the "beautifully staged Viennese opera with which the Casino has made us familiar," was worthless rubbish closely resembling falsehood. Some critics even had to condemn the scenery, when most of it was the regular Casino sets that had previously been enthusiastically admired. The fact is that Violet Cameron never had fair play from the

moment she arrived in America till she sailed away for home.

**

I HAVE always noticed that when the handsome leading man clutches at his half-exposed bosom and observes, apropos of the beady-eyed villain, that he "will follow him and ker-hill him," all the soft-featured young ladies in the house give little bobs in their chairs, as if a quick, delicious heart-beat had jostled them out of their equilibrium. Sometimes little, feminine squeals are unconsciously emitted. Do you know what that means? It is the "breaking out" of a very prevalent maiden's malady known as "actor worship." Were I a *jeune premier* with a poetic profile, or a star burlesquer with limbs that could be wafted at my bidding, I should be made very tired with reading notes from aristocratic but indiscreet girls who would be forever inviting me to elope with them. This is exceedingly true, I assure you. Why, it is a solemn fact that many girls are at this moment frightfully anxious to leave home and mother for the sake of some fascinating hero of the boards, without even taking a spot of luggage with them to win the respect of a cabman or the trust of a hotel keeper. Whenever one of this sort becomes unduly excited in eulogizing a "dear, sweet fellow" in top boots, whom she has seen strike to the earth an accommodating knave that gets paid for being knocked down, I always say:

"Excuse me, please, but the gentleman drinks beer, and has a wife in Australia. He is a man, no more than that, take my word for it."

When I drop that icicle down a girl's back, I have made a deadly enemy of her for several minutes. But I can't help it, for I am a "humanitarian." Fond mothers who have hard work with their good but high-strung daughters, can do nothing better than bring my writings to the constant notice of the flighty offspring. My well-expressed advice, fraught as it is with sound sense and ethical foresight, is a sure and lasting cure for hysterics, two dollar matinee "jamborees," and like girlish frailties. For sale at all news-stands at ten cents a bottle.

I NEVER get on this subject of actors and the female sex, but what the vision of a snow-white genius floats into view. Dion Boucicault is very exacting at rehearsals. On one of these occasions he tried to impress upon a young actor that when the play was actually given, a table would occupy the middle of the stage, and that while rehearsing he must imagine the object and keep out of its way. But the young man failed to retain the injunction, and constantly stalked about in the space reserved for the table. Boucicault watched the proceedings for a while and then observed, in his smooth, sarcastic way: "My dear young friend, we will not call you fat, but really you under estimate your avoirdupois. You are not yet ethereal enough to sift yourself through a table. If you don't fix that table in your mind you'll be crawling under it and jumping over it when we give the play. Now, my dear sir, kindly repeat your lines, and don't forget the table."

DOWN in the Surrogate's office there is enough money in the name of Terry to buy every theatrical troupe this side of Yang-ste-kiang. I think that everything with any claim on those millions will make a bee-line for City Hall, even if it has to come from the furthest corner of the earth. That is why I expect to see that whilom Casino beauty, Sadie Martinot, once more "in our midst" ere long. She left New York in order to go starring with a young Cuban named Antonio Terry. If this young man should die, in fact whenever he does die, there will be one of the greatest will contests on record. The only cloud that I can discover in Sadie's roseate sky is that she and her child appear to be something of a duplication of a previous Terry *ménage* which ambitious lawyers are even now preparing to materialize into a "prior claim." Miss Martinot has made a very peculiar history for herself. From a convent to a cheap variety theatre. From there to the home of theatrical refinement and propriety, the Boston Museum, where she ruled by her exceeding beauty, and brought Dion Boucicault to her feet. Then through a successful season in England, back again to the New York theatres, where, just as she was winning the favor of a new public, the inevitable millionaire "man-about-town" bought her. Virtue is its own reward. If Miss Martinot gets several million dollars, what will that be the reward of?

Westmoreland.

ART CHAT.

MUNKACSY'S CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.



WE have in New York City at present, on public exhibition in the so-called 23d Street Tabernacle, one of the most wonderful oil paintings of modern times, the work of an almost entirely self-taught Hungarian, who was born and reared in the most

abject poverty, whose cunning of hand and genius for conception is the free gift of Dame Nature.

The picture is a biblical subject, and represents the man Jesus bound before Pilate.

MICHALY, or Michael Munkacsy, takes his name from his birth-place, the village of Munkacz. His real name is said to be Schröder by some, Michka Leibs by others. He paints his early life in these touching sentences to a reporter of the *New York World*:

"Well, you ask me for the story of my life, but I will tell it to you as shortly and succinctly as I can. An artist must be a child of great gladness or of great sorrow. I was the latter. I first saw my native country in the years subsequent to the invasion of the Russian hordes. Though born in 1844, my memory begins with the year 1849. It was then my mother died. A great famine prevailed in our country, and she succumbed—a victim of starvation. Then my father was thrown into prison for his participation in the uprising, where he soon died, at least so they said.

"In the next few months there was no civil government for good or evil in the country. *Beke*ys or robbers controlled the country districts. One night they attacked my uncle's house, and in silence, by stealth, killed all its occupants save me. I awoke on the breast of my aunt who was cold in death. You may well imagine that having passed through these experiences I was not a very gay boy. I remember once when I first went to school they asked me why I did not laugh. I told them the truth when I answered that 'I had never learned how.' I was thoughtful in my temperament and given to *grübeleien*. When about thirteen years of age I was apprenticed to a carpenter, and worked for some years in making clothes-chests for the peasants."

On these chests he made his first essays in art, painting rough pictures upon them which greatly pleased the peasants.

HE picked up some of the principles of art, first at the schools of Pesth, then at Vienna, and afterwards at Munich and Düsseldorf. But in 1867 he was attracted to Paris, and it is in this metropolis of the Fine Arts that he has produced a series of masterpieces which have gained him world-wide fame, and most of which have, by the way, found abiding places in America. In 1879 M. Munkacsy is celebrated as the author of such important canvases as: "The Last Hours of the Condemned,"

"The Night Rovers," "The Village Hero," "Interior of a Studio," "Visit to the Baby," "The Two Families," "Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to His Daughters." But he would paint something which would bring him still greater renown. He would extend his fame now, and secure still more surely its welcome in ages to come.

He has painted two successful historical subjects; he casts about for another. It must be something all peoples are familiar with. He selects the present subject. Could he do better?

He wishes to improve the multitude. He does not select a subject, the story of which they will have to look up in the histories or encyclopædias. What greater personage could you ask for for your central figure than we have here?

Is he not well enough known? We speak of CHRISTendom, of CHRISTmas.

The books chronicling His life and recording His words are held by many as sacred. Upon the sentiment of His words multitudinous discourses have been written.

What great calamities have been caused by the mere, so-called denying Him or confessing Him!

Think of the murders and wholesale slaughter committed in His name!

Think of the persecutions committed upon those who have denied His divinity!

Surely here is a subject! Why to-day as 1,800 years ago, men cry all is safe, if ye believe only on this man.

In a New Jersey town at present a man has been indicted for publicly expressing disbelief in his Deity.

How hollow, then, unprofitable and offensive is a poor representation of Him to any cultivated eye?

How surely then must there not be a line of vulgarity in the face, nor yet any trace of aristocracy either.

To be historically correct he must seem a peasant. Yet remember thousands will also expect to see a God. Full of mercy, beneficence, and love, yet capable of anger. Altogether a wholly brave man. Surely the noblest man who has ever lived.

I say the painter has a worthy subject here.

How has M. Munkacsy treated it? Let us see.

ON a canvas twenty feet wide and twelve feet high is depicted the scene of the trial of Jesus the Nazarene before Pontius Pilate, as Michael Munkacsy chose to conceive it.

We find that assembled under a few archways is a crowd, mostly Jews, about the central figure of Jesus. A soldier is on the (our) left, and a man in the crowd holding up his hands and gesticulating wildly, evidently crying out against Jesus. To our right on an elevated judgment seat, sits Pontius Pilate; on

his left are seated two chief priests or elders, (?) to his right another priest stands with his back against the wall; near him is Caiaphas vehemently denouncing Jesus to Pilate. Pilate is perhaps listening to him, but he is also impressed by the appearance of Jesus. Pilate and Christ are clothed in white.

Pilate holds his hands as if demanding an answer to some question he has just put either to Christ or Caiaphas. Caiaphas has one arm extended downward, the other up in the air, his mouth partly opened; he is demanding the life of Jesus. Christ stands, his looks cast upward, his hands bound. His face is much the conventional one, long hair, and the Jewish beard. Pilate's face is beardless, his hair cropped short.

Near Caiaphas sits a wealthy Pharisee (?) in reddish robes and a turban; his pose is striking and natural. Behind Jesus is a soldier with a reddish-brown cloak over his shoulders and a spear in his hand.

On his left is a spectator in green. Behind Jesus the crowd is in shadow, and his head is thrown out by a very dark background.

In this background we find a mother holding up her child and gazing upon Jesus. An excited member of the mob has raised himself above the others, and his bare arms are conspicuous against the shadowed crowd and wall.

The figure of the Saviour is made, with much success, the central figure. But the figure of Pilate is the greatest piece of painting in the whole canvas. It is simply perfect! The work is composed of some two score characters, all well delineated, the grouping being, except for one or two harsh points, very artistic. Indeed, there is little lacking as regards composition. Among the faults of the picture, I think might first justly be pointed out that there is not the great multitude about the judgment hall, which the gospel narration would give us to suppose there was.

For we remember that "all the chief priests and elders of the people took counsel against Jesus, to put him to death," and that *they* delivered him to Pontius Pilate. Indeed I hardly think that *this* crowd would so influence the governor that it could be written of him "when Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but rather a tumult was made, he took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it.'"

AGAIN, the light which falls upon the figures does not explain itself. One is not sure where it comes from. Whether pure sunlight from an opening in the roof or not.

Also the eyes of most of the personages are almost indistinguishable; their color, their expression, is quite lost.

THE textures, too, are not always suggested with force.

And, though I hesitate to call it a fault, I would like to point out the absence of pure, unadulterated color. Every tint seems a compound concocted in M. Munkacsy's atelier. The brilliant sky seen through the archway is called by Theodore Child, in the *Sun*, "deep blue," by the critic of the *Tribune* "blue of the oriental sky;" but does not the writer of the *Times* review come nearer the mark when he says "a sky of a rich green color?" Still this harmony of color is delightful to the eye — all is mellow, nothing crude.

THAT the face of Jesus is unsatisfactory is a very flat remark to make. Can anyone picture in their own mind just what they would demand as the likeness of the blessed Redeemer? I think not. And to find fault on that score would require me to stand upon a plane I do not feel I have reached. Let us be thankful that the face is real and human. I guess the Greeks are the only people who were ever able to conceive Deities, and they are gone. Long ago.

WHAT is it, then, that gives this work a foremost place among modern masterpieces?

The intense reality of the *tout ensemble*, I think. It is not because certain parts are perfectly real, not because every detail is painted so as to suggest the presence of nature, not because the lights and shadows, and values and textures are true, for none of these virtues are realized, but the general effect, whatever may be the cause, of this grand painting is that we have a real living group of people before us.

A tableau vivant!

YES, that is it, 'tis a grand *tableau vivant*.

The Christ standing firm and resolute in majestic repose. Pilate, all alert, willing and anxious to understand this difficult case involving Roman and Hebrew law. The gesticulating Caiaphas, the listening Rabbis, the agitated mob half curious, half vehement, the sympathetic mother with her child. All live, and breath, and act.

NOTHING religious to move the sentiment, nothing dramatic to fire the imagination, nothing poetic to elevate the senses, but direct masterly realism, grandeur of style, power of conception, force of execution, which places before us a vital, graphic and impressive specimen of vigorous painting.

A dashing piece of brush work, a bold, though forced effect of chiaroscuro, brilliant combination of color. Rich and precious. Representing our age. A painting of to-day. Why not for all time?

Encore dexterity!

Ernest Knauff.

BOTH SIDES OF THE CURTAIN.

THE central feature of last week being Thanksgiving Day, the indigent actors, who have been living, heaven knows how, had a "boom." It is not only a tradition, but an axiom that everybody goes to the theatre on Thanksgiving day, but goes twice or even thrice. Years ago, Barnum's or Wood's Museums, of this city, gave three performances on all holidays. The first began at 11 a. m. and finished at 1 p. m., and between that hour and 2 o'clock the much-tried actors had to undress for the street, eat their dinners, and dress again for the afternoon performance. This latter entertainment terminated about 5 o'clock, and three hours were given to the players for repose and refreshment. The morning performances, of course, drew very little cash, but if even fifty dollars were added thereby to the treasury, it was, as the managers said, found money. I remember a young comedian telling me his holiday troubles, when on a certain Christmas day he began business at 9 a. m., did not leave the theatre until midnight, and then, as he said, in melancholy tones, went home to "make acquaintance with his family." That was a "Merry Christmas" indeed. The worst feature of it all was that the poor actors received no extra pay for the extra work. Happily the times have changed and we have changed with them.

OF late years Thanksgiving day and other holidays have been regarded as "snaps" by the indigent actors. Some speculator with a few dollars engages a suburban theatre, and promises the inhabitants of the suburb a magnificent "spectacular" performance of the "Two Orphans," "Monte Cristo," or "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The actor who is comparatively in funds puts up his price for the two Thanksgiving day performances, but the destitute player accepts what he is offered, and gets two-thirds of it in advance. So these "merry makers" play their parts and appreciate the little goods the gods provide.

I SHOULD have to go back to ancient history to get at the origin of the term "snap" as connected with theatrical ventures. A season of frigid weather has for ages been designated in this country as a "cold snap," but this is too suggestive a parallel to explain the dramatic adoption of the word "snap." Perhaps a little story I can recall may give an illustration, apt enough for the purpose of the relevancy of the word to the little theatrical ventures of the hour. When that admirable and lamented actor, Mr. Edwin Adams, was in the height of his popularity, he produced at Booth's Theatre, a dramatic version of Tennyson's "Enoch

Arden." He "got out" considerable "printing," amongst which was a colored lithograph representing the shipwrecked Enoch standing on a rock looking out to sea, and pathetically crying "a broken sailor, waiting for a sail, no sail from day to day." A certain English actor in the last stages of penury, who had vainly looked for snaps during a season of disaster, was present when Mr. Adams' lithograph was hung up in the café of the Metropolitan Hotel. He approached it solemnly, and assuming the exact attitude of the hapless Arden, exclaimed in heartrending tones, "A broken actor waiting for a snap, no snap from day to day."

APPROPOS of that fine actor and fine fellow, Edwin Adams, I can remember meeting him in St. Louis some years ago. This was before the "Combination" system had become general, and Adams traveled accompanied only by an agent, and acted with whatever company was furnished by the local manager. Ben De Bar, the manager of the St. Louis theatre, was notorious for paying the smallest salaries known to the profession. Naturally, he secured the poorest of companies. On this particular occasion, the acting was so vile that even patient Edwin Adams grew wrathful, and as the curtain fell, asked Mr. De Bar "where he got 'em," referring, of course, to the company. De Bar held down his head in contrition, and could only say "Well, Ned, somebody must have 'em." Of course further reproach was silenced.

I AM sorry to say that most of the "snaps" of last Thursday have turned out failures, at least in a pecuniary sense, and from an artistic standpoint, the less said, the better. I fancy the reason is that the bucolics are beginning to get at the bottom of these holiday raids on their fastnesses. So dubious were the chances regarded last Thursday, that at many towns within fifty miles of New York, landlords demanded board in advance from all the players. The veteran Harry Watkins took out an admirable company to a New Jersey town, and as he said, just got back "alive." The Thanksgiving snap fever was so dominant last week that even young actresses of independent means were seized by it. Among these was Miss Margaret Cone, Kate Claxton's sister, who is better known to the profession and the public as "brave Maggie Cone," owing to her life-saving glories at Larchmont and Long Branch. This young lady, on her own little shoulders, took the burthen of producing the "Sea of Ice" at Red Bank, New Jersey, last Thursday. On Tuesday she was told by an experienced manager that she would "lose on the snap, and had better drop it." Miss Cone, however, rose to her reputation for valor, and

although she had to work very hard, she came away from Red Bank something over a hundred dollars ahead. This reminds me of the characteristic little story Dr. Talmage used to tell in his lecture called "The Bright Side of Things." He spoke of a little boy speculating in Washington Market with a lot of green peas. An older and sinister-faced boy came up to him and remarked, "Sonny, you're going to lose on dem peas." The little fellow nearly gave way to tears, but he pulled himself together and went about his work, and in a few hours returned without any peas. He met his sinister friend, and said, triumphantly, "Sonny, I didn't lose on dem peas. I've made a dollar and fifty cents, and to show I don't bear no malice here's a bully cigarette."

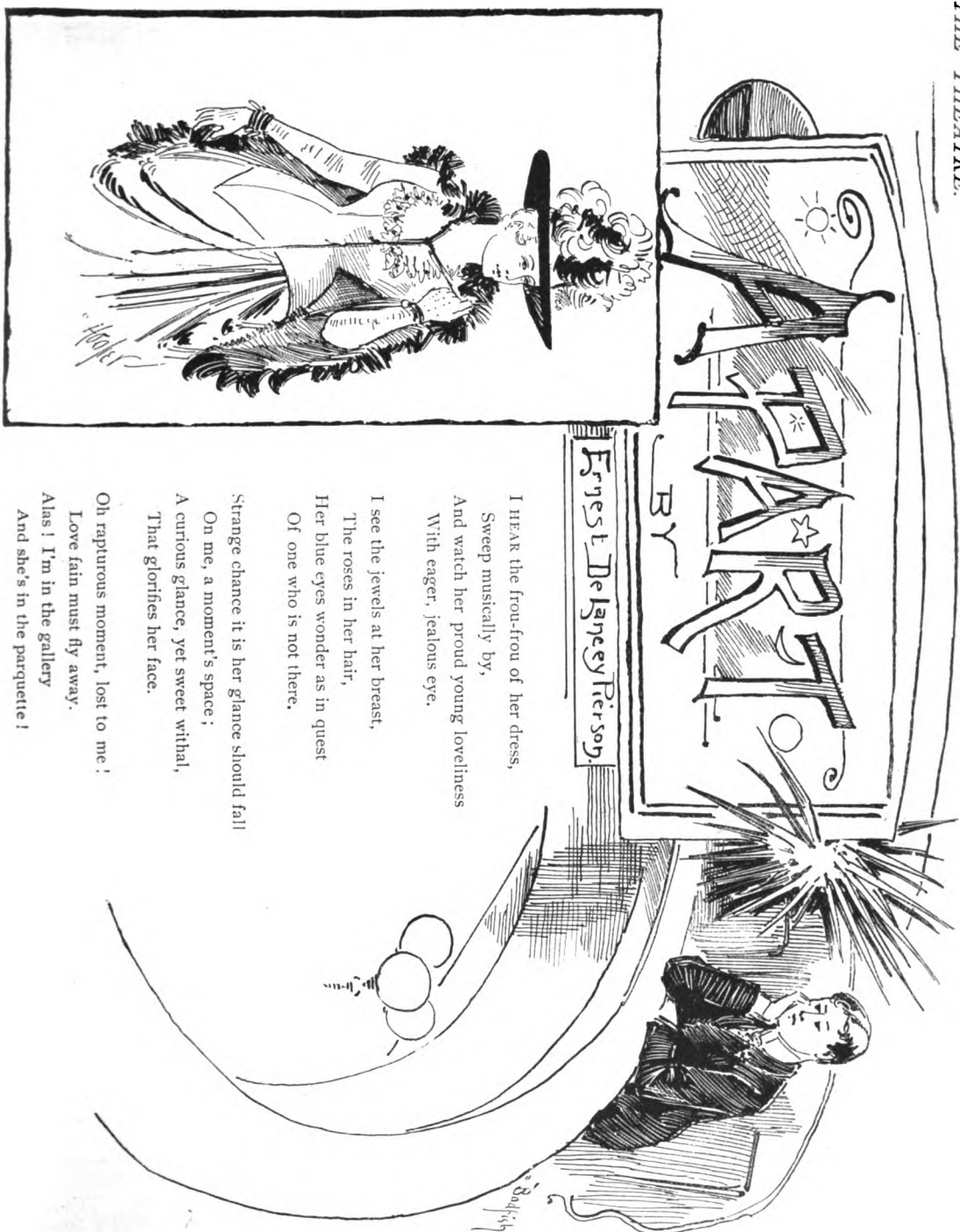
MISS AGNES HERNDON, who has been absent from the stage too long, has at last made up her own mind and that of her manager. Hence she will return starring in the first week of January. Her dates are nearly all filled, her company engaged, and she hazards her future on "A remarkable Woman," an emotional play written expressly for her by Mr. John M. Morton.

MR. EDMUND YATES in his cable letter to the *World*, last week, positively stated that Mrs. Brown Potter had not only become a "professional beauty" in London, but was about to adopt the professional stage. This news created quite a breeze in New York society, and was indignantly denied by all Mrs. Potter's friends. When Mr. Yates' news is returned to London it is expected that Mr. Potter will raise something like a hornet's nest round the ears of the editor of the London *World*.

MME. PATTI's financial success has been enormous, but artistically the result has been very much otherwise. A famous musical authority came from her last concert and said, "An outrage, by Jove; she's transposed her music, and squeaks on her upper notes."

The Man in the Street.

— When "A Parisian Romance" was first read by M. Feuillet to the company of the Gymnase, of which Marais, a distinguished French actor, was then a member, the heroine bore the name of "Hélène." After the conclusion of the reading, M. Marais sought out Octave Feuillet, and begged of him as a favor he would change the heroine's name. "For," he added, "I cannot yet pronounce the name of Hélène without emotion." The veteran dramatist consented without demur. The young lady who is to replace this idolized wife is very pretty and accomplished, and is just twenty-three.



I HEAR the frou-frou of her dress,

Sweep musically by,

And watch her proud young loveliness

With eager, jealous eye.

I see the jewels at her breast,

The roses in her hair,

Her blue eyes wonder as in quest

Of one who is not there.

Strange chance it is her glance should fall

On me, a moment's space ;

A curious glance, yet sweet withal,

That glorifies her face.

Oh rapturous moment, lost to me !

Love fain must fly away.

Alas ! I'm in the gallery

And she's in the parquette !

THE WEEK.

MR. BOOTH'S engagement at the Star Theatre closed Saturday night. It has been financially successful, but the audiences have been nowhere near as large as those which greet him in other cities. This week he plays in Brooklyn, and on December 6 will open a season of several weeks in Boston. Mr. Jefferson is now at the Star with his "Rip Van Winkle." At Wallack's Theatre "Sophia" is enjoying a prosperous run, and preparations are going forward for the production of several new pieces. "Princess Ida" was revived at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last Monday night, but the expediency of the attempt to increase its attraction by the introduction of new matter both in libretto and music was not wise. "Erminie" seems to have renewed its former triumphs at the Casino, and while Mark Smith is an excellent *Ravennes*, Mr. Daboll is missed. Miss Marie Jansen has made quite a hit in the part of *Javotte*. Mr. Abbey announces two extra concerts by Patti. This Monday evening the second act of "Semiramide," and Wednesday evening the second act of "Martha" will be the chief features of the programme. Mr. Daly's theatre is nightly the scene of a brilliant audience and much laughter. "Love in Harness" is very funny and deeply interesting to all young married people. This is the farewell week of Miss Fortescue's engagement at the Lyceum Theatre. She will appear in two pieces every night: "King Rene's Daughter" and "Sweethearts." Mr. Frohman has met with a good deal of success thus far. The Vokes Company without Miss Vokes is very much like the skull of Yorick in plaster, but it is now expected that the audiences at the Standard will soon be largely increased by the welcome return of the popular Rosina. The business manager of the Bijou Opera House, Mr. Donnelly, takes pleasure by informing THE THEATRE that everybody who has anything to do with "Little Jack Sheppard" is happy, and Mr. Goodwin feels better than any of them. Modjeska's appearances at the Union Square Theatre are marked by some notable audiences. Everybody goes to see "The Chouans," because it is an extraordinary arrangement in comedy,

pathos and blood. Nevertheless it furnishes some wonderful stage pictures, superb costumes, and good acting. The portrait of Modjeska given in this week's THEATRE will be looked at with interest. At the Madison Square Theatre "Jim the Penman" is likely to hold sway the entire season.

BRÜLL'S OPERA.

"DAS GOLDENE KREUTZ" (The Golden Cross) was charmingly presented at the Metropolitan Opera House by the German Opera Company on Friday night. It is a very clever species of opera comique, based upon a French play, and written by Morenthal, librettist.

The music is full of melody, and is deliciously fresh, presenting some very strong individual characteristics.

The piece is enlivening and cheerful, no part of the composition overpowering the action, which was brightly and smoothly performed. All the parts were ably filled; notably that of Madame Krauss as *Christine*, and Herr Frirchi as a French officer, in which part he very charmingly sang a few ballad strains. The work was well, though not enthusiastically received.

This opera was brought out in Berlin in 1875, in Vienna in 1876, and in London in 1878, with marked success. The English version, which was produced in London, was translated from the German text by Mr. J. P. Jackson in a remarkably clever style.

Because of the fire in the men's room of the Opera House the ballet was not as well performed as was hoped for; but the "Vienna Waltzer" is a ballet of immense dimensions, and under different auspices would have been a grand success. The hurried manner in which it has been prepared also probably militated against it.

On the whole the performance was praiseworthy and a satisfaction to lovers of works of this kind.

S. T. L.

MR. EDDY'S CONCERTS.

MR. CLARENCE EDDY, the well-known organist, gave two concerts at the South Church on Tuesday evening and Thursday afternoon, November 16 and 18. His performances embody all the technical attributes of a virtuoso of the first rank. The evening programme was more of a popular nature, beginning with Bach's grand fugue in G Minor, which has, in spite of its severe style, the elements of catchiness about it, and has even been irreverently termed a "chestnut" by old concert-goers. Mr. Eddy gave a great variety of pieces in many styles of nationality and degrees of severity. Among the most pleasing numbers probably were the Gavotte from "Mignon," by Thomas, and a "Fantasie on Themes from Faust," both works being transcribed by Mr. Eddy for the organ. The Fantasie extends almost to symphonic proportions, and should have been given earlier in the evening. The concert concluded with Weber's Overture to "Oberon," which was brilliantly rendered.

At the Thursday Matinee works of a more serious character were produced. Among them Liszt's tremendous Fugue on B-A-C-H. Haupt's transcription of Chopin's C sharp minor, Etude, and Thiele's Concert Piece in C minor.

The ease with which Mr. Eddy overcomes these gigantic difficulties is exceeded only by his modesty in referring to his achievements.

It is to be hoped that he may be heard here again in the near future.

NOTES FROM BOSTON.

NOVEMBER 23.—Why is it that Mr. Joseph Jefferson continues to star in "Rip Van Winkle" to the exclusion of all other plays in which he has gained certainly a reputation equal to his ancient *Rip*? Coming, as he has, into sharp contrast at the Globe Theatre with Mr. Wilson Barrett, who on Saturday night closed a notably successful engagement of three weeks, this never ending repetition of our nineteenth century stage chesnut at last calls for remark. Mr. Barrett could have run his new play, "Clito," or "Claudian," or "Hamlet," throughout his engagement without change, either from a financial or popular point of view. So excellent is his company that even his "triple bill" would have satisfied the public. Yet, with sound judgment, with an eye to the education as well as the pleasure of his auditors, and the revealing of the possibilities of perfect stage management and lavish stage adornment, backed with a well-balanced and artistic support, Mr. Barrett gave to Bostonian theatre-goers during that period a lesson in those points such as has never been equaled in this city—or country, I might say, for his New York engagement was not as dissimilar as here in plays given. And Irving is not forgotten when this is asserted. The light attendance at the Globe last night had in it the germ of a lesson that Mr. Jefferson, and other stars who follow his example, may well heed. Where the capacity and power of Mr. Barrett's ideas are once planted, the outgrowth of opinion must be against the continuance of old plays, indifferently played and set, with the "star" as the one attraction. Even Lotta varies her bill at the Park Theatre, though all her roles are well known, and her business has been excellent. Many there are who find pleasure in *Rip* and like characters of good old age; but for the furtherance of ethical and artistic stage progress, those who can do so well under the old-time routine should, in behalf of these features, imitate Messrs. Irving and Barrett, even if it is "English." American managers would assist any "star" in such a venture, it is to be hoped.

At the Boston Theatre McNish, Johnson & Slavin's Minstrel Company opened a most successful engagement last night with a good bill. At the Museum "Harbor Lights" has reached its rooth performance with undiminished success. "Adonis" is nearing the same point at the Hollis Street Theatre.

Henry Whiting.

BROOKLYN NOTES.

BROOKLYN has at last seen Mrs. Langtry. A good-sized audience greeted this aspirant for stage honors last Monday night upon her appearance in "A Wife's Peril" at the Brooklyn Theatre. It is but simple justice to Mrs. Langtry to admit that her acting is much more finished than when she visited this country on her previous tour; but to class her among finished

actresses—never. Her acting is devoid of magnetism, and is terribly deficient in those features which go far to win an audience to favor. I have reference to her awkward stride—for it can hardly be termed a walk—her unnatural gesturing, and the almost total absence of spirit in rendering her lines. Her costumes are gems of the tailor's art, while the scenery (her own) is beautiful. Her support, taken as a whole, is good. Mrs. Langtry, no doubt, has a pleasing future before her on the stage, but how she obtained her present fame as an actress, unless it be the result of a certain kind of advertising, is beyond my comprehension, and I find that I am not alone in this opinion. Miss Marguerite Fish, the young lady whose praises are heralded to us from Vienna, will make her debut in "Our Wedding Day" on January 3, 1887, and will speak her lines in her native American tongue. I learn from an undoubtedly authentic source that Mr. Henry C. Miner will not manage Miss Violet Cameron, as was announced recently that he offered to do.

McCaull's Opera Comique Company has been playing to crowded houses during the past week at Col. Sinn's Park Theatre. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings "Josephine Sold by Her Sisters" was the attraction, and that kind of sisterly avarice seemed to be just what the people of this city wanted, for the entire house was sold on second and third evenings, and double encores were the rule. The last three evenings were devoted to Audran's "Crowing Hen," which divided honors with its predecessor. Miss Louise Parker, Mme. Cottrelly, Mr. Eugene Oudin, Mr. Herndon Morsell, and Mr. De Wolf Hopper, carried off the week's honors. Mr. Oudin was especially pleasing, his voice being fully under control and very sweet, especially in his upper register. This week Mr. Edwin Booth appears in the following: Monday, "Richelieu;" Tuesday, "Hamlet;" Wednesday, *Iago* in "Othello;" Thursday, "Richelieu;" Friday (double bill), "Merchant of Venice" and "Katherine and Petruchio;" Saturday matinee, "Hamlet;" Saturday night, "Fool's Revenge." Next week Miss Maggie Mitchell in "Pearl of Savoy," "Little Barefoot," "Fanchon," and "Maggie the Midget."

At the Criterion Theatre that little Jap, the "Mikado," has been running during the past week, while Mr. Roland Reed has been affording amusement for hundreds at the Grand Opera House.

Miss Lillian Olcott has been appearing at the Academy of Music in "Theodora" during the week past, where she has been liberally patronized by her Brooklyn friends, for you know this is her native home.

Fosdick.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

THE revival of "Don Caesar" Monday night at McCaull's Opera House attracted a large and appreciative audience, who warmly applauded the tuneful numbers of Dellinger's sprightly work. The cast is different from the one when the opera was first produced here, but the change appeared to meet with general approval. The comedy element was entrusted to Digby Bell, and he made the most of his opportunities. Altogether, Col. McCaull is to be congratulated on the success of the revival of "Don Caesar," which, however, must make way next week for His Majesty the "Mikado."

"Hoodman Blind" entered on its second week at the Chestnut Street Theatre with a good house. Mr. Joseph Haworth has scored a hit here, and divides the recalls with Miss Sydney Armstrong, whose artistic handling of a difficult dual role is a clever bit of work.

At the Arch Street Theatre "The Rivals" was presented, with Mrs. John Drew as *Mrs. Malaprop*, and Mr. Sydney Drew as *Bob Acres*.

The Hanlons, in "Fantasma," held carnival at the Chestnut Street Opera House, and the scarcity of empty seats indicated that they still retained their hold on the public.

"East Lynne" at Forepaugh's Theatre, and "Mixed Pickles" at the Walnut Street Theatre, have started in well.

Louis Harrison is doing Chestnut street daily and drawing his salary regularly, although he will not appear at the Temple Theatre for nearly six weeks. He is engaged by Manager Brotherton to take the leading comedy part in "Phyllis," the new opera, for the book of which George Fawcett Rowe is responsible. The production of this opera is delayed by the run which the "Little Tycoon" is having, and in the meantime Mr. Harrison is enjoying himself immensely.

Messrs. Forepaugh and Connelly have leased the Casino property in this city, and will project extensive improvements and are already negotiating with a number of first-class people for a summer season. They propose to run a series of light operas, and promise to present the best talent that money can procure.

There is a large advance sale of seats for Wilson Barrett, who opens at the Chestnut Street Opera House next week.

KITTY O'NEIL.

How many years is it since Kitty O'Neil began her professional career at the old Mozart Varieties in this city? A good many, any way. Yet there are those who have seen her at the Adelphi this week who say she looks as young now as then. And Kitty was only a slip of a girl when her parents, a fine old Irish couple, who kept a saloon at the foot of Erie street until the Lackawanna trestle came along, let her go on the stage. She is much the same piquant little lady, with a realizing sense now of her position as "champion lady jig dancer of the world," which enables her to be diffident in responding to enthusiastic encores. Buffalo ought to be proud of the O'Neil, for she is as "great" in her line as the Ellsler ever was in hers. Kitty won't jig forever, and unfortunately there appears to be no one capable of wearing her shoes. No female jig dancer in the last decade has given anything like the proper degree of promise, with the exception perhaps of Fanny Beane and Myra Goodwin; and old George Beane's red-headed girl dances no better in "A Piece of Pie" than she used to in Rollin Howard's ancient burlesques, while Miss Goodwin is at present trying to be a comedienne. The pride of Buffalo used to have a favorite jig tune in which the theme of "Annie Laurie" was interwoven. On the basis of this fact an imaginative New York reporter once constructed a romance of a gallant young minstrel (burnt cork) who wooed and won Miss Kitty, and died after impressing her with the fact that she could always revive his memory in his favorite air of "Annie Laurie." In point of fact, Kitty never contracted a matrimonial alliance except with one of the Kernell brothers, from whom she is separated now. — *Buffalo Express*.

A REFRESHING TONE.

[From the London Stage, Oct. 15.]

FROM the land of freedom-and-newspapers comes a recent number of THE THEATRE, a newly-started journal devoted to stage matters and the sister arts. Identical in title with the magazine with which Clement Scott's name is so closely bound up, the New York contemporary can also claim kinship in that, though a weekly publication, it approaches most nearly both to the scope and size of the monthlies. The cover in itself is a piece of work having all the delicacy and tone which are characteristic of American typography, and several illustrations with which the letter-press is enriched, point to an excellence in this department that is notably absent from the bulk of our own periodical literature. The general tone of the reading matter is refreshingly free from the silly ostentation, sensationalism, and wonderful vocabulary of slang, which, even when conveyed in the brightest type upon finely rolled paper, are certainly unlovely enough to our insular mind. THE THEATRE indeed, is to be welcomed.

— Mr. Charles Barron left the leading position at the Boston Museum to go with Edwin Booth, and that greatest of our tragedians believes him to be the very best support obtainable in this country. In spite of the contumely which New York critics always heap on his efforts, the fact is that no "leading man" in America has so many sincere admirers as Charles Barron has, and because most of them are Bostonians, makes the compliment one the less gratifying.

— A windowful of photographs of theatrical celebrities is the strongest magnet that a shop-keeper can adopt. None of us will ever become so ascetic but that the counterfeit presentments of Anderson, Fortescue, Langtry and Cameron, suspended in a beautiful row, "must give us pause." If it is Anderson as *Rosalind*, the pause becomes a whole visit.

CHASTE AND IDEAL.

From the Des Moines Times.

THE THEATRE, the most chaste and ideal of dramatic papers, has reached a circulation of nearly twelve thousand copies, although less than a year old as yet.

*** The third season of the New York School of Acting opens this month. Franklin H. Sargent is Director. David Belasco, stage manager of the Lyceum Theatre, Mme. Malvina, of Daly's, and many other prominent professionals are instructors. Intending applicants, or others desiring information, should write at once to Mr. F. H. SARGENT, Hotel Albert, 42 East 12th Street, New York City.

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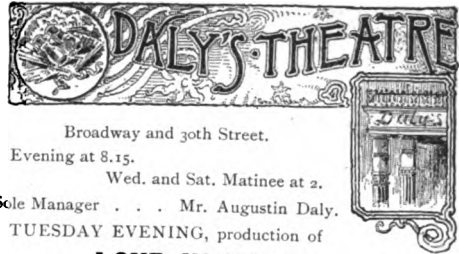
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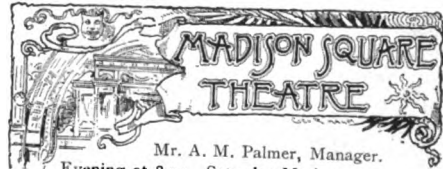
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Fredk. Urquhart	Mr. Drew
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Schlagg	Mr. Eilbert
Keyes	Mr. Bond
Mrs. Joblots	Mrs. Gilbert
Rhoda Naggitt	Miss Dreher
Jenny Joblots	Miss Hadley
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Mr. Netherby, M. P.	Harry I. Holliday
Dr. Pettywise	Wm. Davidge
Mrs. Ralston	Agnes Booth
Agnes (her daughter)	Maud Harrison
Lady Danscombe	Mrs. E. J. Phillips
Mrs. Chapstone	May Robson



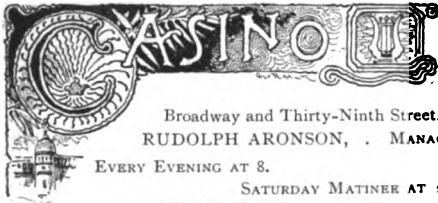
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Kneebone	Mr. Frank Courier
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Marie	Sadie Kirby
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Cadeaux	Francis Wilson
Ravennes	Mark Smith
Marquis de Ponvert	J. A. Furey
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THE THEATRE.

VOL. II., No. 12.

DECEMBER 6, 1886.

WHOLE NO. 38

THE THEATRE: AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF
DRAMA, MUSIC, ART AND LITERATURE. — Published
every Saturday at Nos. 31 and 33 West Twenty-third
Street, New York.
DESHLER WELCH . . . EDITOR AND MANAGER.

The price of yearly subscription to *THE THEATRE* is four dollars in advance. We cannot undertake to return manuscript that is not suitable, unless we receive sufficient postage to do so. Care is always taken not needlessly to destroy valuable manuscript.

* * * The Editor solicits contributions from the readers of *THE THEATRE*, and suggests that old play bills, and scraps relating to the stage, notes, news and items appertaining to the different arts, would be acceptable. It is the desire of the Editor to establish a widely circulated magazine, and to further that end every good idea will be acted upon so far as possible.

* * * All articles appearing in *THE THEATRE* are written especially for it unless credited otherwise.

A Theatrical Solomon.

By EDGAR FAWCETT.

Author of "A Gentleman of Leisure,"
"The House at High Bridge," "An
Ambitious Woman," "Rutherford," and
the play of "The False Friend."

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Editor of *THE THEATRE* takes pleasure in saying that arrangements have been made with several distinguished people who will contribute especially written articles. The first of these will appear next week, and will be entitled "A Theatrical Solomon," by Edgar Fawcett, the brilliant novelist.

(Editorial from *The Star*.)

THE THEATRE is about to engage among its contributors a number of the most distinguished writers in the country. *THE THEATRE* has the form, the cover, and the contents of a magazine, and we believe that no New York periodical devoted to the drama, hitherto, has treated it with so much refinement of tone, thoroughness and literary ability.

DRIFT.

AMONG the well-known people who have contributed to the pages of *THE THEATRE* are:

James Parton,
George Parsons Lathrop,
A. C. Gunter,
Alfred Ayres,
Barnett Phillips,
Charles Millward,
Rose Eytinge,
Olive Logan,
Benjamin Folsom,
Henry Gallup Paine,
B. B. Vallentine,
Kyrle Bellew,
Harold W. Raymond,
Clara Lanza,
Thos. W. Pittman,
John E. McCann,
B. F. Hapgood,
Louis Von Eltz,
Hilaire Grezy,
Henry Whiting,
Townsend Percy,
Frank Fowler,
J. N. Marble,
Edgar S. Kelly,
Ernest Knaufft,
Charles Lotin Hildreth,
T. H. Howard,
Henry Pène du Bois.

* *

I SAID last week that I saw no reason why Mr. Howell's play "A Foregone Conclusion" could not be made a very successful entertainment. Much fault was found with it because it was "not exactly a play," that it contained too much dialogue, and was simply a recitation of the novel. It received serious consideration by the daily newspapers, and there was a very natural disposition to give it

extensive criticism, for it certainly called for it according to the well-understood rules of dramatic writing. On the other hand, it was played before a representative audience of thinking people, and received the most cordial approval, a demonstration which could not be taken otherwise than a very strong evidence that everybody was delightfully entertained and interested. It seems to me then a work of this sort should have the hearty encouragement of every person who is at all informed concerning the endless amount of rubbish which is forced before the public, and made to succeed financially, because the most ignorant classes are fed upon it. Of course, there are more people who prefer such vulgarity as "A Tin Soldier," and literature of that type, than there are admirers for Mr. Howell's novels; but when "educated" people are willing to sit through an evening of such foolishness and boy buffoonery as lately witnessed at the Academy of Music and called "A Greek Play," it is to be asked if the times are not out of joint. Mr. Palmer is entitled to much credit for the generous and careful manner in which "A Foregone Conclusion" was placed upon the stage. He is satisfied with his experiment, and intends to give another matinee performance of the piece with some few changes, which will make it more compact. The part of *Don Ippolito* gives young Mr. Salvini an opportunity of displaying remarkable power and the fact that he is verily a son of his father.

**

ALONG about 1874, I knew a young man in this city, who was then about twenty years of age, by the ponderous name of Washington Irving Bishop. He was chiefly remarkable at that time for a large amount of self-assurance, and a disposition to argue the point in a Jack Easy style. He also talked a great deal about psychology, of which he had but a superficial knowledge, and which he had gained by talking with George Francis Train. A few years later on, I heard of this young man in England, attracting attention by a number of tricks, which he labelled mind-reading. He was also successful in drawing Mr. Labouchere into a challenge, and obtaining thereby some very

valuable advertising. Bishop has now returned to this country, and is endeavoring to astonish the Bostonians. His most inexplicable arrangement of psychology, as reported in the papers, was that of finding a pin hidden within a mile of the hotel. The mayor, a Mr. Savage and a Dr. Green, drove by a circuitous route to the house of a Dr. Williams on Marlborough street, and hid a scarf pin in an open grate among some waste paper. On their return to the hotel, Mr. Bishop being completely blindfolded, and then having a heavy black bag fastened over his head, entered the carriage with the other three gentlemen, and without any hesitation, seized the reins, and drove the horses in about twenty minutes to the neighborhood of the house, a copper wire serving as the only connection between him and the gentlemen who were with him. After leaving the carriage a short distance from the house, he passed rapidly up the steps ahead of the gentlemen, and found the pin where it was hidden. They then returned to the hotel, and Mr. Savage testified that the experiment was a genuine one, and it had been carried out with strict fidelity to all the requirements.

**

OF course, there is only one explanation to all this. Either Mr. Bishop had a confederate—else we must believe in miracles. "Mind-reading" has some wise philosophy in it, but when we are told by another account that Mr. Bishop "drove around circuitous streets with lightning rapidity, and several times would halt suddenly and retrace his steps without colliding with even a curbstone," much less a literary man, the gullibility of mankind is apparent.

**

THE December number of *Harper's Magazine* is exquisite in its engravings and typography. It seems to have reached a climax which would be useless to try to excel. There are a dozen full-page illustrations, and some fifty drawings, which make their literary accompaniment luxurious in adornment. The number is complete in itself. There are no continued articles or stories, and if it would only happen to drop down the chimney a little nearer Christmas time, there would be an

atmosphere in fancy which would whet the appreciation to keener edge. Nowadays everything comes long before Christmas. The shops are already crowded with Christmas things, and "Christmas numbers" of the most popular publications come so early that January tumbles into Santa Claus's lap when not invited.

THE Christmas *St. Nicholas* will charm the children, for, as usual, it is a feast of good things. The most notable article in it, however, and one which will be read by everyone with much interest, is entitled "How a Great Battle Panorama is Made." It is written by Theodore R. Davis, who was interested in the production of one of these popular exhibitions, and it is copiously illustrated with sketches by the author, and with reproductions of photographs.

THE *Century* is chiefly notable this month for its continuation of "The Life of Lincoln," and reminiscences and portraits of Henry Clay.

THE handsomest and brightest of THE THEATRE'S exchanges in the way of a "Society Journal" is the *Pittsburg Bulletin*. Last week it published what purported to be a "more or less plausible continuation and conclusion of the romance, 'The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine,' finished but not completed by Mr. Frank R. Stockton, in the *Century Magazine*." I understand the publication in the *Bulletin* was made after protests on the part of Mr. Stockton and the *Century* Company.

THE Evangelical Alliance, in solemn convocation at St. Louis, adopted the following resolutions on Monday last:

Whereas, The season of public amusement is upon us, and whereas some of these indulgences have a decidedly corrupting tendency; therefore,

Resolved—1. That we earnestly counsel all Christian people to refrain from patronizing such amusements as present spectacular representations of sensuality, or are manifestly immoral in their influence and destructive of spiritual light.

2. That we regret to learn upon what seems to be good authority that such objectionable features belong to some of the performances of the American Opera Company.

This is an excellent advertisement for the American Opera Company, and Mrs. Thurber could not do better than have these resolutions adopted in every city she visits.

THE THEATRE has a large box filled with contributed poems and verses, and this week undertakes to dispose of them by wholesale. Mr. Flower, of the Chicago *Rambler*, should have the rose-bud for this batch, however.

I HAVE been furnished^{***} with this description of some of Mme. Modjeska's new dresses. I do not know much about such things, but I think her costumes in "Les Chouans" are the most artistic and exquisite I have ever seen. But listen: One of them is a magnificent dinner dress of white plush combined with white brocaded silk, with a fusé pattern. The train is made of alternate stripes of the plush and brocade, and the tablier is of white lace, the pattern of which is embroidered in silver. The décolleté waist is made of the brocade with lace sleeves. A high-necked dinner dress is made of pearl gray ottoman silk, with a brocaded pattern of ostrich feathers in dark gray velvet. The train has two lengthwise panels of the plain pearl gray silk, and there is a double fichu of the same, which terminates in sash ends. Another rich dinner dress is made of a new silk material of alternate stripes of ottoman silk and embroidered grenadine of a pattern like thread lace; in fact, the pattern is almost lace, so fine is it. The front is elaborately hand embroidered in jet. Perhaps the most striking costume is one of straw colored crêpe du chine with a stripe of embroidered grenadine. There is a full drapery in front looped up with a Marguerite belt. The train is of straw-colored brocade with a fusé pattern, and the waist of the brocade has no sleeves, but a sort of cape instead, made of the crêpe. The effect is most novel. With this costume is worn a large bunch of golden marigolds. The sleeves of each costume have a distinctive individuality, no two pair resembling each other at all.

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL and her husband are gyrating about in a very pretty mess, are they not? Now, I sincerely trust that after the unpleasant affair is settled by the courts, the very pretty feminine part of the firm will wade the popular sequence of such discordant notoriety and keep off the stage. Don't go on the stage, Lady C., don't do it.

Trophonius.

EDMUND YATES ON THE FRENCH
"HAMLET."

IT has been my fate during a life of play-going to see a good deal of *Hamlet*. Not, perhaps, too much *Hamlet*, but possibly *Hamlet* enough. My memory recalls Charles Kean, a somewhat sulky and savage young prince, but full of dignity and with many fine touches of tragic power; James Wallack, light and airy, with an inclination to slap the Ghost on the back, and to make the best of the late king's unfortunate ending; Walter Montgomery, virulent but vulgar, energetic but decidedly provincial; McKean Buchanan, a very tall American, the first, in my recollection, to give the reading "a hawk from a heron—pshaw!" though I see Mr. Barry Sullivan claims it; Barry Sullivan himself, closely studied on the old models, intelligent, effective; G. V. Brooke, a magnificent declaimer, but ponderous and porter-y; a number of "stock" tragedians of whom nothing need be said. Then Fechter, the very pride and pearl of poetry, fair-haired, impassioned, sounding every note in the gamut of love, hate, revenge, scorn, filial reverence, and desperate frenzy, but with an impossible accent which went well-nigh to rob the indubitably great creation of its charm; Henry Irving, scholarly, most artistic, most interesting. Also did I see that extraordinary performance, such a strange vagary on the part of poor J. M. Bellew, who stood at a desk before the proscenium and declaimed the speeches of all the characters in turn, while the persons of the drama, mere human marionettes, trod the stage with appropriate gestures, and moved their lips as though they were speaking. I thought this the most ludicrous thing I had ever witnessed. I do not think so now: I have seen *Amlate*—so they pronounce it—at the Français.

Ah, *ce pauvre Schak-is-père!* He has a little line on the bill and on the book ("Shakespeare's, *Hamlet, prince of Denmark*," but fades into insignificance beside the type allotted to Alexandre Dumas and Paul Meurice, who are set forth as authors of the play. What these gentlemen have done in the way of translation it is almost impossible to conceive. It will scarcely be credited of gentlemen undertaking such a task, that they are absolutely ignorant of the meaning of the word "canon," confounding it with "cannon," and that they render the line, "Or that the Everlasting had not fixed His canon 'gainst self-slaughter," thus:

"Ou si le suicide, insulte à l'Eternel,
Ne devait pas de compte à la foudre du ciel!"

as though speaking of the action of a heavenly eighty-ton gun, a celestial Woolwich Infant! Hamlet's exclamation, "Well said, old mole!"

on hearing the Ghost's voice bidding his companions "Swear!" has evidently puzzled the authors. But they meet the difficulty by making the voice heard, first on the extreme right, then on the extreme left of the stage, as though the Majesty of buried Denmark were literally a mole burrowing his way through the earth; the courtiers follow the sound, and *Hamlet* says, "Tu fais du chemin, taupe!"

The lines,

"Cut off even in the blossom of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanac'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,"

are rendered,

"Et, pêcheur, je mourus sans prêtre, sans prière,
Sans extrême-onction, sans regard en arrière,
Et comparus, devant le Seigneur irrité,
Chargé de tout le poids de mon iniquité."

Thus, throughout, do the noble lines come forth, limp, attenuated, flat, and almost unrecognizable. How now? A rat! Dead, for a ducat, dead!" is

"Mort, je parie!
Un ducat, qu'il est mort!"

When the Ghost summons *Hamlet* on the platform, and *Horatius* says,

"It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone,"

we find,

"Du doit il vous appelle, et semble avoir affaire
A parler à vous seul."

Could anything be flatter or more prosaic?

And now for the acting. M. Mounet-Sully, who plays *Hamlet*, is a stout, well-proportioned, middle-aged man, with a head resembling Alphonse Daudet's, long, dark hair, large, mobile features, and eyes full of expression, save when, under influence of excitement, he squints horribly. Intelligent, certainly, graceful in his way, but in all his "Frenchified" exaggeration, his ranting, his moaning, his cries, his gesticulation, *Fechtero ipso Fechterior*. At the end of his interview with the Ghost, he faints and rolls on to his back; he is constantly running on and off the stage, rolling his eyes like the toy-Turk, covering and uncovering his head, and "fidgeting" generally. Some of the obvious "points" he misses or slurs over. For instance, when *Hamlet* has killed *Polonius*, and asks, "Nay, I know not: is it the king?"—which Kean, springing from the back of the stage, and gaining his mother's side at one bound, delivered in a hoarse whisper—M. Sully, never changing his easy attitude, casually inquires, "Serait-ce pas le Roi?" as though it were not a matter of much moment. Some of the great soliloquies he gives intelligently, but he is obviously more at home in the melodramatic portions of the play—*e.g.* his love-making to *Ophelia*, which is of the exalted *boulevardier* type, and his references to "ma mère:"

"Que ma mère, ô mon Dieu! soit ma mère toujours!"

a sentiment which, come where it may, never fails to move a French audience almost to tears. Middle. Reichenberg's *Ophelia*, though probably more after Dumas' idea than Shakespeare's, is very pretty, and she speaks with great purity and clearness, and is charming to look at: but an *ingenue*, after all, and not *Ophelia*. The best-played part is *Polonius*, by M. Got, who is now probably the finest actor in the world, and whose representation of courtly senility is simply perfect. I doubt whether *Polonius* wore a gold *Pince-nez* similar to that with which M. Got adorns himself when preparing to read *Hamlet's* verses to his daughter, and whether *Hamlet* himself in the play-scene flourished such a one-franc Palais Royal fan as M. Sully wields. But these are details. The king and queen, who are always disagreeable people, were here particularly offensive; the king, a *farouche* savage, with a golden bee-hive on his head, looked as if the "toasts joyeux," for which he declared his predilection, had given him the *vin triste*, while the lady representing the queen gave full prominence to the amorous inclinations of that elderly sinner. The scenery was good, but in no way equal to that to which English people have been accustomed under Mr. Irving's management.

THE THEATRE'S POETS.

A FAIR BURLESQUER.

WHILE wandering down the street one day,
I met a charming maiden,
Who aye disports her in the play
With scanty wardrobe laden.

Around her neck a necklace hung,
From it a locket dangled;
And to and fro it gently swung,
With precious stones bespangled.

It caught my eye. At once I thought:
"Within some lover's hidden."
O'ercome with jealousy I sought
To open it unbidden.

"Whose face is there?" I quickly cried —
I had it in a minute.
She blushed and, stammering, replied:
"Please don't; my costume's in it."

Elliott Flower.

TO A LEADING LADY.

THY portrait lies before me, beautiful!
Sweet witchery in soft, vague tracing sway;
One bright, supernal lustre nought can dull,
Palling the brilliance of a summer day.
Ah, me! what loves lie hidden in thine eyes;
Rich curls of golden hair thy forehead grace,
Thy snowy throat a marble pallor vies
Dimmed by a fichu of luxurious lace,
Thou once gav'st me a smile, and yet it glows
Secreted in my heart, held sacred yet;
And I gave thee a bruised, red-burning rose —
Dreaming that I could pay thee back that debt!
This, and the thousand thoughts remembrance brings,
Fashions the very song the minstrel sings.

DeWitt Sterry.

SONNET.

TO MISS ANNIE ROBE AS SOPHIA WESTERN.

A WHITE rose thou, a thing of shapely grace,
Of innocence and purity divine,
A beauty lies embalmed in every line
Of thy swan's neck and thy most feeling face,
Which flashes forth the rushing thoughts that chase
Each other through thy mind. These beauties shine
With such enticing charm that we enshrine
Thy lovely picture in an inmost place
Amidst our sweetest memories. And when
In aftertime dark melancholy's hand,
Perchance, rests heavy on my pallid brow,
Of sweet Sophia I shall think, and then
Dull care will fly away at thy command,
E'en like the genii at their master's bow.

M. C.

TAKEN UNAWARES.

My soul was steeled 'gainst women's wiles,
I ran the gauntlet of their smiles,
Their winsome glances, siren tones,
And all the spells which passion owns,
Safe as the knight who, 'mid the strife,
Fights on unharmed, with charmed life.
I disciplined my too soft heart,
And shunning bliss escaped the smart;
Till, triumphing o'er all assail,
I deemed I wore a perfect mail,
Without the slightest break or gate
For subtle love to penetrate.

But he who sleeps upon his guard
Is doomed e'en though his armor's hard
And of best proof; and so it happened
That I, one day, a-dreaming, napped,
And, waking found my spirit fond,
Was captive in a silken bond,
So very slight and yet so strong,
It weakens not through decades long,
But firmer grows and sweeter still;
So that for freedom I've no will,
And daily joy that I was spared
To be by thy dear self ensnared.

Tudor Williams.

'TIS PITY 'TIS, 'TIS TRUE.

ONLY a saleslady
Toiling all the day,
Selling tape and garters
For mighty small pay.
Fine cold lunch at noon-time,
Pie and soggy bread,
Sits upon her stomach
Like a lump of lead.
Loses her complexion,
Loses thirty pounds,
Loses all her courage,
Virtue has its bounds.
Goes and joins the chorus
In an opera bouffe,
Clothes herself in garments
Of a gauzy woof.
Smiles upon a bald head
In row number two,
Then to woe and hunger
Bids a long adieu.

C. M.

MINSTREL AND KING.

TO-NIGHT I heard the master's music rolled
Through the vast arches, and I thought of thee,
World-wounded worshiper of chivalry!
Though from thy brow they pushed the circling gold,
Thy kingdom shall Bavaria yet behold,
Thy gloom and glory live eternally;
For thou shalt wake to immortality
Like him, the lion-hearted king of old,
Who heard his minstrel in the silence sing
Beneath his prison windows, and his sleep
Broke into rapture as the rich harp-string
Bore Freedom's message to the Donjon keep;
And sunrise glistened upon music's wing,
Beating to God through blue etherial deep.

E. J. McPhelim.

ART CHAT.

THE AUTUMN EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

IF I am not mistaken, these special Autumnal exhibitions at the Academy were inaugurated some four years ago for the purpose of giving our artists an opportunity of showing the public the result of their Summer's work in the form of studies and sketches.

But a glance at the present display will indicate that the artists have no great desire to avail themselves of the aforesaid opportunity, but rather care very little at all about this extra exhibition, and are quite content to abide their time till the regular display in the Spring.

And I guess I can surmise the cause of this action. It lies, I think, in the fact that, if during the Summer a painter makes a very successful sketch, or several very successful sketches, he says to himself: "Good! so much raw material laid in for the Winter's campaign. I will use all these subjects, and turn them into salable pictures." And his Winter's work consists in "finishing up" these studies, or painting new canvases from them, perhaps adding somewhat to the composition.

Now, should the artist display his studies with a view to selling them, he could not put so high a price on them as upon his finished work, for no matter how clever or true to nature a study is (unless by some foreign artist, then about three times the worth of the picture is given) buyers will not pay anything like the price they will for a finished picture. Then, if sold, what would he paint his Spring Academy picture from? Or if he displayed his studies for the benefit of the public and then painted Academy pictures from them afterward, when the latter were displayed the buyers would cry "chestnuts," and turn away and buy some subjects new and novel.

At the Society of American Artists' Exhibition are the only annual displays where studies are likely to be found, and there the painter takes his canvas, which he has covered with a sketch in two or three hours, frames it in an expensive but simple, massive frame, and places a large price upon it, and — has it returned to him at the close of the exhibition.

Otherwise, I guess we will never have much of an annual exhibition of studies and sketches anywhere. So we must be content to find these Autumn Academics very tame affairs: here and there good works by academicians, sandwiched between bad and indifferent works by a host of nobodys, and a few good things by coming academicians.

Among these six hundred and forty works, of course, there are many of interest. Such

men as Winslow Homer, T. Wells Champney, Bruce Crane, Walter Satterlee, and Henry R. Poore have done themselves justice.

WINSLOW HOMER'S marine, "Lost on the Banks" (477), two men in a row boat adrift in a fog, is a superb piece of painting. The damp atmosphere and the waves do not break in foamy white spray as they would on a dry, windy day, but the damp, heavy air holds the whitecaps together, and the waves are merely crested with streaks of grey-green-white. Mr. Homer is a true student of nature, a close observer of all phenomena, and he has also a poetic mind, so that his paintings are truth and ideality combined in the most pleasing degree.

Unluckily this "Lost on the Banks" is Mr. Homer's only exhibit.

BRUCE CRANE'S landscape in the north room, "A New England Study" (193), a village roadway and two houses, partly in shadow, partly in bright sunshine, half hidden by a line of trees in front of it, is a very effective study, honest and straightforward in all its statements; the artist has not minced matters; he could have had his trees much more solidly rooted in the ground had he painted them dark, but he found their trunks flooded with sunlight, and he painted them so. The effect is that they look a little like ghosts of trees, but he has left them so, knowing that he saw them light. I like this kind of painting immensely.

Another bold young painter whose compositions are very fascinating on account of originality of their treatment as well as their subject matter, is George De Forest Brush. He chooses mostly the North American Indian as the *persona* in his compositions, and he has taken great pains to study their characters and characteristics. His drawing is apt to be rigorous and stiff at times, but he has a good eye for color. He has one picture in the south gallery worth looking at. It represents an Indian in his canoe gliding down a dark shadowed stream embanked with thick foliage; he is looking up, for just above him, no doubt with a startling rustling of wings, flies forth an enormous white bird with wide expanded wings. It is entitled "The Silence Broken" (478). The effect of this picture is very real, and the subject is worthy of much greater development than Mr. Brush has given it. It is too slight as it stands at present.

MR. SATTERLEE shows his best work in that clever conception, "Unappreciative" (471), a classically draped maiden offering a posy to the bust of a laughing satyr.

CHILDE HASSAM's charming color effect, "A City Fairyland" (405), is in the South Gallery. Here also is a realistic study of "Hounds" (452), by H. R. Poore.

* * *

CHARLES BRIDGEMAN shows quite some power in composition in this work, "A Moment of Suspense" (162), but technically it is very poorly worked out.

* * *

THE same criticism may be applied to Mr. George Wright's ambitious *genre* "On the Rolling Deep" (418), in the South Gallery.

* * *

MR. MOWBRAY'S harem interior, with three figures, "The Last Favorite" (561), which, by the way, is very badly hung in the West Gallery, has a great deal of charm in its delicate modeling and refined gem-like coloring. Mr. Mowbray, who is an instructor at the Art Student's League, is, I think, a *débutante* at our public exhibitions. He is very welcome, and I hope we shall see many more of his charming canvases in the future.

* * *

AFTER what I wrote the week before last, I am glad to be able to call your attention to Mr. Champney's work in pastel at the Academy Exhibition. Look at his portrait of a "Child with a Hoop" (138), in the corridor, and see if you don't agree with me that the artist has found his forte in pastel work?

It was a mean trick, hanging this fine, delicate drawing in such a bad place, and the Hanging Committee (who have done very well otherwise) ought to be ashamed of themselves for so doing. Just look what a splendid position Mr. S. J. Guy's insipid, flat, vapid and vulgarly colored "Child's Portrait" (448), has in the South Gallery! and then to put Mr. Champney's acmeical production in the dark corridor, it's a shame! But I am about at the limit of my space, and the lesser works must wait till a later date.

Two things, however, must not go unnoticed. First, that we have now one large West gallery, instead of, as heretofore, a small West gallery, and a still smaller North-west one. The partition between the two has been taken down, and the improvement is a good one.

Also, as the *Herald* first pointed out, I think, the Hanging Committee this year have no works whatever in the exhibition. This is strange, you know, for the general order of things is that these hanging committees send in a goodly number of works, and as to hanging, well, you may be sure they look out for A No. 1.

Has a new order of things been inaugurated? I wonder.

* * *

WILLIAM BLISS BAKER, a young landscape painter of the greatest promise, died last week

at Hoosic Falls, N. Y., in the twenty-seventh year of his age. Mr. Baker entered the schools of the National Academy at the age of seventeen. There, in 1879, he won one of the Elliot medals. He was a pupil of Albert Bierstadt and M. F. H. de Haas. In 1884 his painting, "A Woodland Brook," which was hung in the corridor of the Academy, took the third Hallgarten prize. Thomas B. Clarke, Esq., whose taste in the matter of fine arts is not to be disputed, recognized young Mr. Baker's talent at an early day, and he encouraged the artist in the very best way, *i.e.*, by purchasing his paintings. Thus emboldened, he worked with industry and energy, and soon a canvas from his easel could hold its own in any exhibition, among productions by the foremost American painters.

His untimely death, said to have been from spinal trouble caused by a fall on the ice while skating, is deeply regretted by all who knew him, and the younger members of the profession feel that a gap has been made in their ranks not easily to be filled up.

* * *

THE Fall Exhibition at the American Art Association's galleries was opened this Tuesday. A full review of the same will be given next week.

* * *

ALL my readers who are interested in sculpture will be glad to learn that the modeling class which was promised this season for the first time at the Academy of Designs' Schools, has just been organized with Mr. F. E. Elwell as instructor. We are indebted to the *Evening Post* for the following information:

Mr. F. E. Elwell is a pupil of the *École des Beau Arts*, Paris, and of the eminent French sculptor, Falguière. "He has exhibited several times at the Salon, and at the Royal Academy. His head of Job, the head of a Belgian sculptor named Le Roy, with whom he designed the heroic figures for the front of the exhibition building at Antwerp last year, and a bronze water-boy, now in the Metropolitan Museum, are well known to our New York connoisseurs."

* * *

DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, of Cambridge, a graduate of Columbia College, was elected last week to a permanent directorship of the American School, at Athens. Prof. Waldstein is a well-known archæologist, and will surely fill this position to the great gain of the school. It was for the assistance of this institution that the Greek play "The Acharnians," of Aristophanes, was given by the students of the University of Pennsylvania, at the Academy of Music, a week ago Friday night.

Ernest Knauff.

THE THEATRE.



THE CLOSING ACT IN "JIM THE PENMAN" AT THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

IN THE LIMELIGHT'S GLARE.

I SHOULD be willing to lay ten to one that Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera will prove just about the rarest treat of the year. It makes little difference what the subject of it may be, whether Egyptian, English or East-side Dutch. The entrancing, glorious characteristic melody of Sullivan will thrill us to the very marrow; the bewildering versifications of Gilbert will titillate our minutest sensibilities. These two Englishmen form the greatest operetta firm on earth to-day. The composer is surer of his powers, and his powers are surer to give pleasure to a great number of people, than is the case with any other music writer that you can think of. The author expresses his wonderful sense of humor with a skill that I have never yet heard disputed. This alliance of pure mirth with sweet, valuable harmony has done a great deal of good to us theatre-goers. If it were not for Mr. Gilbert, we should probably believe that a good libretto to an opera was an impossibility never to be hoped for. He is the only man that has ever proved it otherwise. And as for Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, well, when the melodious soul of that man thoroughly expands itself, it really produces sound such as we might suppose a summer breeze would make in blowing through a very successful rainbow. I believe that the social natures of this poetic author and splendid composer are totally unlike, and can not be made to assimilate. That is very strange. Their artistic natures blend as smoothly as does the hue of a pale rose with the delicate tints of Miss Fortescue's neck. What do you think of that, now? I shut my eyes and selected that name at random out of a bouquet that contained Geraldine Ulmar, Mrs. Langtry, Pauline Hall and Annie Robe. If you gave a rose its choice, it would fasten itself upon either one of these without feeling the slightest regret afterwards. The life of a warm-blooded, high-priced, little winter rose-bud is fearfully short, you know, and would not satisfy us at all; but, tell me, is it the elastic span of life that is worth the effort, or the supreme flashes of exaltation that come and go like lightning? Yes, I was talking about Gilbert and Sullivan, but I strayed into a garden for a moment, and confounded the fragrance of flowers with the melody of "Princess Ida." You just ask the nicest young female person that you know to sing you some songs from that operetta, say the following:

"O, dainty triolet
O, fragrant violet,
O, gentle heigho-let
Or little sigh.
On sweet urbanity,
Though mere inanity
To touch her vanity,
I will rely."

Then if you don't rush the next day and buy that young female person a blooming bunch of damask roses, by Jove, you're wicked, you're hopeless. If you remain unmoved beneath such enchanting ravishment, just forward your address to this office, and I will send a D. T. messenger down to your place to play "See-saw" for you on an accordeon. I know that must please you. I am sorry that we must wait quite two months yet before hearing and seeing Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera. But I don't worry about its beauty. The first ten bars of the overture will alone be worth the price of admission.

NATHANIEL GOODWIN, the pet of the boulevards and the monarch of one set of footlights, will presently cease to "take a cooler," as he sings:

"I'm a marvellous man
As anyone can
With half an eye descry.
There's a sort of belief
I'm a rascally thief,
But I'm terribly ignorant why."

Loie Fuller, too, will no longer "keep 'em all alive O," and Lelia Farrell's surprising management of her skirts will be slightly changed to suit the exigencies of a new piece. I trust that Mr. Goodwin has a more entertaining thing in "Turned Up," than he had in "Little Jack Sheppard." The latter made money for everybody concerned, but that should not be the absolute end and aim of so fine an actor as Goodwin is. Besides, the same result can be more easily attained with a thoroughly good article. But I don't believe Goodwin is going to find this in England. London burlesques are written for the London public, the risibles of which are stirred by a humor as unlike that which we enjoy as a fried oyster is dissimilar to a broiled quail. Both are undoubtedly good, but it chances that the palates to which they are served are different. The unprecedented success of "Adonis" rests in the fact that it is packed full of the exact style of absurdity that makes an American laugh. You are perfectly welcome to call it "trash." It is uproariously funny, in the American sense of the term, or it would not be playing to-day. When Mr. Goodwin finds as good a piece, he can play it in this city for 600 nights, for, while he is neither so graceful nor quite so good-looking as the poetic-limbed Dixey, he is the best mimic on the stage, and the play-goers of New York are in love with him.

MISS FORTESCUE, she of the die-away eyes and Parisian proclivities, has left us after a monetary hit that was distinct and encouraging. The young woman was a nice little, pretty little actress, with a romantic record;

she was so entirely unaggressive that she made the critics feel like kittens having their fur stroked, and she played in a luxurious little *boudoir* theatre where one is willing to pay money for the privilege of lounging an evening away. Some successes are so peculiar, so smooth, so helpless. Of the four British stars that came to us all at once, who would have prophesied that Langtry and Fortescue would be the "winners," that Wilson Barrett would drop to third place, while the Cameron would be distanced in a cloud of dust? Just let your mind dwell for one moment on the fact that at one time during Miss Fortescue's engagement, the speculators in front of the Lyceum Theatre asked and received for a single orchestra chair the sum of five dollars.

Then remember another fact, that when "Claudian" was on at the Star Theatre the same enterprising gentlemen could not dispose of their tickets at the box office price. This was the direct result of newspaper criticism. I tell you what it is, this city is unique. You can't tell to save you what is going to succeed and what fail, until an attempt has proved the result. When a conscientious manager like Wilson Barrett goes to the tremendous expense and care that he did, he is taking big risks. In this town, when some unseen hand "sets the ball a-rolling" in a certain direction, you might as well try to stop a cannon shot as to divert its course. Go down and see Langtry's houses at Niblo's this week. From foot-lights to gallery you will find a solid embankment of people. The newspapers did it. Why, give me the support of one metropolitan journal, and I will undertake any enterprise that you can name. I will put up complexion salve in three-inch pots, and then grow rosy, blithe and bright-eyed awaiting the undoubted results. As for New York theatrical matters, they are a Chinese puzzle, and the daily press is the key. O, this cynicism of mine doesn't hurt me a bit.

Westmoreland.

A FEW POSTAL CARDS.

Office of THE THEATRE, Dec. 6.

My dear Miss Ulmar:

Vivacity falls upon me after witnessing the big-eyed languor left you by your recent illness. That fragile sort of beauty must be the nearest right, after all. What matters it that you are thin? Why, if you were transparent, the sun shining through you would draw the beautifullest of flowers from the sterile ground that you walked upon. Please do not gain more than five pounds, Miss Geraldine.

My dear Miss Robe:

Between your eyes there is rather an unusual space. I have often thought that each eye

must be very sad at not being able to cuddle up closer to the other. Does anyone call you Annie? Why, now, that's sweet, it really is.

Mr. A. C. Wheeler (Nym Crinkle).

Dear Sir:

If you dictate to a type-writer I'll bet ten dollars the girl feels as though she was knocking Liszt's *Rhapsodie Hongroise* out of a grand piano. I don't suppose she charges you a cent for performing such exalting work.

Mr. Kyrle Bellew.

Dear Sir:

I heard a surprisingly handsome young woman say recently that "all the world's a stage, and Kyrle Bellew is the leading man." I'll tell you something, even if it is sacrilegious. This same girl said that Munkacsy made a serious mistake in painting that central figure in his great picture before making a study of your head. "Why," I said, "Mr. Bellew has no whiskers." "Well, I'm glad of it," she said. "I hate whiskers."

My dear Miss Anderson:

You are keeping very quiet. The last I heard of you you were in Germany. Some one said that the Watch on the Rhine had ceased to watch the Rhine, and was watching you instead.

Hon. William F. Cody.

Dear Sir:

Does an Indian eat soup with a knife or through a straw? Also, are you just as handsome when no one is looking at you as you are in Madison Square Garden before ten thousand people?

Mr. Wilson Barrett.

Dear Sir:

When the earthquake takes place in "Claudian," if you hear any snores from your Philadelphia audiences, you must take it as a very high compliment. When a Philadelphian snores he is enjoying the highest state of pleasure possible to him. Yes, this is the same old joke on Philadelphia. If anyone will invent another, I'll use it.

Helene Modjeska, Countess Bozenta.

Dear Madame:

"See Naples, and then die," eh? Well, if I go over to see Naples I shall make a point of coming back to see you before I die.

Yours while,

Charles, the Wrestler.



THEATRE KINGS. NO. 1. — E. G. GILMORE.

THE WEEK.



THE most pronounced success of the season thus far has been established at the Madison Square Theatre. "Jim the Penman" has already been described in THE THEATRE as something better than the average English play, and delightfully free from what may be described as localism. We also said: "It is essentially a dramatic work, with a story of broad and general interest, crowded with situations and incidents that are ingenious and occasionally powerful, and fashioned with novel constructive ability. Moreover, the action of the play is cumulative. The third scene, for example, carries the action of the previous scene to a strong climax; and, although this climax appears to leave little for subsequent speech or movement, the closing scene is bold, intense, and picturesque. It is unlikely that a more effective or interesting play than "Jim the Penman" will be offered at any of our theatres during the present season." It is now four weeks since this was written, and the audiences would be larger every night, seemingly, if the building would only accommodate itself to circumstances. On another page THE THEATRE'S artist presents a sketch showing the closing act in the life of "Jim the Penman"—the forger's death by heart disease at a moment which puts a sad end to a wedding breakfast.

MISS FORTESCUE closed her engagement in the Lyceum Theatre last week, with the production of two pieces, "the "Sweethearts" of W. S. Gilbert, and "King Rène's Daughter," an adaptation from the Danish of Henrik Herz, by Sir Edmund Phipps. In the former charming little play, Miss Fortescue did not please by reason of ridiculous artificiality and affectation. Mr. Sugden, as the lover looked extremely green, but in the second act gave a delightful bit of

old-man character acting. Miss Fortescue was more felicitous in the second piece, but apparently sought to imitate Modjeska's manner of intonation and speech.

**

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, at the Star Theatre, "revived" "Rip Van Winkle," and lots of people who never weary of this theatrical curiosity are enjoying it.

THIS week, Modjeska will produce "Twelfth Night" at the Union Square Theatre, and Miss Dauvray will make her second annual bow at the Lyceum.

**

MR. EDGAR FAWCETT'S new play, written for George Riddle, is called "The Two Brothers."

**

EDWIN BOOTH'S daughter, Edwina, now Mrs. Grossman, gave a charming reception last Wednesday at her residence on Chestnut street, Boston. It will be followed by four more on the succeeding Wednesdays of December.

THE UNTUTORED OCCIDENT IN MADISON SQUARE.

THE man in the bird cage sat down. He had spoken Mr. Steele Mackaye's florid essay with the musical correctness of a college graduate. As the "cowboy" band rendered fragments of Wagner with Teutonic enthusiasm, the only real Americans in the Garden swooped out from the gloom of Matt Morgan's well-painted forest. Their chrome yellow or *couleur de stove-polish* faces flashed fantastically before the audience for an instant and then disappeared into the bowels of the earth to the music of a wild, falsetto war-whoop. And we mongrels were not a bit afraid, for there were fully five thousand of us banked up around the edges of the Garden, and we felt pretty sure that the management wouldn't let the "red devils" harm us. I wore a high hat, a high collar, and close-cropped hair. There was a thoroughbred beauty in an adjacent box who wore a sealskin *visite* and one of those famous aspiring hats. All the men about me agreed that this one would be entirely out of

place if she ever strayed nearer to the genuine wild west than Sixth Avenue. But we were compelled to watch the show just then. A lime light was turned on to the rough, primeval forest. A bear strolled into view and out again. Then the day dawned with the twittering of birds and the coming of deer to drink at the rippling spring. The morning zephyrs stirred the leaves into life, and the splendor of uncontaminated nature was before us. It was all very sweet. A friend of mine was at this moment trying to tell me where I could procure a magnificent *table d'hôte* for seventy-five cents, but that man had no soul.

The colossal entertainment is remarkable throughout for its novelty and its genuineness. The illusions are quite as complete as is possible to man's ingenuity. The different epochs in the so-called "Drama of Civilization," are portrayed by the participants with an almost unaccountable abandon and natural action. The cowboys, the vaqueros, and the Indians, are themselves every moment, and never once affect the consciousness of "play-actors." The scene of the mining town is a living picture, fraught with the picturesqueness of pristine recklessness, as illustrated by the infantile pleasures and eccentricities of uncultured humanity. Of course when the Deadwood stage arrives, the cowboys "shoot the boot heels off the British tenderfoot." We are taught the advantages of a peopled metropolis by seeing the terrible "road agents" ride down upon the stage in a fearful place of solitude, and "hold up" the terrified passengers. Another drawback on westward emigration is presented in the prairie fire which creeps out of the distance, and in silent malignity scorches the slumbering emigrant train. The last startling effect produced by the skill of the stage mechanics is a screaming cyclone which strips the leaves and branches from trees, upsets the log shanties and even blows the passengers into the air from the roof of the Deadwood stage. Aside from the "Drama," the entertainment is nearly identical with the presentation on Staten Island last summer. The Hon. Wm. F. Cody rides in his unsurpassable way, does some clever shooting, and snaps a thong whip in a way to astonish the natives. The bucking

bronchos are getting so they won't buck to any dangerous extent; in fact it seems an effort for them to pretend that they don't enjoy being saddled.

One very unusual feature of the show is an Indian dance, participated in by about a hundred red-skins, who display their supple, glistering bodies to an extent that would make our most ethereal ballet appear unnecessarily encumbered. Yet it is not in the least shocking. The above-mentioned beauty in the high hat viewed this branch of the proceedings with a charming imperturbability that proved beyond the shadow of a doubt its entire propriety. And I have designated the young lady as a "thoroughbred."

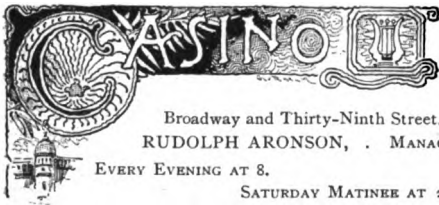
I congratulate Mr. Cody, Mr. Mackaye and the rest of the management upon the appreciation that their "Wild West Show" will gain on its merits. Nearly everyone will see it during the next three months.

C. M. S. M.

"JACK," "THEODORA," AND DIXEY, IN BOSTON.

NOVEMBER 30. — The present week has brought with it a change of bill at three of our leading theatres. At the Park, last night, the welcome given to Mr. Eben Plympton by a very large audience, was entirely worthy of this stirring actor and his new play, new to us, though manifestly in plot the mirror of that outlined in plays well known as "Fritz," "Money," and "La Pierre de Touche." But the public will never tire of this subject if authors build about it so fresh and touching a drama, as in this instance, in "Jack," Mrs. Harry Beckett has succeeded in doing. Its charming method in reaching the moral taught, the ease and sparkle that grace its lines, and the excellent contrast drawn, humanly speaking, between the hero and his selfish chum, unite in the formation of what is styled a domestic comedy of pronounced strength. As *Jack Beamish*, Mr. Plympton scored an emphatic success. In presenting the unaffected, honest, loving and lovable characteristics of a man, true to the core, perfect in friendship, and beyond the influence of worldly temptations, his acting was so natural and clean-cut that it proved itself a revelation that must be seen to be appreciated. Several calls before the curtain indicated the value of his abilities, and the effect of such when added to the graceful, manly presence of Mr. Plympton, entitle him to his reputation as an actor of great merit. Mr. Charles Kent, in an ungracious *role*, made an instant success. It was a capital performance, and the balance of the company fully and deservedly shared in the honors won.

At the Globe Theatre "Theodora" was produced for the first time in this city by Miss Lilian Olcott and her company. Having been so extensively criticised in the New York papers, it is needless to review it at length in this letter. What Sardou wrote originally need not be sought for in this adaptation. In producing the latter the former has, to a large extent, ceased to exist, and the vigor and grace of the



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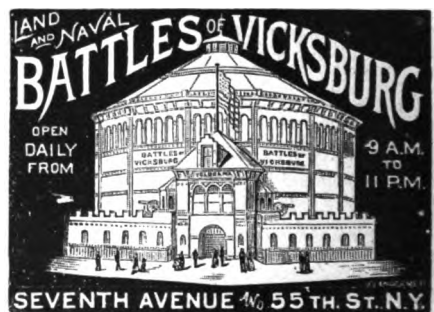
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THE THEATRE.

VOL. II., No. 14.

DECEMBER 20, 1886.

WHOLE No. 40

THE THEATRE: AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF
DRAMA, MUSIC, ART AND LITERATURE.—Published
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DESHLER WELCH . . . EDITOR AND MANAGER.

The price of yearly subscription to *THE THEATRE* is four dollars in advance. We cannot undertake to return manuscript that is not suitable, unless we receive sufficient postage to do so. Care is always taken not needlessly to destroy valuable manuscript.

. The Editor solicits contributions from the readers of *THE THEATRE*, and suggests that old play bills, and scraps relating to the stage, notes, news and items appertaining to the different arts, would be acceptable. It is the desire of the Editor to establish a widely circulated magazine, and to further that end every good idea will be acted upon so far as possible.

. All articles appearing in *THE THEATRE* are written especially for it unless credited otherwise.

DRIFT.

THE AMERICAN OPERA COMPANY'S ballet has been the subject of considerable public discussion. The Evangelical Alliance in St. Louis, denounced it as immoral and wrong, and now the Methodist ministers of Chicago are especially severe in its condemnation. The Rev. Mr. Bristol, of that city, is reported to have said that he cannot understand "the type of virtue that engages in it, that employs and manages it, or that can look upon it without a blush." He says further: "A woman must have lost the grace of modesty to have become a ballet-dancer. A money-maker must have forgotten what he owes the memory of his mother and have lost his chivalric honor for womanhood to employ girls for such sensual purposes, and a community must be sadly lacking in clean-minded gentlemen, or else, unfortunately, overstocked with men of immodest and corrupt tastes to furnish a very large audience to look upon such a degradation of womanhood as the ballet exhibits." Now, a great deal of this is nonsense. The man who would associate the different thoughts Mr. Bristol would lead those of his kind to believe necessary in the understanding of virtue, when he gazes upon a work of art

which displays nudity, or a stage which exhibits the graces of the ballet, would be the most despicable of men. But the question of the stage, so far as the immorality of the ballet is concerned, is a subject which cannot be philosophically handled in the short columns of a magazine. It needs some plain English, which in itself would shock the people with whom I would like to argue this point. There is certainly nothing in the exquisite grace of Delibes ballet of "Sylvia," for instance, which should in any way create the idea in a chivalric breast that he was untrue to the memory of his mother in being a witness.

Beside this, as a general rule, men seldom are inspired to begin sudden and serious thoughts of their mothers while watching such poems of motion, as Bonfanti, Cavalazzi, or Gillert.

.

MR. BRISTOL is not far wrong when he says, that the ballet exhibits a degradation of womanhood. So does every other profession more or less. The trouble is not so much in the art as in the person. Nearly every man knows that a woman is not anywhere near the sensual creature she appears to be, even in the most abbreviated costume. A woman who can walk into a ball-room with her body so far exposed, as to cause a decently sensitive man some embarrassment in talking to her, would feel very comfortably and unnecessarily clothed in a ballet dress. I may be accused of exaggeration in saying this, but it is certainly a fact, that any night at the opera, there will be seen less modesty in the boxes than on the stage, and there is more suggestive immorality at a dancing party, than there is in the execution of a difficult *pas-de-deux*. Another minister, the Rev. Dr. Williams, says one must not give up the life of the soul for a gratification of the senses—for that's to be derived from theatre going. The two, he also says, cannot

THE story of Miss Dauvray's new play by Bronson Howard, called "Met By Chance," is told as follows :

The scene is laid principally on the shore of Lake Champlain in the Andriomack wilderness. This place is selected by parties in summer-time for the purposes of camping out, which is the *raison d'être* of the title of the comedy. Here, however, great dangers exist for the unwary, for accidents in the ravines are frequent, and it is easy to lose one's way in the wilderness, and starve to death within a stone's throw of the camp to which one's steps are being directed; therefore, all parties going to camp out take with them their own guides, who are the native hunters. This is explained during the progress of the piece, at the beginning of which we find that the *Earl of Gaythorpe* and *Hope Rutherford* are as nearly engaged to be married as two persons can be who have not actually spoken the fatal words; further, *Stella Vandyke*, a charming *ingénue-Américaine*, is almost fiancée to *Charlie Hartwell*. Now, these two young ladies are cousins, and the female element is added to in the person of *Lucy*, so that the family party consists of the three girl-cousins, *Charlie*, and the *Earl of Gaythorpe*. To them enter *Dr. Harrington Lee* and *Edward Dudley Talford*, just arrived by the steamer, and about to camp amidst the wilderness. In course of the action these two young men last named become the unexpected hosts of *Hope Rutherford* and *Stella Vandyke*, who have lost their way in the wilderness. Between *Hope* and *Talford* and *Stella* and *Dr. Lee* mutual affection springs up, and the only thing which can prevent the fulfilment of their several desires is that in the case of each lady a kind of previous engagement exists. *Edward Dudley Talford* has heard that the *Earl of Gaythorpe* is the suitor for *Hope's* hand, and when the rescuing party arrive, and the *Earl* with them, *Talford* and the *Earl* are brought face to face. A scene ensues, in which it is disclosed that *Talford* is really the *Earl* and that the *soi-disant Earl* is none other than *Dudley Bretton*, who, knowing that the *Earl* was traveling incognito, has assumed the title for his own nefarious ends. Tracked so far, the real *Earl* finds little difficulty eventually in getting rid of the pseudo-nobleman, and the union of the real *Earl* and *Hope* is duly arranged in the end. As *Charlie* has fallen desperately in love with *Lucy*, *Hope Rutherford's* sister, and as he in turn pairs off with his young lady, *Dr. Lee* and *Stella* are left in a position to settle all their little differences which have cropped up in the course of their true love, which has, at last, begun to run smooth. And so, with happiness in store for all these pleasant people, the play ends with a delicate and natural "tag."

* *

THE London *Truth* says that everybody ought to read "The Guilty River," by Wilkie Collins, which is "Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual" for this year. It is pronounced a most interesting and exciting story, and in every way worthy of the author of "Armada."

* *

It is published that the actor, M. B. Curtis, was asked to write an article for the Christmas *Mirror*, and he promised to "dash off something at a leisure moment." The result was "The Major's Story," which was published with the fac-simile of Curtis' signature. It was afterward found that Curtis had appropriated, almost word for word, a story written by Bret Harte, and published some half-dozen years ago. He had merely changed the title, and substituted his own for the original author's name.

SARDOU's new play, "Le Crocodile," produced in Paris at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Dec. 21, is thus described :

The hero is *Thomas Morrel*, who, having embezzled a large sum of money from his uncle and lost it, sails, under the name of *Richard Kolt*, for Australia, hoping to gain wealth and replace the missing funds. The *Crocodile*, on which he is voyaging, is destroyed by fire, but passengers and crew are saved and landed on a tropical island, where they meet various adventures. The hero has displayed great courage in rescuing the party from the ship, and is made governor. All goes well for a time, but soon the crew mutinies, takes *Morrel* prisoner, and is about to execute him because he refuses to allow his friends to ransom him by giving up all the arms and ammunitions to the mutineers, when a savage tribe invades the island and carries off everybody but the hero and a girl named *Lillian*, with whom he is in love. She returns the affection, even after he has revealed his secret. The pair are finally rescued from the island, and are taken by a passing vessel to Batavia, where they find all the passengers excepting several who have been eaten by cannibals. *Morrel* is pursued by a villainous Greek, a fellow passenger, who threatens to tell the story of his misdeed unless he is paid a large bribe. The hero indignantly refuses, and is about going to his uncle's house to make a confession when he is informed that his uncle is dead and he is the sole heir to the vast estates. Other characters introduced are *Peter Becque*, a member of the Irish Parliament, who is always making orations; *Miss Chipsick*, a disagreeable English maiden lady with advanced views on woman's rights; *Mme. Gabrielle*, a heartless-cross-grained Frenchwoman; a viscount from the boulevards, a Protestant parson, a Siamese prince, and *Miss Olivia*, a correspondent of the *Boston Herald*.

* *

WILLIAM STUART, a well-known theatrical manager and dramatic critic, died Dec. 27th, suddenly, at his home in this city. He was born in County Galway, Ireland, sixty-five years ago, and was a direct descendant of the O'Flaherty, who for many years ruled in the west of the Emerald Isle. He was educated at Eton when Cardinal Wiseman was at the head of that institution, and soon after being graduated became interested in the politics of his country. He was private secretary for the Duke of Newcastle for several years, and by him was introduced at court. Then for a short time he represented Dungarvon in Parliament, and later was appointed Chief Commissioner of the Income Tax of Galway through the instrumentality of W. E. Gladstone. When he came to this country, Stuart began to write for many of the journals and periodicals which were then in existence. He was for some time dramatic critic for the *Tribune*, and wrote for its columns a series of articles on Edwin Forrest's Shakespearian characters, which attracted much attention. After he had been in this country a few years, Mr. Stuart went into partnership with *Dion Bouicault* and leased Wallack's Theatre, which they managed for a year. During this

time they introduced to the public Matilda Heron. It was about this time also that they gave at the old Academy of Music the first series of promenade concerts ever given in New York. A short time afterward, Mr. Stuart made a second essay in theatrical management. He leased and managed until it was burned, about 1867, the old Niblo's Winter Garden. Here he piloted the fortunes, among others, of Edwin Booth, who, under his management played *Hamlet* for what was then an unprecedented run of 100 nights. Afterward, in with his old partner, Mr. Boucicault, he built the new Park Theatre, which was burned some few years ago. After that Mr. Stuart devoted himself to journalism.

**

As an illustration of the wonderful scope of emotion possible to a pretty burlesque actress, I print the following actual note written by a young member of a very popular company to a man friend:

DEAREST WILLIE:

I am in awful trouble. Carrie and I have had a row. Won't you stop in on your way home, and I will tell you all about it. My heart is broken, just broken. Do come and see your unhappy

ADDIE.

P. S. By the way, can I have another case of beer for to-morrow?

ADDIE.

Did you ever encounter anything more *nâiveté*?
Trophonius.

SOME POSTAL CARDS.

Office of THE THEATRE, January 1.

MR. HERBERT KELCEY,

Dear Sir: Mustacheless thou art, and not so all-fired handsome as thou wert heretofore. Did the tonsorial artist sob over the sacrifice of the hirsute magnificence? Did the common broom boy of a barber shop sweep it ruthlessly into the corner dust heap? Ah, sir, say not so, say not so, unless you would distribute a green and yellow melancholy over skirtedom.

**

MY DEAR MISS MATHER:

In plain English, you are better to look at than you are to listen to. If the loveliness of your articulation were as solidly entrancing as the round rosininess of your two fine arms, why, Margaret, my fair one, you could embrace our fancies for a complete season at advanced prices. As it is, dear, you are loved, never fear, and I never yet encountered a four-sheet poster of yourself but my pulse galloped off at a ninety-nine clip.

MY DEAR MISS REHAN:

Ecstatic woman, gambol on, and win everything on a heart flush. You are a Daly star and a nightly toast, and had you the champagne that has been drunk to your name, till sea-shore time should come again, you might use it in your morning tub.

**

MY DEAR MISS DAUVRAY:

I have been watching you, and have ceased all worry over your future. If Misfortune ever holds out her gaunt index finger at you, I'll wager that the grim old lady will not be able again to perform a Beethoven sonata that requires ten digits. You are a feminine theatrical Cæsar, and instead of throwing a bridge across the Rhine, you are boring a tunnel through the great woman question, and illustrating that beautiful proverb that I never heard before: a woman will if she wants to. But I wish you would arrange your hair differently.

**

MR. ROBERT DOWNING:

Dear Sir: I like you. Don't gain a single pound, or you are lost. I'm not a patron of feather-weight tragedy, and I've seen translucent shapes draped in Roman togas with the effect of a lot of bed-clothes hung on a line in a high wind. But an obese gladiator wouldn't last a minute. 'Twould be a good idea to abjure beer. I don't believe that the real old Spartacus ever used it very freely. The compositor may have made a mistake, and handed the fighter's name down to us wrong. It may have been Sportycus. But I doubt it.

**

To M. A. W.

Dear Friend:

If I might say that your bright hair shone lustrous as a golden star; that in your eyes so blue and rare the softest lights of Heaven are, I'd say it.

If I could play the sad-voiced lute, and thought you'd hear its sobbing songs, on midnight air and winds acute, in spite of guns and chestnut gongs, I'd play it.

Charles, the Wrestler.

HERBERT'S PAINTING.

(New York Commercial Advertiser.)

It is reported in THE THEATRE of this week that a syndicate of Americans have purchased the original painting for Herbert's fresco in the British House of Lords, called "Moses Coming from Mount Sinai with the Tables of the Law." The painting is about 20 feet by 11, and, as it is spoken of in the article as a probable "mine of wealth" to its owners, the syndicate in question has undoubtedly bought the picture for merely speculative purposes.

DRAMATIC JOURNALISM.

THERE is not a dramatic paper in America that can be called a property. Only one or two of them are decent livings. And it is because they do not merit any better success than this that they fail to have it. A weekly dramatic paper that can cover its field in the way it deserves, would obtain a circulation larger than the aggregate amount received at present by every theatrical publication in this country. Nearly all Americans love the theatre, and the predominating topic of conversation in every drawing-room in New York or any other big city is the drama. No other branch of art is so constantly discussed in all places. Drama and music are the prime legitimate delights of all nations of the highest civilization. I do not care what the dried-up crab of a man who looks at life through the crystalline lens of a torpid, liver says against my statement. It stands as a concentrated truth, and I wouldn't argue a minute over it. And this vast number of people who are so thoroughly interested in the theatre, constitute the field which a dramatic paper has to circulate in. If the aim is to reach the actors of plays only, how much of a success can a publication obtain? And that *is* the aim of the average dramatic paper. They cater entirely for the profession, and they do it so weakly and insincerely that it is quite impossible for one of them to become a power or a respectable mentor. They are really nothing more than reportorial collections of news items, of no value whatever except to the man who acts. And he doesn't care a snap about them unless his own name appears in their columns. Dramatic criticism is, or should be, the backbone of dramatic journalism. It should be a bony backbone, too, and not a soft, watch spring arrangement like a circus contortionist's. Let the people find out that a certain paper always tells the truth about a play, and tells this truth picturesquely, confidently, perspicuously, with never a fear of the superior sneer of those shell-backs, who believe they know it all simply because they have served time at the trade till their nerve centres have gone into their stomachs and died, and mark my words, that paper will be sought after by the theatre-goer. A handsome lie is valueless. A handsome truth is golden. The scarcity of any kind of truth in most of the dramatic criticism to which we are used is appalling. And when we do get the truth, it is as dry as a mouthful of flour. (Nothing but dramatic papers are included in any statements contained in this article.) There are writers who lie most beautifully. There are others who tell the truth in the same invigorating style that a cod-fish Baptist from the State of Maine says grace before meat. As an entertainer, I prefer the

liar. But I would not become a steady subscriber to him. Now, I believe that even at this late day, it is possible to combine wise judgment, truth, and bright, elegant diction together, and thus have valuable dramatic criticism. Besides the fact that most current criticism is untrustworthy, it usually exhibits so plainly the enormous egotism of its writer that it is very unpleasant to read. A grand tragedian who is acclaimed by the thousands, is set up and lectured as if he had just graduated from a Brooklyn amateur society. And do not believe that this self-constituted mentor is a reformer, a discoverer, a member of that blessed minority which is always in the right. He never reformed anything. He never discovered anything. He does not encourage worthy tyros. He simply attacks successful men. Well, this oblique way of seeing things destroys the value of a great deal of bright writing. And then when a well-meaning, dense fellow, who possesses a marked inability to put a good opinion into words, stuffs platitudes into bourgeois, you have got nothing that is pleasing, nothing that will sell. The fruit that a critic gives to his patrons must be both sound and rosy. It should possess a tang that can dispel all preconceived antipathy, and its consumption should be a delight to the mental digestion. If it is an untruth, it should be worn as a bustle. It would then receive its just fate, and be sat upon.

I do not assert that there is a single writer on a dramatic paper in America who perpetrates a complimentary falsehood simply for fun. In the winter time, when coal is high and fur-lined overcoats are *de rigueur*, then does the merry "agent" flit hither and yon, smiling brightly, and jingling like a be-bangled fairy after a three weeks' visit in a college town. He tinkles here, and he tinkles there. "Ads." to the right of him. "ads." to the left of him, and every "ad." a good, or at least, a subdued notice for his "egstrawn'ry" star. And there you have honesty buried forty feet deep. Well! Do you want to take out a year's subscription for that sort of work?

So, you see, the cut and dried professional dramatic newspaper serves us with a black desert of anæsthetizing truths, and a rippling barcarole of forecastle yarns, trimmed to suit the theatric emergency. It is an ungainly hodge-podge of depressing actualities, pink and white fairy tales, and very vulgar humor. And you will not find it in the library of a gentleman, or in my lady's boudoir. Nevertheless, it is the outcome of a great deal of study and experience on the parts of men more or less clever, who believe now that no other style of dramatic paper can receive patronage enough to live on. These men believe this because they have never tried any other style. C. M.

THE GILBERT-SULLIVAN OPERA.

At a time when the civilized world is on the tiptoe of expectation respecting the forthcoming opera at the Savoy Theatre, and society on both sides of the Atlantic is eagerly devouring the crumbs of gossip sparingly dropped by the paragraphic press, it may not be amiss, says the *London Era*, to consider the nature of the works which have made such a succession of successes. The analysis of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera is a task which must dismay the keenest critic. Nevertheless, the marvelous success of these entertainments is a "great fact," and is not to be disposed of by the "pooh-pooh" style of dealing with a difficult artistic conundrum.

A clever doctor once said of the human stomach that it was not a chemical bath, nor a tritulating mill, nor an absorbent agent, but that it was all these combined. In the Gilbert and Sullivan operas we have a union of the sensuous-artistic, the intellectually-satirical, and the melodiously musical elements which together constitute their attraction for the public. None of these can safely be subtracted from the general result without disadvantage to the receipts and the length of the "run." A series of pretty pictures is one of the *sine quibus* of the success of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Next in order of importance comes the music. This may seem a hard saying, but its truth is proved by the fact that some of the less successful of the series have had composed for them some of, if not the most delightful music of all the scores. The libretto is "the thing" in a Savoy opera; and this because it is always certain that Sir Arthur Sullivan will supply the most apt and delicious music to anything that Mr. Gilbert may write. With undeviating sympathy with the intentions of the librettist, the composer follows him through all his moods from a chorus full of volume and authority to a pretty little ballad redolent of the past, from a delicious melody like the love confession of the *Queen of the Fairies* in "Iolanthe," to the jiggling incisiveness of a comic song for Mr. George Grossmith. So it is no slight to Sir Arthur, but rather a compliment to him, to say that on the book of a new Savoy opera its hopes of success principally rest.

It is so difficult to say anything new about these works from a commonplace point of view, that perhaps some of our readers will excuse our taking a philosophical stand-point for the contemplation of Mr. Gilbert's librettos. Fortunately, we have a "historical parallel," of more or less applicability, ready to our hand. It is quite possible that in the times of Aristophanes, the Greek public saw nothing more in his plays than the vagaries of a libertine buffoon,

who was also a delightful poet. Looking back over the centuries, however, we can see that he was an anticipator of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera. What are the beautiful choruses in "Clouds," the broad buffoonery of the "Lysistrata," but masks behind which, as behind the sweet strains of Sir Arthur Sullivan, the satirist humorously objects to the existing state of things? Greece was, in Aristophanes' time, in a kind of mild, amiable decline. The theorists were swamping the men of action, and the moral fibre of the country was gently degenerating. No period could be more favorable for a satirist who was also possessed of the literary refinement necessary to gild the pill of criticism.

It is not quite correct, however, to claim either for Gilbert or Aristophanes a decidedly didactic or moral aim. The satirist is a sportsman who shoots at all game that rises; and, though Aristophanes clearly demonstrated his decided animosity to the "spirit of the age," he revelled in the ridiculous with a recklessness born, perhaps, of hopelessness of any effort to stem the stream. In like manner, Mr. Gilbert's wit is very "will-o'-the-wisp-like." "Trial By Jury" is, perhaps, the only opera with any attempt at complete unity of purpose. The susceptibility of juries in breach of promise cases, and the system of nepotism in legal promotion, of which an excessively glaring example now and then crops up into publicity, are ridiculed in this one-act operetta with exquisite wit and humor. The rising independence of subordinates, the self-importance of self-made men pitchforked into prominent positions, are satirised in "H. M. S. Pinafore." But Aristophanes, however, would have hardly penned a parallel to "He is an Englishman!" His sympathies were all the other way, and his "Good Logos" would have rather encouraged the old-fashioned "bumptious" enthusiasm which has had an intimate connection with Marathon and Trafalgar. On the other hand, Aristophanes had the great advantage of the national religion, then giving way to skepticism, being satirisable in his day. Our civilization is not yet so far advanced as to permit the Book of Common Prayer to be "topsy-turvied," or to allow a "patter" song to be sung in public exposing the weak points in the First Book of Genesis, or the unreliability of certain portions of the Gospel of St. John. Aristophanes, on the contrary, was allowed to poke what fun he chose at gods and demi-gods, and to "chaff" Hercules as broadly as he ridiculed the sophistry of Socrates and the strong "marital instincts" of the Athenian ladies.

The above passing remarks refer, of course, to the "great trilogy," the three P's — "Pinafore," "Patience," and "Pirates of Penzance."

Latterly, Mr. Gilbert's irony has been chastened and subdued — possibly by success. The libretto of "The Mikado" is simply a delicately fanciful story resembling very much one of those superior "books" which French dramatic authors of high degree occasionally pen for the composer. It is, indeed, a fortunate thing for those who are pedantic enough to enjoy accomplished versification that Mr. Gilbert publishes his librettos. It is the penalty of writing "words for music" that excellence of the expression in the verses chiefly serves to inspire the composer, and that the words, except in special "patter" ditties, are swamped by the notes. It is a great merit of Mr. Gilbert's librettos, as librettos go nowadays, that they will bear reading. An interesting question at present is what will the next be like? The American proverb says "Never prophesy unless you know;" and in some cases, even if you do know, it is yet better not to prophesy.

COQUELIN'S VOICE.

In the January *Century*, Henry James has a critical paper accompanied by a portrait of Coquelin, the French actor. "It may be said that M. Coquelin's voice betrays him; that he cannot get away from it, and that whatever he does with it one is always reminded that only he can do such things. His voice, in short, perpetually, loudly identifies him. Its life and force are such that the auditor sometimes feels as if it were running away with him — taking a holiday, performing antics and gyrations on its own account. The only reproach it would ever occur to me to make to the possessor of it is that he perhaps occasionally loses the idea while he listens to the sound. But such an organ may well beguile the ear even of him who has toiled to forge and polish it; it is impossible to imagine anything more directly formed for the stage where the prime necessity of every effort is that it shall 'tell.' When Coquelin speaks, the sound is not sweet and caressing, though it adapts itself beautifully, as I have hinted, to effects of gentleness and pathos; it has no analogy with the celebrated and delicious murmur of Delaunay, the enchanting cadences and semitones of that artist, also so accomplished, so perfect. It is not primarily the voice of a lover, or rather (for I hold that any actor — such is the indulgence of the public to this particular sentiment — may be a lover with any voice) it is not primarily like that of M. Delaunay, the voice of love. There is no reason why it should have been, for the passion of love is not what M. Coquelin has usually had to represent.

"... If M. Coquelin's voice is not sweet, it is extraordinarily clear, firm, and ringing, and

it has an unsurpassable distinctness, a peculiar power to carry. As I write I seem to hear it ascend like a rocket to the great hushed dome of the theatre of the Rue de Richelieu. It vibrates, it lashes the air, it seems to proceed from some mechanism still more scientific than the human throat. In the great cumulative tirades of the old comedy, the difficulties of which are pure sport for M. Coquelin, it flings down the words, the verses, as a gamester precipitated by a run of luck flings louis d'or upon the table. I am not sure that the most perfect piece of acting that I have seen him achieve is not a prose character, but it is certain that to appreciate to the full what is most masterly in his form one must listen to enjoy his delivery of verse. That firmness touched with hardness, that easy confidence which is only the product of the most determined study, shine forth in proportion as the problem becomes complicated. It does not, indeed, as a general thing, become so psychologically in the old rhymed parts; but in these parts the question of elocution, of diction, or even simply the question of breath, bristles both with opportunities and with dangers. Perhaps it would be most exact to say that wherever M. Coquelin has a very long and composite speech to utter, be it verse or prose, there one gets the cream of his talent."

ART CHAT.

MR. WILLIAM SCHAUS, the art dealer, has sent out cards of invitation to an art view, during the past week, which will be a memorable occasion in the history of art in this country. It was the exhibition for the first time of a possession not to be valued by monetary figures, namely, the celebrated "Portrait of a Man," called "Le Doreur," (The Gilder) by Rembrandt, which Mr. Schaus purchased from the Duc de Morny, in 1884, for, it is said, some 210,000 francs.

* *

EARLY in the century it formed a part of the "Collection Van Helsing," and was sold, in 1802, for 5,005 francs. In 1854, at the sale of Mme. Gentil de Chavagnac, it reached the sum of 25,000 francs, having been bought by the Duc de Morny. After his death it was sold, May, 1865, to his widow (afterward the Duchess de Sesto) for 155,000 francs. From her son, the present Duc de Morny, Mr. Schaus bought it for 210,000 francs.

* *

IN Smith's celebrated "Catalogue raisonné," (1836) the work is thus described under the number 334:

"Portrait of a man, styled *Le Doreur de Rembrandt*, a person about forty-five years of age, with the face seen in a

THE THEATRE.



THE RIVALS—"GOOD MORNING, MRS. MALAPROP!"—JOHN GILBERT AND MRS. POWELL.

three-quarter view, having a dark beard and mustacheos. He has a large, slouched hat, and a brown jacket; the right hand is tucked in the breast of his vest. Signed, and dated 1646. This is a picture of uncommon brilliancy of colour, and is in every respect of first-rate merit. 2 ft. 5 inch by 1 ft. 11 in. P. now in private hands in Paris. Price asked 15,000 fr. 600l."

Smith undoubtedly made a mistake (or else it was a misprint) in putting the date as 1646. It is very plain 1640 on the picture.

VOSMAER, writing of the period in which Rembrandt painted this work, says:

"Dan les années 1640, 41, 42. Rembrandt a produit plusieurs portraits magnifiques. Le *doreur* est un de ceux où les couleurs se montre déjà dan tout l'éclat d'une gamme chaude et dorée, où la touche moins fondue s'épâte. L'expression de la vie est aussi d'une force extraordinaire dan ce superbe portrait.

"En général les portraits de cette période révèlent un esprit plus poétique, une conception plus grandiose que ceux de la première manière, qu'on pourrait nommer plus prosaïques, plus historiques. Le faire tend à devenir plus immatériel: la toile et les couleurs disparaissent pour faire place à une impression qui semble immédiate."

The work is in a perfect state of preservation; the color is indeed "warm and golden." But this golden quality is not a forced one, it is not a false one. The color is pure, the background is spare, simple space, there is an atmosphere around the head as when one is in a room.

The mouth is partly opened, the eyes on the alert, as if the man were about to speak. Yet the eyes do not stare, and the mouth is not widely opened, so as to show beyond doubt that the man is speaking. There is a happy medium between the art which slurs over all facts and represents vagaries, and the art which chronicles all facts with a brutal persistency and pertinacity.

It is this medium which Rembrandt strikes.

If it does not sound strange, I will say his man is not too much alive.

It is in the shadows that one who knows anything of the theory of painting finds the most masterly workmanship. At a distance how dark, after inspection, how light. Only those who have handled the brush can fully appreciate this quality. It is the attainment the most admirable in painting the human face. For shadows should not be part of the face as the features are, but only necessary helps toward modeling. Few modern painters are successful in achieving this transparency in the shadowed parts of the face. We see many well-drawn portraits to-day, many with good color in the lighted parts of the flesh, but the shadows are apt to be muddy, or cold and blue.

Rembrandt sees shadows within shadows, lights in darks, that other painters would not dare record even if they saw them.

Indeed, this boldness bespeaks Rembrandt's greatness perhaps more forcibly than anything else. He saw all, he dared paint all he saw.

Observe the breadth with which the beard is painted, but the great minuteness and care with which he represents the hairs of the mustache! It is this breadth and minuteness combined, made to harmonize one with the other, as in nature, that makes us look upon this picture with something akin to awe.

YES, it is with something like a feeling of awe that we stand face to face with the work of man's hands that counterfeits humanity so nearly.

It almost seems a mockery upon our being, that time and tide should sweep away the real man, blow him out of existence, blot out all his deeds, wash away any trace of him save this which the painter holds for us. That art should snatch his likeness thus and stay it. Mark the very glances of his eyes, his moving lips, his dilating nostrils, and thus preserve through two long centuries an image so near the quick, the living, breathing man, that the query rises in our mind on gazing upon it, could he not have made it speak with a little more labor?

How the painting became to be known as "Le Doreur," whether it is the portrait of a gilder or a framemaker or no is not known. But whoever it is, his spirit remains with us through the triumph of art. The noble art of portrait painting, may it never die. After a lapse of two hundred years, Rembrandt seems to stretch out his hand from across the sea and from the Netherlands with a warning finger. And we must not let it die!

E. K.

TO LAWRENCE BARRETT AS JAMES HAREBELL.

WITH brush of intellect and hand of skill
And color of a rich imagination,
Thou paintest for our moral elevation
A peasant-poet, one who ne'er bore ill
To any man; whose generous heart o'erflowed
To his destruction. Borne down by heavy load
Of dire misfortune brought by treacherous friend,
Still did his faithful heart nor break nor bend
Till e'en his simple, guileless eye had seen
This fearful treachery. Then o'er his brain,
His brain of kindly thought and wondrous sheen
Of twinkling fancy, there rolls a hideous cloud
Of madness, and he wanders, with this shroud
Of death wrapt round him, mid the snow and rain,
For twenty years, in peace at last to die.
And this, thy picture drew from many an eye
A tear of sorrow, pity, and of love,
A tear that lifted us so far above
This world of selfishness and sin,
That there was e'en a sight of Heaven within
The compass of our view. For this we thank thee.

M. C.

RAPID IMPROVEMENT.

(New York Morning Journal, Dec. 26)

THE THEATRE, which claims to be the only dramatic magazine in this country, has made rapid improvement under the editorship of Desher Welch. The Christmas number, just published, contains articles and poems of interest relating to society and the stage.

IN THE LIMELIGHT'S GLARE.

I CAN forgive and pity a man for having the St. Vitus' Dance, but I wish a most Unhappy New Year to the cotton-brained automaton who pounds his feet on the floor just behind my chair in a theatre. This pattern of idiot doesn't decrease. There is a fine army of them now, all with their brains in their feet. They go to a comic opera, and walk ten miles sitting in their chairs. One would think they had served time in a tread-mill. Bang, bangity bang, large, elegant bangs. You can turn right around and give the banger a scorching gaze straight in his happy eyes, but he'll never cease his sprint race till he misses the musical accompaniment. The 'twixt-the-acts cocktail scout, who doesn't walk on his own feet as often as he does on other people's, is a very fair fiend in his way, especially when he drags a wet umbrella across your shirt front. The lady in the high hat has been scolded to such an extent, that I fear another word would make the pretty thing weep. But bring in a vat of boiling oil, and into it dip, that I may hear him sizzle, the jumping-jack who sits behind me dancing a sedentary polka through an entire performance, funeral marches and all.

* *

SOME of our girls grow to be so beautiful, that it is all very surprising. You have to ask yourself the question: "How do they do it, you know?" Take a walk up Broadway any bright afternoon, and across your startled vision there will flit the brightest, airiest procession of January rosebuds and daisies that ever blushed their sweet innocence out of the richness of a sealskin *visite*. O, they are splendid, and just as magnetic as can possibly be. All the handsome actors in town make a point of going up to see them. And the girls are so kittenish over the whole thing, you know, and they nudge each other in their dear feminine way: "O, Agnes, here comes that big, lovely Herbert Kelcey, and do see, child, he has taken his moustache off, and now *do* you think he is so handsome that way?"

"Well, that Kyrle Bellew is sweet enough to kiss three times in rapid succession, and if I'd had *my* choice between him and Grover Cleveland, I just know who I'd have taken."

"There, Theresa, I see Robert Mantell coming straight towards us, and I know the wind has made my nose red, and I'm horrid. O, I shall never forget that man in 'Fedora,' I shall never forget that man."

"Adelaide, shouldn't you think that Jack Mason would try to lose some flesh. He used to be just as nice as Charlotte Russe, but he was slimmer then."

So it goes. These dainty remarks come from the dainty maidens who inspire in the objects of their adulation some such response as: "Pon me life, old man, that gal's a glorious hummer, if she's not, me boy, why, blind me, blind me."

And then Mr. N. C. Goodwin comes downtown with a friend. He has his collar turned up, and the happy expression on his face would indicate that there is a verbena bean in the heel of his shoe. The comicality of Mr. Goodwin does not exhibit itself in street smiles. To perform that operation he goes indoors. I shan't talk about handsome actors any more this week, because it will create too great a demand for the paper. Those that I have named will be shipping THE THEATRE all over the world during the next few days.

* *

ROBERT DOWNING is not creating any tumultuous acclamation among critics, but he is doing as well as any new man can expect to. He has undertaken a big task, and if he succeeds he can thank fortune as well as himself. The people of these times are a very queer lot, and are seldom prepared to receive fresh talent. If Mr. Downing can stick to his business long enough, will refrain from growing any fatter, and simply hold his own as far as his art is concerned, I doubt not that he will be accepted as one of our great tragedians in about ten years from now. It seems incomprehensible to the average mind that youth and ability can go hand in hand. The hardest thing that a young man has to battle against is his scarcity of years. He has to be twice as smart as an old man, or else he is called callow and inexperienced. In twenty years from now it is likely that Henry Dixey will be nothing near the splendid actor that he is to-day.

There is a wide difference in individuals. One reaches the full tide of his powers much earlier than another. Experience is undoubtedly of great value to an actor, but in certain instances there may surely be an innate embodiment of the art that requires but little practice to round into perfection. I do not insinuate that Mr. Downing is an illustration of this, but neither his juvenility nor his limited stage career should cheat him of his just due, even from the most austere sources.

* * *

I WOULD like to see Helen Dauvray give all her attention to management and run a stock company in this city. I haven't much doubt of her success, for she seems peculiarly anxious to do the right thing by the public. A clever woman is really more apt to succeed in a business venture of any sort than is a clever man. This is because most of her dealings are with masculines, and from an irrepressible sense of chivalry, she receives a great deal of gratuitous aid from them. With as attractive a theatre as the Lyceum for her workshop, Miss Dauvray could gather a very strong company together, and by giving good plays (American plays if possible, but sink all sentiment about that, and do foreign plays if they draw better), she would be soon gaining money and fame for herself. She ought to set these plays better than any American manager is accustomed to do now. Without any display of Anglomania, she could afford to emulate the English in this respect, and besides exercising extraordinary care and expense on the scenery and mechanical effects, train every dumb supernumerary to be a blending ingredient and not a destroying blight. In a word, by her personal supervision she could perfect the details of a dramatic presentment to a point that would astonish and charm the New York play-goer. She has the material for a wonderful company at her beck and call. Her only trouble would be to get a competent "leading lady." I believe that Minnie Maddern is the strongest one obtainable in America, but even she would not fill a melodramatic-flavored part. There is an abundance of leading men. You could have then in invincible pairs. Osmund Tearle and J. B. Mason, for instance, Eben

Plympton and Jos. Haworth. Mr. E. H. Sothern, whom I know Miss Dauvray would never let go, is entirely indispensable. How beautiful this company could be made in the lighter regions by infusing in it the loveliness of two such girls as Eugenie Blair and Blanche Thorne. Then Miss Dauvray could sail away each summer to London and *La Belle Paris*, and with her discerning managerial eye pick out novelties to suit her good taste and fetch 'em over for our approval. O, I think it is the prettiest scheme under the sun, and I can hear the box-office receipts jingling like mad at this very moment.

* * *

1887. When we write it 1900, do you expect that Mr. Dixey will still be on the road with "Adonis?"

* * *

MCCAULL'S Opera Company is playing a very extraordinary engagement at the Grand Opera House, Chicago. This company is far and away the best of its kind in America. It would be very difficult to improve upon its presentment of "Don Cæsar." It is nothing less than grand opera. Miss Griswold, the niece of Bret Harte, is said to have a glorious voice, and Louise Parker is playing the dickens with the young grain dealers out there in the Wild West. Perugini is singing like a healthy angel, so they say, and Eugene Oudin owns three tenths of Chicago's womanhood. Herndon Morsell is with this great company. De Wolf Hopper is still singing "Birdie." Before he begins, a big gong is rung out in the wings. "Yes," he says, "I know it, but it goes."

* * *

"EVANGELINE" again! I have seen the following list of people in this piece from time to time. William Crane, Nat. Goodwin, Geo. S. Knight, Willie Edouin, Sol. Smith Russell, Henry Dixey, John Mackay, Harry Hunter, Louis Harrison, Ed. E. Rice, Richard Golden, Geo. Fortescue, William Mestayer. Nearly all the stage comedians in this country have played *Le Blanc*. This is not intended as a joke upon that eminent genius Mr. E. Rice. He is not a comedian, but he can be funny on occasions, provided that you "don't talk. If you want to talk at all, talk fast."

Westmoreland.

REGINALD BRONZE



SCENES FROM "TANGLED LIVES," NOW RUNNING AT FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

THE revival of Sheridan's delicious comedy was effected at Wallack's Theatre last week with all the success which the piece usually receives in this play-house. A writer in the *Era* recently said that nothing is more tempting to the dramatic aspirant than that kind of waspish dialogue which shows his superiority to other men by sneering at the foibles that, suggestively, he seems to scorn. The perennial success of "The School for Scandal" may be an excuse for the endeavors, in the same direction, of men who are, to say the least, of smaller ability than that belonging to Sheridan, but the great dramatist is not the safest of models. For instance, the writer goes on to say, "without being hypercritical, it may be permitted us to suggest that the creator of *Lady Teazle* allowed his spiteful wit to take away from her very questionable conduct the only excuse that could be offered for it, in the plea of want of intention in her association with *Joseph Surface*. The screen scene, as the author's dialogue explains it, should hardly be forgiven by a husband, even as middle-aged and uxorious as *Sir Peter* is, and it certainly cannot be condoned by any audience who listens to the words. The cold-blooded purpose that is imputed to *Lady Teazle*, for the sake of a line or two of the author's wit, shows how far a cynical dramatist will go in his one desire to emphasize his caustic irony. Such lines as he puts into *Lady Teazle's* mouth in the screen scene might be an excuse for anything rather than the reconciliation with her husband in the last act. "So that, if he suspects me without cause, it follows that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for it," and her remark afterward, in reply to the hypocritical cant of *Joseph Surface*, "Don't you think we may as well leave honor out of the argument?" entirely sacrifice, for the vain-glory of the dramatist's aspirations to be acknowledged clever, the slender thread of innocence that attaches itself to the old baronet's country spouse.

But to return to the present revival at Wallack's, it can only be said that, while in its entirety the cast is not so brilliant as we have seen in former years at this theatre, the performance is given with considerable delicacy and energy. Mr. John Gilbert is, of course, the axis of the occasion, his *Sir Peter Teazle* is the only *Teazle* we ever think of naturally in conjunction with the play. Painters and sketchers may make all kinds of ideal portraits, but if they have not the face of "dear old John Gilbert," they will not be acceptable. Mr. Kyrle Bellew is a romping *Charles Surface*, more like champagne than old wine, perhaps. Mr. Harry Edwards is a delightful *Sir Oliver*,

Miss Robe is a "smart" *Lady Teazle*. She does not give it the brilliancy we might find in Fanny Davenport, for instance, but she lends to it a charming womanhood. Of course, Mme. Ponisi is good as *Mrs. Candour*. The setting of *Joseph's* library is unusually good. Mr. Henley is a surprise as *Crabtree*, for there is hardly a suspicion in his make-up or performance suggestive of the terrific force and brilliancy displayed in "Moths." His versatility is certainly remarkable. Mr. Charles Grooves gives a new idea of *Moses*, and the best we have had here in some time.

"THE HONEYMOON."

MISS MARGARET MATHER played to fair houses at the Union Square Theatre during the week in Tobin's celebrated comedy, "The Honeymoon." Miss Mather, as *Juliana*, was pleasantly vivacious and won much applause after her scenes of tempestuous passion. Her conception of the part lacks fineness, and she seems capable of making a much stronger performance of it. Yet her acting, on the whole, was clever and impressive. We would suggest to Miss Mather that, as she is surely a gifted and pretty woman, she should make a supreme effort to dislocate the provincial twang in her speech, which now acts as a disturbing element to her most palpable charms. Milnes Levick played the *Duke Aranza* with a finish and solid method that was very gratifying. Frederick Paulding was nothing near a success in his personation of the woman-hating *Captain Rolando*. Okane Hillis was also uninteresting as *Balthasar*. Geo. A. Dalton made a manly *Count Montalban*, and Fred W. Peters created an effective character out of the small part of *Lopez*. Harry Eytinge, as the buffoon *Duke Jacques*, did not fail to create much mirth in the audience. Miss Jean Harold, as *Zamora*, Miss Helen Glidden, as *Volante*, and Miss Hattie Saphore, as *The Hostess*, played very well in their respective parts.

On Monday night, Miss Mather will revive her most successful part, *Juliet*.

BROOKLYN NOTES.

PACKED almost to suffocation. This has been the condition of the Park Theatre during the past week, and it's all the fault of that shapely young man, Henry E. Dixey, alias "Marble," in his extraordinary play of "Adonis." His success here has been only a repetition of his experiences wherever he has played. This week, Miss Genevieve Ward in "Forget-me-not," "Queen's Favorite," "Nance Oldfield" and "Last Legs." All Brooklyn is impatiently waiting for Mr. Lawrence Barrett in "Rienzi" during week of January 10.

The national Opera Company have just closed a very successful week's engagement at the Academy of Music. At each performance the audiences were large in number, and in a somewhat critical mood, still they bestowed their praises with unstinted zeal, while the acting, and general presentation of each opera was creditable, and in some instances very impressive. Mme. Fursch-Madi was a leading favorite, and Mr. Ludwig earned new laurels. Mr. Thomas was the recipient of much attention during the week.

MATTERS IN PHILADELPHIA.

DEC. 28. — Audran's new opera "Indiana," was given for the first time in this country. December 20, at McCaull's Opera House, and scored a deserved success. The best work that this composer has given us up to the present time, "The Mascot," contains no better music than the graceful and fluent melodies which are found in "Indiana," and the latter has the advantage of being superbly mounted and artistically performed. The libretto, adapted from an old French vaudeville, is dangerously broad and in some parts decidedly vulgar, but apart from this is interesting and well-written, and unfolds a more intricate plot than is found in the average light opera. Digby Bell, Lily Post, Laura Joyce Bell, Annie Meyers and Ellis Ryse have parts which fit them like a glove and sustain them well.

John T. Raymond in "The Woman Hater," is attracting large audiences to the Walnut Street Theatre. The main idea of this play is excellent, but it has not been worked to the best advantage, and as a consequence the climaxes are not as strong as they might be, and leave an impression in the minds of the audience that there is something wanting. The plot, however, contains sufficient excuses to keep Mr. Raymond on the stage most of the time, and the people are satisfied.

The production of "Merry Wives of Windsor" at the Chestnut Street Theatre, has brought out the species of know-it-all who says, "you should have seen Hackett or De Bar," but while we have W. H. Crane as *Falstaff*, and Stuart Robson as *Slender*, we will strive to bear up under the loss we have sustained in not being permitted to view Messrs. Hackett and Craig, and we are comforted by the thought that some future time these same critics, if they live long enough, will say, "you should have seen Robson and Crane."

"The Grand Duchess," at the Arch Street Opera House, "We, Us, and Co.," at the Arch, and "Vacation" at the National Theatre, are drawing well.

Jefferies.

"WE MEET AGAIN."

A SINGLE CHAPTER OF TWO CONVERGING ROMANCES.

THERE was no duel in the room of Miss Rose Arrelle, the burlesque actress, at the — Hotel that night, as reported. The little affair, whose details have been magnified into quite a sensation, cannot be said to have risen at the most to the height of anything more serious than a dramatic situation.

Conflicting stories are abroad concerning that little bit of emotional acting on the part of our charming comedienne, but an interested public asks for facts; and as our dear friend, Monsieur Gaboriau, has a way of saying, these are the facts:

At 11.15 o'clock on the evening concerned, or at about the time when Miss Rose Arrelle, the burlesque star, was leaving the theatre to return to the — Hotel two gentlemen sat in the parlor of the same hotel, in a quiet nook by a window, engaged in a subdued conversation.

The one was a tall, handsome man of about thirty-five, cold, *distingué*, and eminently *blasé* in appearance.

The other was equally fine-looking, but much younger, graceful and slender, with delicate, poetic features, speaking of blood still hot, and an impressionable soul. His eyes were soft, although at times flashing.

"And she was an actress," the young man was saying, his expression shining with more than ordinary interest.

"Yes," replied the *blasé* man, calmly, "a girl in the chorus; Adele Farine she calls herself."

"And you didn't marry her?"

"No, we quarreled. In a passion I left her. When I had relented, and would have given my soul to have touched her hand again, it was too late. It was ten years ago, in Philadelphia. She was but eighteen then. I have traveled everywhere, sought in every theatre in the world, but I have never seen her since. I am a strange, icy-hearted man, people say. Perhaps I am, but I love her still."

His voice fell, his eyes sought the distance; he relapsed into a dreamy silence.

His companion regarded his face with a curious expression, that was almost sympathy.

By-and-by the elder spoke again, rather abruptly:

"And now, Jardine, you have heard my romance — tell me yours."

"You may not believe me, Neville," replied the young man, quietly, "but it is the truth when I say that my story is almost exactly the counterpart of your own."

"Ah!" exclaimed Neville, his eyes opening with a glow of real interest.

"Yes, and I roam over the world as you do, hoping that some day, somewhere, I may see her face. It was but five years ago, here in New York. She was singing secondary parts in comic opera then, and I happened to enter the theatre one night at the moment she entered the stage. I think our eyes must have met. I was wild over her from that instant. I was only twenty, you know. She was three years older. It was by

the merest chance I found she was a cousin of a friend of mine—or *he* said she was—at any rate he knew her, and I was introduced. Her name was Florence Aulnay. That opera had a run of two hundred nights. On the one hundred and ninety-ninth we had a disagreement. When we parted that night, she said, 'I will see you later.' 'Perhaps,' I answered. 'Oh, as you will,' she replied. And she never did. She left with the company for a London engagement. She had not intended to do that. Then it flashed over me that I had been a fool. When the company came back, without her, I would have shot myself, but for the insane hope that sprung up in my heart that we should meet again some day. That hope still remains—the motive of my being—its realization is the object of my life."

As his low, quivering tones died away, Jardine turned his glance out of the window. His eyes were fixed afar, and they seemed to radiate a strange gleam into the night, over the street below, luminous with electric light, and echoing with the footsteps of people.

When Neville broke the ensuing pause, it was without comment on the confession of his friend, and in his usual indifferent voice.

"By the way," he said, "this new burlesque at the —; have you seen it?"

"No. It is worth seeing, they say, if only for the sake of the star, a fascinating creature, according to the papers."

"Yes? What is her name?"

"Rose Arrelle."

"Rose Arrelle. I have never heard of her — Ah! what is that?"

A burst of gay laughter, — a woman's voice, — coming from the hall.

Neville had arisen to his feet, and stood with his eyes fastened on the doorway.

A group passed this way. It consisted of two ladies and a gentleman who were chatting pleasantly together. The man appeared to be of middle age, and a man of the world. In a moment the trio had passed out of sight.

Neville, without speaking, rose and walked to the door; Jardine, mystified, followed him. The three people were ascending a stairway. Following them with his eyes for an instant, Neville hastened after. He overtook them in a corridor as they were about to enter a room, one of the women, the taller, having already placed her hand upon the door-knob.

The woman's eyes fell on Neville as he came up. Her companions were standing aside and laughing together, and so did not observe the coming of Neville. Behind Neville came Jardine, failing to comprehend a cause for the movements of his friend. The woman's hand remained upon the door-knob, and she stood motionless.

"Adele Farine — great God! it is you — at last!"

It was the voice of Neville. He caught the woman's hand and pressed it to his lips. But in the twinkling of an eye he heard a wild cry behind him ringing with surprise and joy.

"Ah! Florence Aulnay, my Florence! I have found you!"

Neville felt himself flung aside, and beheld Jardine with the woman in his arms.

She quickly looked from one to the other vaguely, as in a dream.

Her companion, awaking from astonishment, rushed to her side.

"Gentlemen," he said, "there is some misunderstanding. I don't know who you are, but the lady is Rose Arrelle, the actress."

But a sudden thrill of animation seemed to shoot through the frame of Rose Arrelle, the actress.

"Ah, gentlemen, I know you now! Come, I will see you. Good night, my friends!"

She flung open the door of her room. A motion of her hand, a whisper, "Come!" and the door was shut with a bang, to find Neville and Jardine in the room alone with Rose Arrelle, the actress.

Some one turned up the gas.

"Adele!"

"Florence!"

"Neville, my friend! Jardine, my boy! Ah! my loves!"

Quivering with emotion she fell laughing between them, to be caught in their outstretched arms.

"I have thought of you so often," she said through her tears, "and wondered if you would ever come back —"

"I have come, Adele —"

"I am here, my Florence —"

"And I shall never leave you again," said Neville, softly.

"I shall be with you always," cried Jardine.

"Ah, my love!"

And the three wept and laughed in each other's arms.

"The devil you will" — a voice at the doorway — "either of you!"

He had just entered — a commonplace little man with a smooth face, a theatrical attitude, and a beatific smile — and he stood there serenely contemplating the tableau.

"Ah!" said the woman, with a twinkle in her charming eyes, "gentlemen, permit me — my husband, Mr. Brown!"

Neither Mr. Neville nor Mr. Jardine can ever forget the tender, languishing farewell glance that Rose Arrelle flashed through intervening space to each as they passed out of the door — held open by her obliging husband, Mr. Brown — and, looking back, beheld her, standing motionless, smiling supreme, in the center of the room, her white arms folded, her one little foot thrown forward, the gaslight falling softly on the white, rare beauty of her face.

They shook hands as they parted on the street, in the cool October night, their last words to each other coming simultaneously:

"Mr. Brown may die some day," from Neville.

And from Jardine:

"Some day Mr. Brown may die."

And, as he lighted a cigarette, he meditated that perhaps this meeting was not an end but a beginning, the first chapter of a complicated romance, not the last.

Robert Neilson Stephens.

THE THEATRE.



GINÈVRA.

*From "Ginèvra," published by Worthington & Co.
Drawn by Gen. Lew Wallace.*

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DESHLER WELCH . . . EDITOR AND MANAGER.

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* * The Editor solicits contributions from the readers of *THE THEATRE*, and suggests that old play bills, and scraps relating to the stage, notes, news and items appertaining to the different arts, would be acceptable. It is the desire of the Editor to establish a widely circulated magazine, and to further that end every good idea will be acted upon so far as possible.

* * All articles appearing in *THE THEATRE* are written especially for it unless credited otherwise.

DRIFT.

THE THEATRE has received from G. P. Putnam's Sons, the publishers, a collection of "Sketches and Impressions," musical, theatrical, and social, from "the after-dinner talk of Thomas Goodwin, by R. Osgood Mason. The author, or rather the editor, tells us that Mr. Goodwin, who was well known in the musical world, was especially well informed in these affairs mentioned, and the genial manner in which he recounted his experiences and recollections, made him a most agreeable conversationalist. They were table companions for many years, and Mr. Mason's book is drawn from and suggested by his many pleasant talks. Mr. Goodwin was born in London in 1799, and died in New York, June 28, 1886. The present book is written in autobiographical form. One of his earliest recollections is of Joseph Grimaldi, and he says of him that notwithstanding his fund of humor, Grimaldi suffered frequently from mental depression. He was advised by a physician to seek relaxation and amusement. "But where shall I find what you require?" said the celebrated clown. "At the theatre," was the reply. "Go and see Grimaldi." "Alas," said the patient, "that is of no avail to me. I *am* Grimaldi. This book will be a welcome addition to the collector of stage reminiscences.

TALKING about "Bob" Keeley, an actor in the days of old Covent Garden, Mr. Goodwin said he used to entertain his friends with great hospitality. Among the tradespeople with whom he dealt was one Berry, a grocer and fruit seller, who dunned him before the time promised for payment. Keeley sent him this message :

I say, here's a mul Berry,
You have sent in your bill Berry
Before it is due Berry.
Your father, the elder Berry,
Would not have been such a goose Berry,
But you needn't look black Berry,
For I don't care a straw Berry!

Something similar to this has been attributed to Sheridan, and George Knight, the dialect actor, has frequently recited it.

* *
ON January 11th, Mr. Palmer will give the second of his series of authors' matinées. The first representation of Mr. Howell's "Foregone Conclusion" was attended with very good results, and now Mr. Brander Mathew's play entitled "Marjorie's Loves," will be tried. Mr. Palmer's company have been giving this piece careful rehearsing, and its production is looked forward to with interest.

* *
I UNDERSTAND that the first edition of Mr. Howell's latest novel, "The Minister's Charge," consisted of 5,000 copies, and is nearly exhausted. A second edition of 3,000 copies is being printed by the publishers.

* *
MEANWHILE I read that Miss Alcott's story of "Jo's Boys" has passed its fortieth thousand, and orders for the edition of 10,000 now on the press have already consumed more than one-half of the number.

* *
THE *North American Review* announces that the manuscript of Miss Winnie Davis' first literary effort is in the hands of the editor, and will be published probably in the February

number of that periodical. The article will discuss "Irish Patriotism." What Miss Davis knows about "Irish Patriotism" will be interesting reading, no doubt, but there is something absurd in the fact of a magazine of this standard opening its columns to the first attempt in literary work by a young girl who cannot possibly talk about the subject in hand with any desired effect. Jefferson Davis will, very probably, once more escape in woman's disguise.

**

FROM Mrs. John Sherwood: "It has been reserved for the extra fashionables of the present day to wear the most immodest, the most tasteless and the most offensive "cut" that appears in the history of low necks, a dress without sleeves with the corsage pointed low in the back and in front, a dress begun by certain shameless dancers in Offenbach's most shameless opera bouffes, has ascended to the highest and most aristocratic place in the world of fashion." THE THEATRE has already called attention to the fact that while the ministers have proclaimed against the immodesty of the ballet in a grand opera performance, they have said nothing about the women who have watched them from boxes, which from the seats in the orchestra appeared like so many bath tubs. But the Rev. Morgan Dix, has, however, spoken very plainly about the present day immodesty in dress, and in a recent sermon, told the women in his congregation that the prevailing fashions were calculated to excite the worst of libertinism.

**

I SEE it is announced that Miss Rosina Emmet, the artist, a descendant of Thomas Addis Emmet, brother of the Irish patriot, is engaged to Arthur Sherwood, son of Mrs. John Sherwood.

**

LAST Friday evening the Columbia College Dramatic Club presented "The Two Buzsards" and "My Turn Next," in the concert hall of the Metropolitan, for the benefit of the University crew. The female parts were all taken by the young men. Among the names of the performers are James W. Gerard, Jr., John

C. Wilmerding, Jr., Meredith Howland, 2d, Valentine G. Hall, and Richard Tighe Wainwright. This was probably considered a very interesting affair to those who participated, but it seems to me that intellectual young men might be in better business than playing girls' parts. If there is anything funny in it it must be so only to people who are as silly as the impersonators.

**

THE commemoration of the centenary of the Royal Theatre of Berlin lasted three days, being chiefly a reproduction of the scenes of that evening a hundred years ago, when the old Döbbelin Theatre assumed the title "Royal," and received the princely support of 5,400 thalers per year. "Verstand und Leichsinn," "Intellect and Frivolity," was repeated exactly as it was presented a century ago. A correspondent of the *Tribune* says that despite the charming acting of the modern interpreters, one could not suppress the feeling of pity for the Germans of the eighteenth century who could admire such a piece. On the first evening the theatre was closed to the public, being reserved for the invited guests from all over Germany. The "Intendants" of all the German and Austrian theatres of distinction were naturally accorded the places of honor, Count Botho von Hochberg, the Berlin chief, being at their head. The first balcony was reserved for the court and the diplomatic corps, and the brilliant uniforms, the gorgeous decorations and the magnificent toilets of the ladies almost blinded the eye. And when the Emperor and Empress appeared, the latter wheeled in upon her great iron chair, which she hardly ever leaves, tenderly watched by her husband, the whole audience rose to greet them. In the boxes next the imperial loge sat the Crown Prince and Princess, together with the Prince Regent of Bavaria, now visiting the Hohenzollern court, and the numberless highnesses who had come to Berlin for the celebration. Count Moltke, a rare theatre guest, and for that reason highly honored by all present, including his king; Helmholtz and Menzel as chancellors of the order "Pour le Merite," with a score of distinguished disciples of literature and science, were seated in the middle rows of the parquet.

It is said that the antipathy which Frederick the Great had for German literature and for German drama was the cause of Berlin's becoming a theatre city very late in its history. Many of the smaller cities, like Leipsic, Dresden and Hamburg, were earnest worshippers of the stage long before Berlin.

THE New York season of the National Opera Company will open at the Metropolitan Opera House, Feb. 28, and continue five weeks or until April 2. The season of 1886-7 will end, in accordance with the last determination of the board, which decision shortens the present season to twenty weeks. It is expected that the season of 1887-8 will be opened Nov. 15, but the date is not definitely fixed yet. The articles of incorporation of the National Opera Company were filed in the office of the Secretary of the State of New Jersey, at Trenton, on Nov. 26. The incorporators are Jeannette M. Thurber, Washington E. Connor, Parke Godwin, Cleveland A. Connor, and Charles G. Buckley, while the stockholders are Washington E. Connor, Jeannette M. Thurber, Parke Godwin and Theodore Thomas, of this city, and Henry L. Higginson, of Boston, Mass.

THE editor of THE THEATRE is constantly in receipt of letters from every part of the country — and very frequently from the other side of the water—which indicate in the most positive manner that THE THEATRE has a great many good friends. Sometimes these communications are so kind and honest in enthusiasm, that I am astonished so many people take the trouble to write as they do. The day before New Year's, the evidence of Kentucky's superior distilling was clearly manifested by a Louisville subscriber, whose accompanying card reads as follows :

Allow me to congratulate you on the plan of your charming paper, and the success with which it is meeting.
GEORGE ALFRED CALDWELL.

Many returns of the day, and here's to you !

MR. BOOTH has discarded the version of "Richard III.," as prepared for him by William Winter, and acted by him for some twelve years past, and restored to his repertory the

well-known Colly Cibber version of Shakespeare's tragedy. To be sure there is some clap-trap, a goodly portion of Shakespeare, and a lot of Colley Cibber — but the mixture gives Mr. Booth a character which easily ranks with his *Iago* and *Pescara* in the scheming, subtle deviltry and sardonic humor with which "Colly" has padded it.

IN relation to the approaching production of Verdi's "Otello," the composer's publisher, Signor Ricordi, is convinced that its success will exceed that of "Aida." Among the numbers mentioned as likely to win immediate popularity are a drinking song, a serenade, with an accompaniment of guitars and mandolins, and a finale, lasting eight minutes, and immensely effective. Verdi keeps Signor Tamagno, M. Maurel and Signora Pantaleoni, his three principal interpreters, hard at work for four hours daily. Parquet chairs for the first night of "Otello" commanded, at last accounts, 200 lire (\$40) each, and all but a few had been sold. The stalls behind the chairs were quoted at 100 lire apiece, and the boxes, which are usually rented for 1,200 to 1,500 lire for the whole carnival season, brought this year 3,500 lire each.

"THE COMBINATION PLAN."

THE *Sun* of Sunday last contained a long article setting forth "a complete view of the traveling actor's business," intended to show that the "Combination System" was not an evil, but a positive benefit. That since the "combination" had taken the place of the local stock company, the inhabitants of every city outside of New York were materially benefited, and out of the "evil" have come to this stage as stars, Robert Mantell, Louis James, Robert Downing, Fred Warde, Edmund Collier, John McCullough, Effie Ellsler, Kate Forsyth, Roland Reed, Rose Coghlan, Mrs. Bowers, Henry Chanfrau, Margaret Mather, Minnie Maddern, Edwin Arden, Cora Tanner, Harry Dixey, Flora Moore, Neil Burgess, Sara Von Leer, John Jennings, Tom Glenney, Jenny Calef, Charley Bowser, Myra Goodwin, C. A. Gardner, Tony Hart, Ezra Kendall, Horace

Lewis, Benjamin Maginley, Jim Herne, Dan Sully, Eben Plympton, Ada Gray, Jennie Holman, Newton Beers, Marie Prescott, Richard Mansfield, James O'Neill, Robert McWade, Joe Murphy, Rosina Vokes, Mattie Vickers, Frank Frayne, Louise Pomeroy, W. J. Scanlan, Fred Bryton, Den Thompson, Frank Aiken, Lewis Morrison, J. M. Ward, and as many more. As for this list of names, the statement is not entirely correct. Mrs. Bowers is certainly not one of the "results." She has been a star for a number of years, and long before the "combination plan" traveled as such from city to city, receiving the generally competent support from the company of every place she visited. I doubt, if she could afford to take with her now as good a company as in those days she found in cities like Buffalo, Cleveland, Pittsburg, or Chicago. John McCullough used to travel in the same way, as did Robert McWade and Joe Murphy. Young Chanfrau necessarily succeeds his father in the same business. The fact is, the most proficient actors on the stage owe their education and subsequent success to the hard drilling and never-ending work of the old-time stock company. The preparation for five or six different parts in the course of a week kept young men out of mischief, and made them studious to a degree which forced intellectual development. They were always cheered on in their work by local interest, and there was always an endeavor to become "a favorite." The continual change of parts usually brought around some distinct triumph, and if there was any special cleverness in the young man it was soon discovered. Nowadays there is a certain paste and putty work, backed up by idleness and dissipation, for which the "combination plan" is responsible. Booth, Sothorn, Raymond, Florence, Clara Morris, Jefferson, Owens, Lotta, Helen Dauvray, Maggie Mitchell, and their ilk, are to be placed against the *Sun's* list of what the "combination plan" is not responsible for. Here in New York Mr. Daly's company works in the same way as the old stock system, and has developed a talent that would never have been brought out in any other way. His company are all stars now, and those who have launched themselves, like Agnes Ethel, Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport, D. H. Harkins, and Louis James, show the truth of my argument.

This writer in the *Sun* says still further that "by its remarkable spread, a small army of actors and actresses have been afforded employment who would otherwise have been idle,

or less congenially disposed of." Is this so? The old stock system would have disposed of them a great deal better. It would have given each actor (or actress, why won't the one word cover both?) a home. It would have allowed them to have some healthy social life; some feeling that their careers were watched and guarded to the measure of their aims and honesty. It created an acknowledgment from the church that actors were like all other people, because many found their way as useful members of a parish, and *became known* as other people are.

Mr. Hamilton says in his play of "Harvest": "Where is Bohemia? Anywhere, everywhere, nowhere. It exists in the hearts of its denizens, in the lives of those who love it. It's the land of stanch comradeship, of kindly sympathy, of kindred intellect, where hearts beat high and hands grasp firm, where poverty is no disgrace, and where charity does not chill." The actor's life is called Bohemian, but the Bohemianism of the traveling woman is not of this kind. It is demoralizing, and with many leads to degradation. The insidious familiarity of men, and the uncertainties of good, financial management, bring about results which cannot do else than destroy many of the virtues which womanhood ought to possess. Very few escape all this, and those who have maintained an honorable career realize the numberless temptations which this wandering life breeds. Mme. Modjeska lately wrote a letter, which was published in *THE THEATRE* at the time, congratulating the final choice of a young girl who was about to go upon the stage, and which a happy marriage averted. This remarkable woman's experiences which led to this advice, could be echoed by many other noble people in the profession. The *Sun* writer did, however, say that the movements of traveling companies awakened in sections of the country, previously neglected, an intellectual interest in music and the drama. This is, of course, true. Many places which were never privileged to enjoy the delights of a good theatrical performance now have them.

But I repeat that the "combination plan" is an evil, because it is impossible to always justify the means. The innocent suffer with the guilty, and the many companies organized by unscrupulous managers who resort to all sorts of questionable schemes to carry out their purposes, have put a brand upon a profession which is seldom discriminating.

There is no reason why I should hesitate to say what I have said here. The honorable men and women, the *ladies* and *gentlemen* who pursue this art, which should be surrounded by all that is ennobling, will understand me.

D. W.

STAGE TALK OF THE RESTORATION.

AMONG the special abominations deemed subversive and destructive of good morals by the Puritans, was the stage. Decrees were published, branding the actor as a vagabond, and his person was liable to incarceration, and his exchequer to depletion if he be found performing within corporate limits. To read old Jeremy Collier's "A Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage," gives one a lesson in theatric ethics, most rare and pungent. Jeremy was a well-developed specimen of the stiff-backed, sanctimonious God-fearing, man-hating prodigy of the time. If, however, we take a candid view of the stage of his day, we must admit that there were grounds for complaint and ample cause for timely suggestions of improvement. When the gallants of the day disposed themselves as they might upon the stage, permitting just the barest minimum of space for the performers, when the green-room was a general reception parlor; when a slight misunderstanding between two of the dandys led to a settlement there and then by an appeal to the ever-handly sword, we must resolve that it was high time that some one took the matter of reform in hand. The restoration brought many of the old evils to the fore, and permitted also by a broad tolerance and encouragement, that better development of the theatre, which though, of course, has since been greatly exceeded in mere mechanism, can never be surpassed in actual artistic attainment and expression of high dramatic genius. Our object in the present paper is to outline, by remarking upon the persons of a stock company playing in 1690, the conception and value of acting as then practised. To us in our day, looking around upon the immense and startling evidences of progress in all departments of science and literature, we can hardly realize that hundreds of years past, most of our best thoughts had a beginning. Can we suggest or admit for a moment a comparison of the productions of the present great nineteenth century with the wonderful efflorescence of the reign of Elizabeth? — The minds, the time, the intellectual environment that could produce a Shakespeare, must perforce give birth to adequate expressive genius — that Shakespeare wrote, at least the greater part of his plays, to meet the requirements of the company with which he was connected, is beyond question, his marvelous poetic ability was joined and in full harmony with the prosaic hard-headed common sense of a man of affairs, he saw facts, could grasp the material effects of ideas. He is known to have performed in several modest parts, that of the *Ghost* in "Hamlet" being the most trying rôle he assumed.

At the time of which we purpose speaking, 1690, the company which stood as the Theatre Francais has in France, was composed of the following persons: Betterton, Montfort, Kynaston, Sandford, Nokes, Underhill and Leigh, of men; of ladies there were, Mesdames Betterton, Bary, Leigh, Butler, Montfort and Bracegirdle. These people represented the brightest particular stars in the theatrical firmament, each had distinguished, him or herself, by attaining marked applause in some special character or line of work; each had "created," to use the modern term, a part. From the Apology of Mr. Colley Cibber, a gentleman who had just entered the ranks of the brilliant assemblage, and from other record of that period, we are enabled to afford some ideas of how they acted. Colley eventually developed into a most excellent comedian and dramatist, and still bears witness to his presumption in the "Richard III.," as now played by Keene and others. "Betterton was an actor as Shakespeare was an author, both without competitors, formed for the mutual assistance and illustration of each other's genius. How Shakespeare wrote, all men who have a taste for nature may read and know, but with what higher rapture would he still be read, could they conceive how Betterton played him." The father of the English stage, whose *Hamlet* has been brought by tradition even to the present day, was a gentleman of unusual personal merit, a fine scholar, a kindly, dignified man; he was a fit companion for the best wits and persons of his day, and died at extreme old age, honored and revered by all. "Betterton never wanted fire and force when his character demanded it, yet, when it was not demanded he never prostituted his power to the low ambition of a false applause." Of his *Brutus*, "when the Betterton *Brutus* was provoked in his dispute with *Cassius*, his spirit flew only to his eye, his steady look alone supplied that terror which he disdained an intemperance in his voice should rise to." Montfort was best known for his performances of *Alexander* and *Castalio*, characters in Otway's tragedy of "The Orphans;" he played *Macduff* to the *Macbeth* of Betterton, and won renown for his *Sparkish* in Congreve's "Country Wife." Kynaston, as a youth, used to appear in the female parts before ladies were allowed upon the stage: as a man, he grew into playing heroes and the genteel old men of comedy. Leigh was an excellent all-round comedian, "having been fraught with humor of a luxuriant kind." Sandford was a villain of the pronounced type, and won the hisses of his audiences for his truthful portrayal of those dramatic necessities. Mrs. Betterton was a great *Lady Macbeth*, and was especially distinguished for her fine performance of most of

Shakespeare's tragedy heroines. Mrs. Bary, after making several failures, came out at last with surpassing brilliancy; two of her most celebrated parts were *Monimia* in Otway's "Orphan," and *Belvidera* in "Venice Preserved." Anne Bracegirdle, "the Diana of the stage," was as justly celebrated for her unsullied character as for her superb acting. Congreve wrote several of his finest plays to give scope to her genius. It would prove a tedious task to go into, extended biographical detail here, to those who chose to confirm our remarks upon the character of the acting of that period, we refer them to Cibber's Apology, Pepy's Diary, and any good history of the stage. That the stage of the day—the period referred to, so far as æsthetic requirements go, so far as truth to nature, grasp of an author's meaning, and just expression of same, are concerned, may serve as a model for all time, we are forced by the most conclusive evidence to admit. Such critics as Addison and Steele, afford the finest proof to be found. Cibber's remarks on the art of acting have never been improved upon, Talma and Irving have both written learnedly upon the subject, but their best efforts and thoughts are all to be found in Colley's quaint record of personal beauty, the "Apology for his Life."

James Reebec.

ART CHAT.

ON the evening of the day which this number of THE THEATRE bears, there will be sold at auction at Chickering Hall the collection of paintings owned by Richard H. Halsted, Esq., of the New York Stock Exchange. They have been on exhibition at the Academy of Design since the 31st ultimo. The collection is a small one, numbering only sixty-five works, but they are of extraordinary character. The canvases are mostly large and by sixty different artists of the modern French and American schools. Many of the canvases are known to the art world, as Mr. Halsted was a liberal contributor to all Loan exhibitions and the monthly club displays.

**

MR. HALSTED'S taste is for highly finished pictures; the impressionists find no place in his collection. To give an idea of the painters he is fond of, let me name those among the B's. The foreigners are Bouguereau, Breton, Becker (Carl), Bellecour; and the Americans, J. G. Brown and Bliss-Baker. Such names guarantee good workmanship at least. Such artists may be said to give a man his money's worth in their pictures. If Mr. Halsted is a representative New York collector (and I think

he is), our young artists can take a hint from these pictures. When a New York merchant, if I may stretch the term so far as to apply it to a broker, puts his moneys into a picture, he wants to see something tangible in return. He wants facts. Now, such painters as Bouguereau, Vibert Perrault, J. G. Brown, Kaemmerer, Breton, and such landscape artists as Bolton Jones, Bliss-Baker, G. H. Smillie and Van Boskerck, give or paint facts. Their drawing is rigorously correct, their painting painstaking and direct. There is nothing slovenly in their work. Take, for instance, Vibert's "Papa's Toilet." One may not be an admirer of Vibert, yet he cannot help but encore such brilliant effects which are produced with such honest labor. Such a work is not intellectual, but the cunning of the hand is there, the art is there, and the work will no doubt bring a high price at the sale, because the men who buy pictures in New York are perfectly willing to pay for the productions of first-class workmen.

**

I THINK our young artists know this, and they generally try to do their best. I only mention it in connection with this collection, because quality of *finish* pervades these works to a most startling degree.

**

THE American landscape artists were never better represented than here. The works of George Inness, Bolton Jones, Arthur Quartley, R. W. Van Boskerck, A. H. Wyant, Geo. H. Smillie, Bruce Crane, and Bliss-Baker, are really superb.

**

PERHAPS the *chef d'œuvre* of the collection, in the intellectual sense, the one most pure in sentiment, is Jules Breton's homely French peasant girl "Going to Mass." It is a pure piece of realism in its treatment, into which the poet-artist has forced his soul and spirit.

**

ON Tuesday and Wednesday evenings coming, at Association Hall, (Y. M. C. A. Building, Twenty-third Street) the sale of the Artists' Fund Society will take place. The benevolent object of this society, is, I hope, well known to my readers. On account of the object for which the pictures are contributed, it is a delicate matter to criticise them. I think, however, that it is a kindness rather than not for the press to speak the truth in the matter, and the truth is that the exhibitions of this society have been for the last few years very poor indeed.

Having said this, let me name some of the good works in the present exhibition.

E. K.

THE THEATRE.



FRIAR LAURENCE.



IN THE LIMELIGHT'S GLARE.

WHEN William Stuart—whom very few people ever heard of till he died—died recently, a fine opportunity was presented to Mr. A. C. Wheeler, who writes, to dispense with about one column of bilious hate, which he and a few other such journalists hold in constant reserve for use against Mr. Edwin Booth. If Lawrence Barrett should cease living, he being the present manager of Mr. Booth, the latter gentleman would at once become the object of a vindictive attack from the pen of A. C. Wheeler, who, by the way, is old enough to be sensible, but isn't. For some unexplained reason, Edwin Booth has won the unceasing venom of several newspaper writers. But at last accounts he was playing to the capacity of the house, with the orchestra under the stage.

SOME old, white-headed journalists have also picked out Kyrle Bellew, of Wallack's, as a target for abuse. They say he is effeminate and conceited. Now, Mr. Bellew is undoubtedly more modest than are the men who sneer at him in type. If all the pretty girls in town were to look twice at any one of these newspaper carpers, he, the carper, would swell up and burst without delay. And if anything resembling a poetic light from his faded eyes could be made to mingle with the effulgent longing in the two blue windows of a maiden's soul, you would find that newspaper man simpering away like Bertie Spoondyke when he gives the price of tidies to a big, elegant blonde who smells of *Ylang-Ylang*. It is all very well to say, "I wouldn't be this, and I wouldn't be that." Wait till you've had the chance. You can't tell, for the life of you, what you would do or resemble if you had Kyrle Bellew's face.

WHERE IS MARY ANDERSON? It is evident that she has no manager or agent connected with her at present. Newspaper paragraphs concerning her are painfully infrequent. Isn't Miss Anderson a real uncommon sort of girl? There she is, beautiful enough to rattle the head that wears the finest diamond-studded crown extant, and, instead of loitering luxuriously to indulge in the usual *affaires d'amour*, she has pursued her haughty way, with her grand chin elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees, and her whole marvelous body shedding an aureole about her like a stone-wall around a flower-garden. There are poor, miserable wrecks of men sprinkled all over the world now who have instituted regular sieges against the citadel of Miss Anderson's affections, and after a few spasmodic hopes of ultimate victory have withdrawn from the field with a sigh or a curse—while Mary kept on acting. We Americans are very proud of this girl. She is just as pure as gold, and she would have to make some very bad breaks in her art before our patriotic regard for her would slacken. I recently heard her name cheered to the echo by the "gods" in a variety theatre.

It is a weakness of some of the most popular young actors that we know, to associate with those miserable fat gamblers who loiter about in the neighborhood of the St. James and the Hoffman House. I've read romantic stories about gamblers, and if I ever met one with a soul, I am not so narrow-minded but I would forgive him his trade. But when a man who lives by this stockless business is utterly self-satisfied, and grows flabby and dull-eyed from monstrous physical comfort, he becomes a creature to evade, a lump to circumnavigate. Why it is that very successful burlesque comedians, who possess good advantages for social advancement, should cling affectionately to the companionship of men who sell pools in the summer and play faro in the winter, is something I can't tell you. It seems to me as though the gamblers were becoming regular leeches upon the dramatic profession.

LILLIAN OLCOTT, as *Theodora*, might be described as a "clinger." She is a constant fresco on her good-looking leading man, and they say her kiss can be heard by the conductors out on the Broadway cars.

MARGARET MATHER wears a pale blue poke bonnet with one of her *Juliet* costumes that makes her "a boo'ful little lady." "She's very peachy," said Swiggson, just after the show, and Swigg had it about right.

Westmoreland.



THE WEEK.

MERLIN.

THE production of Carl Goldmark's new opera of "Merlin" at the Metropolitan Monday night last, and again on Friday night, was attended with extraordinary interest because its horns have been blown well, and because it was by the author of "Queen of Sheba." But that there was some disappointment will not be denied. In the first place, there is not the right sort of dramatic energy in the libretto. There seems to be no heed to the necessities in dramatic writing, and there are a great many incongruities of construction which cannot be easily overlooked. The cast was as follows:

King Arthur		Herr Robinson
Modred, his nephew	} Knights of the round table	Herr Kemnitz
Gawain		Herr Heinrich
Lancelot		Herr Dr. Basch
Merlin		Herr Alvary
Vivien		Frl. Lilli Lehman
Redwyne, a knight		Herr v. Milde
Glendower		Herr Sieglitz
Morgana		Frl. Brandt
Demon		Herr Fischer

Fraülein Lehman lent a rich and effective embodiment to the part of *Vivien*, and Herr Alvary was acceptable. The presentation of the opera in its scenic arrangement is superb, and perhaps in no other instance has the management shown more serious determination and intellectual effort, which has characterized the season thus far at the Metropolitan.

A critical estimate of the music of "Merlin" will not place it as high as the "Queen of Sheba," although it has been the constant study of the composer for nearly eleven years. There are some delicious movements and much effect which is Wagnerian.

The ballet was indeed a revelation, displaying more female loveliness than even the patrons of the Metropolitan are accustomed to.

THEODORA.

M. SARDOU's ponderous play has been reviewed in THE THEATRE at considerable length. Miss Olcott has again produced the piece in New York, this time at the Star. The criticisms applied to Miss Olcott on her first

appearance, at Niblo's, can now be modified, for she has made decided improvement, and is entitled to much praise for her courage and energy. Certainly, if all the women on the stage were as ambitious, there would be a change in theatrical affairs which would improve the manner of the times. Miss Olcott should now insist that two or three members of her company cease their abominable ranting. Mr. Liston, as *Justinian*, acts with conscientiousness, maybe, but Sardou never intended his character to be such an infernal puppy as he is pictured in this instance. Less whining and crouching would help the part to strong effect. The white gowns worn by a number of the supernumeraries were ridiculous cartoons of antiquated ballet. Mr. G. H. Gilmour, as *Andreas*, is manly and most pleasing. He gives fine support to Miss Olcott, who, to repeat, is entitled to serious and sincere consideration in her favor.

MARGARET MATHER.

MOST of the scenery in the production of "Romeo and Juliet," at the Union Square, is quite handsome. The star is entirely so. Miss Mather's arms are finer than Mrs. Langtry's, and her neck is fully as extraordinary and perfect. With beautiful grace of movement, and a face that is utterly sweet, it is a shame that Margaret Mather should dispel the enchantment wrought by her physical excellences with the unmusical tonguing of simple consonants.

"Whaiurr's my motherr," enquires this pretty woman. Then she wreathes her lips into a silent loveliness that makes elocution seem an unholy superfluity. These contradictory manifestations are most disturbing to the sensibilities, and make one grieve for the shortcomings of the actress, and love the magnificence of the woman. Concisely said, Miss Mather is a beautiful girl with much feminine grace, but her conception of dramatic art is provincial and only admirable in spots. Her portrayal of *Juliet* is an achievement which charms the eye as does the white voluptuousness of a marble Venus, but the message which the tympanum sends to the brain is more depressing than otherwise.

Of the actress's support, none is really excellent except Milnes Levick as *Mercutio*. Frederick Paulding looks quite acceptable as *Romeo*, but his intensity nearly reaches burlesque. Mrs. Sol Smith was not a bad *Nurse*, and Harry Eytinge, as *Capulet*, should not be especially condemned. Of the other characters it is unnecessary to make special mention, though a few of them were portrayed with conventional decency.

WILSON BARRETT IN CHICAGO.

The Chicago correspondent of THE THEATRIST thus expresses himself:

CHICAGO, JAN. 2.—Wilson Barrett has not met with all due appreciation here, the season is so full of other demands upon time, that it has necessarily militated, somewhat, against full attendance. The papers, with few exceptions, have expressed warm praise, and been inclined to recognize the fact that the English stage has given us another brilliant dramatic genius, marked and positively differentiated from that earlier exponent, Henry Irving. To gain profit, and to feel assurance of Irving's ability required some sort of experience, one had to serve a period of probation, had to cultivate a taste for that sort of thing; mannerisms, ungainliness, grotesqueness, often marred and offended expectation. Only by the closest application and sympathy, subjectively, could one begin to measure the latent true force covered and obscured by so much of what, at first, seemed mere strained affectation. Wilson Barrett requires nothing but eyes and ears, and moderate intelligence; he impresses you at once with the beauty of his person, and the exquisite tones of a voice made to express human passion. His art is delicate, refined; it is a study in æsthetics, full of the abundant sense that animated the old Greeks, and made their thoughts and land the head source of all that is beautiful and true in nature and man. Mr. Barrett's plays are not good. "Claudian" has no interest beyond its occasional opportunities for displaying the probabilities of Mr. Barrett's art. For the piece itself I would not squander willingly three precious hours. "Chatterton" is a dolorous little bit, touching and beautiful. The glamour of romance and tragedy breathes through the very subject. A tender soul wrecked in the early day of its promise, intense, eager, holds most sadness. What a subject for a sermon! what a theme for a moralist! how much of a problem it presents in sociology! "Hamlet" has been proposed during the present engagement, but it is probable that "Clito," produced on Thursday evening, will run through next week. It is only proper to say words of commendation respecting the complete excellence of the Princess

Company. Miss Eastlake pleases; she is an earnest worker, possessed of physical advantages, but yet we can see no reason for exceptional praise. There is, now and then, in her manner, a strong suggestiveness of Ellen Terry; in the arrangement of her hair, and in the delicate English face, there is also resemblance.

Your correspondent had quite an interesting chat with a couple of gentlemen belonging to the Barrett Company; they spoke enthusiastically of America; were particularly delighted with Boston, though fully impressed with the idea that New York was a great city. It has struck us in studying the composition of the two great English companies that have visited us, that the secret of such admirable ensembles is in the fact that the gentlemen of such organizations are nearly always men of cultivation, capable of appreciating the respect that their art is entitled to, and ready and eager to show the same. There is a kind of egotism that is commendable; this is of the kind.

J. B. C.

MATTERS IN BOSTON.

JANUARY 4.—The Boston Museum Company in their doffing of naval coats and hats from "Harbor Lights" to don the army regulation uniforms of '62, have made a serious change. But the production of "Held by the Enemy" was a great success, and is likely to continue so for some time.

And I append the cast here, and that given at the Madison Square Theatre, lately—trusting that "comparisons will not be odorous."

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

BOSTON MUSEUM.		MADISON SQ. THEATRE.	
Dec. 27.		Aug. 16.	
Gen. Stamburg	Alfred Hudson—C. W. Stokes		
Col. Prescott	F. H. Vanderfelt—Geo. R. Parks		
Lieut. Hayne	F. M. Burbeck—John E. Keller		
Surgeon Fielding	Frazer Coulter—Melborne McDowell		
Asst. Hathaway	W. Holliswood—H. A. Moran		
Thomas Henry Bean	Geo. W. Wilson—Chas. S. Dickson		
Uncle Rufus	William Seymour—Harry Woodson		
Adjt.-Gen. Marston	Boyd Putnam—John Germon		
Lieut.-Col. McPherson	James Burrows—H. Moran		
Capt. Woodford	C. E. Boardman—D. J. Sullivan		
Capt. Benton	H. P. Whittemore		
Lieut. Massen	E. F. Rose		
Corp. Springer	Geo. Phipps		
Hinton	J. K. Applebee, Jr.—Jean Williams		
Sentry	W. Taylor		
Euphemia McCreery	Miss Kate Ryan—Mrs. Farren		
Rachel McCreery	Miss May Davenport—Kathryn Kidder		
Susan McCreery	Miss Isabelle Evesson—Louise Dillon		

Boucicault follows Modjeska at the Hollis Street for seven weeks, during which period he will produce two new plays, one of which, I hear, is founded upon his play of "Belle La Mar," produced at Booth's Theatre, New York City, some ten years ago. The success of Mr. Gillette's play has probably prompted him to this.

C.

MATTERS IN PHILADELPHIA.

JANUARY 4.—The disastrous fire which resulted in the total destruction of the Temple Theatre, a place of amusement on which Mr. W. M. Singler had, during the past eighteen months, expended over \$175,000, brought the managers to the front with a rush, offering the use of their theatres for benefits, and any other aid they could give. That stony heart which the dead-head dreads, develops at times into a very warm and sympathetic organ, and on this occasion it was gratifying to see the unselfish and generous spirit which actuated the managers, nearly all of them paying fifty to one hundred dollars for admission tickets to the benefit given the attaches of the burned theatre.

Willard Spenser, the composer of "The Little Tycoon," allowed his generosity to carry him away, and forwarded to all the daily papers a request to publish the following letter: "I heartily present Mr. Brotherton with the free use of my opera at the benefit performance." Considering the fact that Mr. Brotherton took hold of Spenser's exceedingly stupid and commonplace work, after nearly every one else had refused it, had it revised, spent a pot of money on the production, and made it a go, giving the composer nearly \$20,000 in royalties, it will be seen that Mr. Spenser's extravagant donation has not impoverished him. The production of George Fawcett Rowe's opera, "Phyllis," is indefinitely postponed, as all the scenery was lost in the fire. Mr. Singler has not as yet decided whether he will rebuild the theatre, and Mr. Brotherton is looking about town for a house to finish the season with, and may possibly obtain the Arch Street Opera House.

The principal attractions for this week are Booth and Dixey, the latter of whom is to have a complimentary banquet, "tendered by a number of prominent citizens."

BROOKLYN NOTES.

IN strange contrast to the overcrowded houses of week before last, when Dixey and his motley company caused laughter to hold high carnival at the Park Theatre, stands those of the week just passed, in which Miss Genevieve Ward and Mr. W. H. Vernon, assisted by a remarkably well-chosen company, presented intellectual pictures of rare acting, to Brooklyn's discredit be it said, before audiences of small numbers. The fault was not with the actresses and actors, nor with the Messrs. Sinn, but with the people. Miss Ward's impersonations need no further praises than they have already won for her, but the acting of Mr. Vernon is a revelation. He is natural to

perfection. The entire company is very able. Next we have Mr. Lawrence Barrett in "Rienzi."

At the Brooklyn Theatre, Mr. Robert Downing has been drawing large patronage to witness his interpretation of Dr. Bird's famous "Gladiator," in the character of *Spartacus*. The setting of the play is a piece of the stage carpenter's magic art, for in the great arena scene the many painted figures in the amphitheatre are hardly distinguishable from those of the players. Mr. Downing's acting shows close study of his lines, and in time he will approach the grandeur of the lamented Forrest and McCullough; but it is only to invite the sharpest criticisms to compare these three men. Young Mr. Downing is a very good actor, at times, as evidenced by his calls at the close of each act. His support was fairly good. This week "The Private Secretary."

The Daly's have had things all their own way during the past week at the Grand Opera House. "Vacation; or, Harvard vs. Yale," completely captured the audiences. When one can laugh for nearly three solid hours, it is safe to say "it's a success."

— THE THEATRE publishes two illustrations this week which will be looked at with interest. One is from the Christmas book entitled "Ginèvre," by Susan E. Wallace, and was drawn by General Lew Wallace, showing as dainty work in its way as his book "Ben Hur" is as strong in its lines. THE THEATRE is indebted to Worthington & Co. for this courtesy. The other illustration is the reproduction of a reversed etching of Friar Laurence, done by Mr. W. C. Cornwell, cashier of the Bank of Buffalo.

— The New York Times, referring to the opera of "The Little Tycoon," said recently: "A young man named Willard Spenser was the composer of the peculiar comic opera which has seemed to appeal successfully only to the queer musical tastes of Philadelphians. In the Quaker city, the production has coined money just as rapidly as it lost money everywhere else." THE THEATRE has gleaned other facts than these. It has been played to crowded houses in many cities, and in New York, in the course of a long run at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, was enjoyed by thousands of intelligent people.

— Mr. William Addison Clarke, well known as a writer for the press, and an amateur actor in this city, has become a professional comedian. He has lately been performing the principal part in Mr. Young's play of "The Rajah," and has been warmly praised for the force, humor and finish of his work.

GOFF'S PICTURE.

[The *New Orleans Picayune* is permitted to publish the following lines written by Herbert Archer, an actor in Philadelphia, upon receiving a picture of Master Godfrey Tearle—called "Goff" for short—the beautiful baby boy of Osmond Tearle and Minnie Conway Tearle, who are here as leading performers in the Bidwell Star Dramatic Company. The plays referred to are some of many in which Mr. Tearle has made hits.]

A baby's photograph is in my hand.
A baby six month old. Dear little chap.
Not much to look at. He can't even stand.
So, not being bolstered on his mother's lap,
He's "doing a contortion act" alone,
(That foot demands much practice ere it walks)
Half doubled up on his suggestive throne—
An old waste-paper basket found at Falk's.

This little "Scrap of Paper" may control
The destiny "of States!" This little thing.
May live to be, as future years unroll,
Romantic "Poor Young Man," or "Silver King."
The Past and Future are both dumb to you;
The Present says, "This dumpling too will balk
My best endeavors to procure one chew
Of my left foot!" Vide the artist, Falk.

I wonder if, when come to man's estate,
Your soul will be as pure, your heart as true.
When troubles come, and surely soon or late
They will come, baby boy, to me and you,
Will you "by opposing, end them," like a man,
Erect among your fellow sufferers stalk,
Or sink beneath them! (P'raps your woes began
In sitting for this photograph to Falk!)

I wish you no misfortune, baby. No!
May all prosperity be yours for aye.
Yet fuss and worry may you undergo
(I cannot hope to live to see the day)
Until you are unable to withstand,
Despite your earnest pleas and fruitless talk,
Your grandchildren's imperative demand
For one more photograph of you—by Falk.

Xmas, 1886.

HERBERT ARCHER.

THEATRICAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE THEATRE writes:

I am obliged to use a great many of these pictures from time to time, and the other day, after hunting for some special head, among the prominent stores, without success, I dropped into Mr. Falk's rooms on Broadway, near Twenty-third street, where, after procuring what I wanted, I was kindly shown about by Mr. H. C. Terrington of that establishment. It is amazing the wonderful amount of work done here while daylight lasts. At the same time many favorites of the footlights are coming, going and posing.

Among other rooms visited was the studio of Mr. Weber, in whom I recognized an old friend. His part is to put upon paper, in an enlarged form, what Mr. Falk makes in miniature, and right royally he does it. Among other heads, he had a mammoth one of the creator of our great harbor light. I suppose he thought that the maker of so huge a statue must be colossal himself, and if so, he was right.

Beauregard.

FINANCE.

WE call attention to the newly-opened banking and brokerage office of Henry B. Bachrach & Co., advertised in THE THEATRE, and just opened in the Union Square Hotel. Mr. Bachrach is well known to managers and professional people. Besides controlling the patents of a fire-proof theatre and stage, he has been a theatrical correspondent. In financial circles Mr. Bachrach is known as a clever financier and is highly respected. His partner in the present instance is a well-known Wall Street banker. Theatrical people are notable speculators, and if they will indulge in that sort of

amusement (what else have they? certainly, they must get tired of theatricals!), they will find excellent facilities and especial conveniences in Mr. Bachrach's elegantly appointed offices.

LETTERS IN CARE "THE THEATRE."

THERE are letters in this office for the following persons: MCKEE RANKIN, WALTER FLETCHER, HARRY THOMPSON, B. DOLARO, the MANAGER OF LOUIS ALDRICH, the MANAGER OF LOTTIE CHURCH, JAMES T. MAGUIRE, CELIK ELLIS, EDITH CROLIUS.

QUESTIONS ASKED.

(From the Chicago Current.)

THE THEATRE of last week contains a list of questions to be proposed by managers to dramatic and musical critics, which are right funny. For instance: "Who wrote 'Hamlet'?" "Have you come to criticise a play or a sparring match?" "Did your hair grow gray in your present service, or while you were driving a horse car?" "How many deadheads make a graveyard?" We take the liberty of appending a few to be asked of managers by the critic: How many dollars' worth of advertising do you want for one seat in a back row? How many managers does it take to make an actress out of a little beauty, a lot of money, and a small reputation? Did you graduate to your present position from Wall Street or the English Nobility?

A GREAT SUCCESS.

(From the Brooklyn Suburban World.)

THE THEATRE, a weekly record of the stage, drama, music, art, and literature, has met with great success. Mr. Deshler Welch is editor. Some very interesting articles of the different play-houses, plays, and actors will be found in it weekly. It is very neatly gotten up, and reflects credit on its editor.

A REMINISCENCE OF SILVERDOM.

By A. C. GUNTER.

Author of the plays "PRINCE CARL," "FRESH," "THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER," "TWO NIGHTS IN ROME," etc.

THE CHICAGO CONSOLIDATED S. M. CO. }

vs.

JUMPER'S LAST HOPE S. M. CO. }

TECUMSEH FILTCH, KENT BLACKSTONE BUNKOMB, J. H. S. POTTS, JR., } Attorneys for Plaintiffs.

JOSIAH CROCKETT COOLEY, TALCOTT V. KIRSTALL, METHUSLAH RAYNOR, } Attorneys for Defendants.

THIS case was on the docket and about to be tried. The whole territory was in a ferment of excitement. Other actions were on the calendar, but the eye of the community was on this one.

It was the first to be tried in the Territory that would settle the important question whether Eastern companies, composed of bloated capitalists, had any rights that the honest-minded jumper of the West was bound to respect. Many and complicated were the questions to be argued, and the numerous points to be made were of such exquisite nicety and such hair-splitting fineness, that all legal minds were in ecstasy at their contemplation.

The value of the property involved was so immense, the consequent pickings and stealings for

all engaged in the case, so gloriously large, that all legal and illegal minds were equally delighted. Lawyers, mining experts, witnesses, hangers-on of every kind—and jurymen, expected to become rich. It was confidently asserted that a position on the jury was worth a fortune to the man who understood the situation and knew how to use it; consequently many aspired to become jurors. Every member of the bar who was engaged for either the prosecution or defense, told everybody else of his good fortune the minute he fingered his retainer; and from that time forth his countenance assumed a look of legal intensity that was almost painful to behold. Every member of the bar who was not engaged had been applied to, but was unfortunately so much occupied that he could not attend to the case. Every mining expert hoped to be employed to examine the property, and was satisfied he would be a good witness for either party in dispute. Happy was the man who could get so much as his little finger into the legal pie that was being baked; for he hoped to remove it covered with golden gravy, even if not sufficiently fortunate to carry off one of the more precious bonbouches contained in it. No wonder the Territory was excited!

The facts of the dispute were briefly these: A year or two before the commencement of the action, a number of so-called "*honest*" miners and prospectors had located some very valuable leads on the Chicago Hill. Who first christened all "pioneers of the pick" "*honest*," is as yet one of the unsolved mysteries of the world; only one point being certain in regard to the individual, that he could not have been intimately acquainted with the class described, or he would have selected any other adjective in the vocabulary rather than the one used. If there is anything an "*honest*" miner scorns to be—it is *honest*!

These lodes seemed from surface indications, worthless, so they sold them to the representative of an Eastern company, who blundered into a good thing. This company had for some time been engaged in developing their worthless ground amid the jeers of Western sharpers, when, to the huge disgust of the whole camp, the mines turned out to be the biggest thing in the country, and the eyes of those who had sold turned green with rage and envy, as they saw the amount of wealth that must flow into the pockets of the "grasping Eastern monopoly" which had rescued them from almost starvation by buying their mine a year before. As the rich silver ore came out in greater and greater quantities, so the wrath of the "bummers" of the district increased, and from the moment of its great success, the Chicago company became the best hated in the Territory. So when it came to pass that little "Johnny Spoker," the liveliest mine jumper in camp, discovered a limestone cap over a portion of the ridge. Bill Higgins, Jake Folsome, Johnny and the rest were only too happy to locate the part of the vein that was apparently cut off by it from the Chicago company's works, and trust to luck to sell it to some other Eastern company before they were traced out or driven off. Consequently the Location stake was

set up and the "Jumper's Last Hope Mine" came into existence.

There was no doubt of their being on the Chicago's ledge, and had the superintendent been a Western man, the jumpers would have been expelled from the ground in twenty-four hours, except perhaps one or two of them who might have been given six feet of their claim as a cemetery. But being an Eastern one, he temporized, and while he was tunnelling under the limestone cap, the jumpers sold out to parties with capital, and the contest became a lively one.

Fighters were imported by both sides from Pioché, a town at that time celebrated for its "five homicides a day"—and armed with Henry rifles, revolvers and bowie knives, two rival bands of roughs gazed in defiance at each other across the limestone cap, while the miners of both parties prosecuted their labors.

But though the dispute threatened at one time to be decided by arms, time ran on, and legal proceedings being instituted, the great case of the Chicago Consolidated Jumper's last hope came on for trial.

For weeks before the opening of the court, the property in dispute was covered by rival experts and surveyors, who examined the ground, one party arriving at views in almost exact contradistinction to the other as each looked at it from the standpoints of the companies they were engaged by; and the theory of the defense we need hardly say, contradicted the theory of the prosecution.

The day before the trial commenced, both sides having their witnesses fully instructed as to just what they were wanted to swear, and the roughs of each party being primed to fighting condition by copious draughts of "Valley Tan" (the local name for that noxious compound of equal parts of alcohol, sulphuric acid and benzine, which is sold under the trade-mark of "Old Bourbon," and whose inventor is morally responsible for at least half the homicides committed west of the Rocky Mountains), the exodus was made from the mines in dispute to the town in which the district court was to be held. The Chicago Consolidated loaded twelve wagons with their witnesses to testify to the truth, and their fighting men to protect them in doing it—the Jumper's Last Hope could only muster men enough to fill ten teams. The preponderance of evidence was with the Chicago company, but as an offset, the preponderance of "Valley Tan" was a little in favor of the Jumper's Last Hope. How these twenty-two teams loaded down with men, hatred and whiskey made the forty-mile journey from the mines to the courthouse without a murderous battle by the wayside, is almost a mystery to us, for as the wagons of one party passed those of the other, such terrible imprecations were banded to and fro, such dire threats made and such uncomplimentary epithets handed about, that only one reason can be given that the big trial was not changed into a gigantic funeral. Every man of either party thought himself the witness of the case, the man whose evidence would bring victory to his own side and defeat to the other, and consequently felt convinced that in the

event of hostilities he would be the first victim of the opposite party, as they knew his death would make their victory certain. Therefore, on this occasion, everyone was equally averse to a fight, and the journey was unmarked by a single tombstone. The great difference between Jake Scaggs, the bully of Western bar-rooms and man of war, and Josiah Broadbrim, the Quaker Indian agent and man of peace, is not that Scaggs considers his own life less valuable than Broadbrim's—but that he has an infinitely less appreciation of the value of other people's lives.

The inhabitants of the court town were on the *qui vive* to receive their guests. A little of the golden shower of litigation was to fall into their pockets. The trial would last at least a month, and every house in town was full of visitors. The bars had been restocked with whiskey—which, however, had to be renewed several times during the trial. The city authorities had sworn in an extra police force, and added a new cell to the jail. The territorial journals had each a reporter on the ground, so all engaged hoped for fame as well as money.

The next morning, the case being duly called in open court—to a room crowded with lawyers, mining experts, loafers and hangers-on of all descriptions—let us take a glance at the judge and counsel engaged in it. His Honor sits in an easy chair, and having in his Western life thrown off the pretentious dignity of an Eastern jurist, chews the end of a "Kegalia" and calmly whittles a stick in a very scientific and practical manner. His Honor was, with the exception of the foreman of the jury, the most expert whittler at the trial, and every man who entered the court-room during that eventful month tried his hand at it more or less—so much so that the sheriff remarked that the chips swept up every morning more than "ran the stove," and it was the depth of winter. Doubtless such unjudicial deportment would have lessened His Honor's dignity in a more refined and ceremonious community; not so in that court; for he was known as an able and impartial jurist, and all who saw him on that trial and listened to his decisions, admitted he had added greatly by them to his already fine reputation, when the jury left their box after receiving his charge.

A glance at the counsel engaged shows at once that both sides mean fight, and have spent their money to have one. Tecumseh Filtch, who heads the attorneys for plaintiffs, is a new-comer in the territory—a good lawyer, but great politician, and is celebrated as having represented more states and territories in Congress than any man in the West. When Filtch's political party goes out of power, Filtch either changes his party or his residence, whichever offers the best chance of re-election to Congress. This time he has changed his residence, and while waiting the election, is not averse to making a few thousands for campaign expenses. He is considered the best stump speaker in the West, and his silver-toned voice has borne political inspiration to his hearers—from the shores of the Pacific Ocean at a Republican clam-bake, to the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains over a roasting grizzle-bear

at a Democratic barbecue. Judge Kent Blackstone Bunkomb sits next to him. "Oily" is his soubriquet, and he deserves it—fat and unctious—his very smile is suggestive of soft-soap, his voice is smooth as olive oil, and his tongue is just the one to grease a verdict so it will slide through the minds of a jury with easy comfort and lightning rapidity. But J. H. S. Potts, Jr., is the man who will win the case—Potts is the worker—young, energetic, ambitious, laborious and quick. He only weighs 120 pounds, but he destroys the scale, for he electrifies it. In exact contradistinction to Bunkomb's suavity is Pott's aggressiveness. He attacks everything, from the opposing counsel to the opposing witness, and has no mercy, as he will show "no quarter." Two years ago, Potts was almost starving—he got one case and since then has had more than he can attend to. Potts likes to prosecute and convict men of murder. He would have revelled in the Old Bailey hanging days of England. Kind and courteous in ordinary life, in the court-room Potts becomes, metaphorically, a Bengal tiger thirsting for blood.

Judge Josiah Crockett Cooley conducts the case for the Jumper's Last Hope. True Kentucky spirit beams in his eyes, and some of his rivals suggest that true Kentucky spirit beams in his nose. He is a man of fine presence, well-read in the law, and skillful in its use. The less important his point, the more impressive his address. It is said a tender-hearted and impressed juror was once actually moved to tears by the awful solemnity and touching pathos of the judge's speech on the question whether an indictment for horse-stealing should contain the article *a* or *an*. Cooley liked a bad case. He would sooner lose a bad case than win a good one. He liked to manufacture witnesses and prove facts that never occurred. Not that he wishes to pervert the truth, but he likes to convince his client that the truth is under his control. The next legal mind on whom the Jumper's Last Hope depends is that of Kirstall, a rising young lawyer, who first made a reputation by killing a toll-road bill. He was then a member of the legislature, and he talked against time till he killed it. His young lungs commenced work at ten o'clock in the morning, and at twelve at night, happening to look round the room, as he concluded the introduction to his speech, he saw he had but one auditor, and that was the Speaker of the House, who was too drunk to move. The toll-bill was never heard of more, but the description of the eloquence, wit, power and pathos of Kirstall's address, as given by that drunken presiding officer, was such as made him a celebrity at once. Judge Raynor completes the counsel for the defense. He is noted for working up his cases. He makes up his mind as to just what he wants to prove, and sends his clients to get men to prove it. His motto is, "It is not what has happened that makes a verdict, it is what the jury believes has happened." It is notorious that whenever Raynor wants to prove anything, he always has a witness or two to testify to it as fully and completely as if made to his order.

[To be concluded.]

THE THEATRE.



Broadway, bet. Thirtieth and Thirty-first Streets.
EVENING AT 8. SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2.
Lessees and Managers, Messrs. Miles & Barton.

THOSE BELLS.

Mathias Irving Mr. Nat. C. Goodwin

TURNED UP.

Caraway Bones, Esq.	Mr. Nat. C. Goodwin
Captain Medway	Mr. C. B. Bishop
George Medway	Mr. Robert Hilliard
General Baltic	Mr. Harry Bradley
Mr. Nod Steddam	Mr. Charles Cooté
Sabina Medway	Miss Loie Fuller
Ada Baltic	Miss Lelia Farrell
Mrs. Medway	Miss Lillie Alliston
Cleopatra	Miss Rose Leighton
Mrs. Pannali	Miss Jennie Weathersby

Broadway, cor. 30th Street.

Sole Proprietor and Manager,
Mr. Lester Wallack.

First performances in five years of
SHERIDAN'S GREATEST COMEDY

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

THE CAST:

Sir Peter Teazle	Mr. John Gilbert
Charles Surface	Mr. Kyrie Bellew
Joseph Surface	Mr. Herbert Kelcy
Crabtree	Mr. E. J. Henley
Sir Oliver Surface, Mr. Harry Edwards	
Sir Benj. Backbite, Mr. H. Hamilton	
Moses	Mr. Charles Groves
Rowley	Mr. Daniel Leason
Careless	Mr. Creston Clarke
Trip	Mr. Herbert Ayling
Sir Harry Bumper (with song)	
Snake	Mr. Henry Platé
Servant to Joseph	Mr. W. H. Pope
Servant to Lady Sneerwell, Mr. J. Craig	
Lady Teazle	Miss Annie Robe
Mrs. Candour	Mme. Ponisi
Maria	Miss Carrie Cooté
Lady Sneerwell	Miss Sadie Bigelow

The powerful melodrama, HARBOR LIGHTS, is in active preparation, and will shortly be produced.



14th St., bet. Broadway and 4th Ave.
Evening at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.
Manager Mr. J. M. Hill

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Juliet	Miss Margaret Mather
Romeo	Mr. Frederick Paulding
Mercutio	Mr. Milnes Levick
Capulet	Mr. Harry Eytinge
Escalus	Mr. Chas. Davenport
Paris	Mr. Chas. Fredericks
Benvolio	Mr. Geo. A. Dalton
Friar Lawrence	Mr. Thane Hillis
Tybalt	Mr. William Ranous
An Apothecary	Mr. Wm. Morton
Peter	Mr. Frederick W. Peters
Balthasar	Mr. N. A. Adams
Nurse to Juliet	Mrs. Carrie Jamieson
Lady Capulet	Miss Jean Harold

Orchestra and Balcony . . . \$1.50
Balcony (rear rows) . . . 1.00
Second Balcony . . . 75c and 50c
Family Circle . . . 25c



Broadway and 30th Street.

Evening at 8.15.

Wed. and Sat. Matinee at 2.

Sole Manager Mr. Augustin Daly.

PRODUCTION OF

LOVE IN HARNESS.

Mr. Julius Naggitt	Mr. Lewis
Fredk. Urquhart	Mr. Drew
Mr. Jeremiah Joblots	Mr. Fisher
Charlie Hoffman, M.D.	Mr. Skinner
Schlagg	Mr. Elbert
Keyes	Mr. Bond
Mrs. Joblots	Mrs. Gilbert
Rhoda Naggitt	Miss Dreher
Jenny Joblots	Miss Hadley
Antoinette	Miss Gordon
UNA	Miss ADA REHAN

Boxes \$10, \$12, \$15
Balcony (rear rows) . . . \$1
Orch. & Bal. Chairs . \$1.50
Second Balcony . . . 50c



Mr. A. M. Palmer, Manager.

Evening at 8.30. Saturday Matinee at 2.

Sir Charles Young's Play,

JIM, THE PENMAN.

James Ralston	Frederick Robinson
Louis Percival	H. M. Pitt
Baron Hartford	W. J. LeMoine
Captain Redwood	E. M. Holland
Lord Delincourt	L. F. Massen
Jack Ralston	Walden Ramsey
Mr. Chapstone, O. C.	C. P. Flockton
Mr. Netherby, M. P.	Harry I. Holliday
Dr. Pettywise	Wm. Davidge
Mrs. Ralston	Agnes Booth
Agnes (her daughter)	Maud Harrison
Lady Danscombe	Mrs. E. J. Phillips
Mrs. Chapstone	May Robson




Thirteenth Street

and Broadway.

MISS LILLIAN OLCOTT IN THEODORA.

Theodora	Miss Lillian Olcott
Andreas	Mr. John Gilmour
Justinian	Mr. Hudson Liston
Belisarius	Mr. J. H. Rennie
Marcellus	Mr. J. Wirt Kail
Caribert	Mr. Edward Poland
Nicephorus	Mr. George Gaston
Euphrates	Mr. Thomas Chapman
Mundus	Mr. William Bernstein
Constantiolus	Mr. Geo. Flescher
Orythes	Mr. Hubert Chesley
Michel	Mr. H. Adams
Hypatius	Mr. J. Mortimer
Antonina	Miss Carrie G. Vinton
Tamyris	Miss Laura L. Phillips
Callirhoe	Miss Emilie Rickaby
Macedonia	Miss Nina Loritz
Iphis	Miss Jane Elliott



Broadway and Thirty-Ninth Street.
RUDOLPH ARONSON, . MANAGER
 Every Evening at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

ERMINIE.

Erminie	Pauline Hall
Cerise	Belle Thorne
Princess de Grampeneur	Mrs. Germon
Javotte	Marie Jansen
Marie	Sadie Kirby
Delaunay	Miss Varry
Cadeaux	Francis Wilson
Ravenne	Mark Smith
Marquis de Ponvert	J. A. Furey
Eugene Marcel	Henry Hallam
Chevalier de Brabazon	Max Freeman
Visconte de Brissac	C. L. Weeks

Boxes . . . \$8, \$10, \$12 | Balcony . . . \$1.00
 Orchestra . . . \$1.50 | Admission50



Fourth Ave., bet. 23d Evening at 8:15.
 and 24th Streets Matinee Saturday at 2.
Manager Mr. Dan Frohman.

Production of Bronson Howard's New Comedy,

MET BY CHANCE.

WITH THE FOLLOWING CAST:

Macdonald	Joseph Whiting
Dr. Harrington Lee	E. H. Sothorn
Charles Hartwell	J. W. Pigott
Edward Dudley Talford	Frank Rodney
Dudley Bretton	J. G. Saville
Hope Rutherford	Ellie Wilton
Lucy Rutherford	Enid Leslie
Aunt Mary Hartwell	Emma Skerrett

AND

STELLA VAN DYKE HELEN DAUVRAY
 Boxes . . . \$8, \$10, and \$12 | Balcony (four rows) . . \$1.50
 Orchestra . . . \$1.50 | Balcony 1.00
 Admission \$1.00



Broadway, between 32d and 33d Streets,
 EVENING AT 8, AND SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2.
 Director **Mr. Jas. C. Duff**

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

The Hon. Vere Queckett	Mr. Weedon Grossmith
Rear Admiral Archibald Rankling	Mr. Elliott
Lieut. John Mallory	Mr. Gordon Dalzell
Mr. Saunders	Mr. T. Roberts
Mr. Reginald Paulover	Mr. Courtenay Thorpe
Mr. Otto Bernstein	Mr. Malcolm Bell
Mrs. Rankling	Miss May Carew
Miss Dyott	Miss Helena Dacre
Dinah Rankling	Miss Mabel Millett
Gwendoline Hawkins	Miss Geraldine Dalzell
Ermytrude Johnson	Miss Agnes Miller
Jane Chipman	Miss Margaret Trelawney
PEGGY HESSLERIDGE	Miss ROSINA VOKES

Boxes . . . \$6, \$8, \$10, \$12 | Balcony (rear rows) . . \$1.00
 Orchestra and Balc. . . \$1.50 | Second Balcony50
 General Admission \$1.00



Mr. Edward Harrigan's Original Local
 Comedy, in three acts, called
THE O'REAGANS.

Mr. Dave Braham has composed five
 new songs for this production: "Mulberry
 Springs," "The Little Hedge School,"
 "Strolling on the Sands," "The Trum-
 pet in the Cornfield Blows," "The U. S.
 Black Marine."

BERNARD O'REAGAN, MR. E. HARRIGAN
 Silas Cohog Mr. John Wild
 Lulu Cohog Mr. Dan Collyer
 Darrell Kilhealy Mr. M. J. Bradley
 Herman Krouse Harry Fisher
 Paddy Kelso Mr. John Sparks
 Charley Dreams Mr. George Merritt
 Ludlow Filkins Mr. Peter Goldrich
 Stevie McAleer Mr. Richard Quilter
 Kit Bloomfield Mr. William West
 Bedalia McNeirney Miss Annie Yeamans
 Kate McNeirney Miss Amy Lee
 An Unfortunate Miss Annie Langdon
 Kate, a Ballet Girl | Miss Nellie Wetherell
 Mrs. Kehoe Mrs. Silvie Dreams . Miss Emily Yeamans



Broadway and 28th Street.
 Evening at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.
 Lessee and Manager . . . Mr. John Stetson
 Ass't Manager . Mr. Charles N. Schroeder

TANGLED LIVES.

RAYMOND GARTH MR. ROBERT B. MANTELL
 Josephus Howson Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft
 Herman Foster Mr. B. T. Ringgold
 Dingy Dainty Mr. Archie Lindsay
 Reginald Bronze Mr. W. F. Blande
 Addison Raphael Pope Mr. George Robinson
 Helen Garth Miss Eleanor Cary
 Edith Ainsley Miss Effie M. Shannon
 June Wilton Miss Kate Stokes
 Gladys Delmore Miss Helen Windsor
 Aunt Eliza Miss Louisa Eldridge

Boxes . . . \$15.00, \$12.00 | First Balc. (rear rows) . \$1.00
 Orchestra & 1st Balc. 1.50 | Second Balcony50
 General Admission \$1.00



METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

THE GERMAN OPERA SEASON.

MONDAY, JANUARY 10,
GOLDMARK'S GRAND OPERA,
MERLIN.

Wednesday, January 12,
WAGNER'S GRAND OPERA,
TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.

Friday, January 14,
BETHOVEN'S OPERA,
FIDELIO.

Saturday, January 15,
NINTH GRAND MATINEE.



THE THEATRE.

VOL. II., No. 18.

JANUARY 17, 1887

WHOLE No. 44



A PRIVATE REHEARSAL.

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THE THEATRE: AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF
 DRAMA, MUSIC, ART AND LITERATURE. — Published
 every Saturday at No. 26 West Thirty-second Street,
 New York.

DESHLER WELCH

EDITOR AND MANAGER.

The price of yearly subscription to THE THEATRE is four dollars in advance. We cannot undertake to return manuscript that is not suitable, unless we receive sufficient postage to do so. Care is always taken not needlessly to destroy valuable manuscript.

* * * The Editor solicits contributions from the readers of THE THEATRE, and suggests that old play bills, and scraps relating to the stage, notes, news and items appertaining to the different arts, would be acceptable. It is the desire of the Editor to establish a widely circulated magazine, and to further that end every good idea will be acted upon so far as possible.

* * * All articles appearing in THE THEATRE are written especially for it unless credited otherwise.

DRIFT.

ONE of the finest dramatic libraries in town, is that of Mr. Augustin Daly. It is a carefully selected and beautifully bound collection. Among its treasures I note an extended and profusely illustrated edition of Winter's "Sketch of Edwin Booth," a superb, extra illustrated copy of Colley Cibber's "Apology," an elaborate specimen of Keese's "Life of Burton," a "Life of Nell Gwynne," bound by Bradstreet. Mr. Daly has a Doran's "Annals of the English Stage," which he enlarged to ten volumes; an Ireland "Records of the New York Stage," extended to ten volumes. Here, we are allowed to handle the original edition of Settle's "Empress of Morocco; there, an original edition of the "Roscius Anglicanus," one of the five copies known to be extant. Autograph letters, rare prints, old play-bills are interleaved in Mr. Daly's books, or hidden away in drawers. The room in which the scholarly manager and playwright keeps his treasures, is in the basement of his residence, and the furniture is almost all of mahogany. A large oil-painting of Peg Woffington, said to be from the brush of Hogarth, hangs over the mantel. Mr. Daly, I understand, is engaged in writing a monograph on this famous actress, whose image contemplates him nightly as he works.

* *

SPEAKING of libraries, I must add that Mr. A. M. Palmer is also something of a bibliophile. He has a goodly array of the old English poets, a choice copy of Daniel's "Merrie England," and six large folio volumes bound and inlaid by Toedteberg's illustration of the history of the Union Square Theatre. Turning the magnificent pages of this work, you run across copies of the plays produced at the house, the casts, portraits of the actors, in and out of costume, play-bills, manuscript

biographies, sketches and autobiographies of many of the persons connected with the stage. Strange, indeed, are some of the handwritings there collected, scrawls such as even a *Jim, the Penman*, would have had some difficulty in forging. Forrest, a heavy, powerful man, wrote a delicate, flowing hand. Charlotte Cushman covered her paper with large, bold, characteristic letters. Booth had a womanish, thin sort of a chirography. Adelaide Neilson wrote a free, English hand.

* *

MR. WALLACK does not care much for rare books. He is not a bibliomaniac. In his drawing-room there is a good, substantial library, but nothing that would cause a Dibdin sleepless nights. There is a respectable phalanx of Shakespeare's and old comedies and poets, some presentation copies, but no odd books "black with tarnished gold." Mr. Wallack has some curios. There are half-read manuscript plays in his trunks as laughable, probably, as many that have been produced; there are manuscript copies of John Poole; there is a prompt book with notes by Macready; there is a manuscript copy of "Masks and Faces," adapted by Tom Taylor from a novel by Charles Reade. Mr. Wallack is indifferent to the mere bric-a-brac of stage history. He does not even keep the play-bills of pieces in which he appeared. But others, men like Charles C. Moreau, Thomas J. McKee, and J. H. V. Arnold, see to it that their libraries are full of the odds and ends of histrionic story.

* *

MR. ARNOLD is especially rich in works on the stage. The "Sketch of the Life of James W. Wallack," large paper, with seventy-five portraits, autographs and play-bills inserted, is a gem. The "Memoirs of Charles Matthews" extended to seven volumes, with three hundred rare and curious portraits, is also a bet not to be slighted. This collector has extended Galt's "Lives of the Players," from one to four volumes, royal quarto, and has spent over \$10,000 in his extended twenty-volume edition of Ireland. Mr. McKee, one of the largest collectors in town, has a tall paper copy of Harrison's "Life and Works of John Howard Payne," extended to eight volumes by the insertion of 2,000 prints, autographs and play-bills. Payne is a favorite of Mr. McKee's. He possesses an interesting lot of his published and unpublished works in unique editions. Mr. Moreau, among other treasures, has an encyclopædic copy of the "Records of the New York Stage." It is in forty volumes, and contains 9,000 prints, play-bills and autograph letters. How Charles Lamb would have loved to browse in these dramatic libraries of Gotham!

I UNDERSTAND that Mrs. Charles Doremus's adaptation of "Les Précieuses Ridicules" has been put in rehearsal at the Lyceum School of Acting.

**

MRS. ALICE OATES WATKINS died Monday night in Philadelphia, after a long illness. She was born at Nashville, Tennessee, September 22, 1849, and was educated at a Catholic seminary in Kentucky. In 1865 she married James A. Oates, the leading man at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio. She made her first appearance on the stage in the Theatre Comique in that city, and afterwards played in all sections of the United States. After the death of her first husband, she became the wife of Tracy Titus, but separated from him, and about seven years ago she was married to Samuel C. Watkins, of Philadelphia. Her illness was caused by a cold contracted in a St. Paul theatre, in April, 1886.

**

IN chronicling the death of this woman, I do so with sincere regret. When Alice Oates shot out like a dramatic rocket, there was no reason why she should come down like a stick. She was one of the most vivacious and intellectual women on the operatic stage. I know of no one to-day, in American comic opera, who, in my estimation, could compare with her. Those who remember her in "A Field of the Cloth of Gold," "Little Faust," or "Princess of Trebizonde," will bear me out in what I say. But in the last few years Mrs. Oates lost her beauty and figure, and her vivacity and stage antics were only mournful numbers. Financial and domestic distress undoubtedly brought all this about, and had some acute manager taken hold of this actress in her time of trouble, and kept her away from variety theatres, where she was eventually compelled to go, that would really have shown managerial acumen. As it is, the happy reminiscences of younger days, when to have a good seat for one of Mrs. Oates's rollicking performances was a piece of luck, are now saddened by the thought of her untimely death. Her end was one of terrible physical suffering, but she was in her husband's home with every comfort.

**

WILLIAM F. CODY, better known as "Buffalo Bill," gave a dinner to a party of old friends on Sunday night last at the Hoffman House. Among those present were: General Sherman, Governor McCormick, General Miles, the Marquis de Mores, Larry Jerome, John Russell Young, Steele Mackaye, Clark Bell and Tom Ochiltree.

ON Monday, in the House of Congress, Mr. James, of New York, offered the following:

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Interior be directed to inform the House of Representatives by what authority certain wild Indians are absent from their reservations, and engaged in presenting before the public scenes representing their lowest savage characteristics, and whether in his opinion, the same is calculated to elevate and benefit them, and in what way, and to what extent the exhibitions are under the auspices of the Government of the United States as claimed by the exhibitor.

In explanation of his reasons which impelled his action, Mr. James said: "The resolution is offered in good faith, and is to find out how it is that certain savage Indians are off their reservations and employed in an exhibition in New York, entitled "Wild West." It is stated that Cody, the proprietor, has permission from the Interior Department so to employ them. I wish to learn if such is the fact, and as to how far the exhibition is under the auspices of the Government of the United States, as advertised. A man in the uniform of a United States cavalry officer, and claiming to be such, and men in the uniform of private soldiers of the United States are with the exhibition, giving color to the truth of the claim, although it is probably a fraud; but if so, I want to expose it. It is stated that it is the purpose to take this show to Great Britain next summer. If such is the fact, it is particularly desirable to learn how far the Government is committed to it." The whole thing is certainly a "picnic" for Mr. Cody and his Indians. The civilized public supports the wily savage in luxury, and he in turn hires out to the "Wild West" show. The so-called Company of U. S. Cavalry with its "captain" should be squelched. Whatever army we do have should possess dignity enough to prevent ignorant people from having the opportunity to think that the Government is a party to any such nonsense.

**

THE Boston *Courier* doesn't like it and says: "The bad medallion portrait of Lincoln, on the cover of the January *Century*, has the appearance of an attempt to advertise the Lincoln articles now running in that magazine, by a device which is, from an artistic and literary point of view, certainly illegitimate. These Lincoln articles, as near as can be judged, are failing to serve the purpose of replacing the war articles, in which popular interest has flagged. It is a matter of regret to the friends and admirers of the magazine to see its advertising methods pressed to the point of lowering its artistic tone."

**

SOME of the earnings said to be realized by the leading members of the Paris theatres, are: At the Opéra, Mmes. Krauss and Fides-Devries head the list with an annual salary of \$30,000 each; Lasselle, the leading tenor, makes

\$25,000, and Faure, the baritone, is paid at the rate of \$300 a night on the rare occasions when he appears. Sarah Bernhardt got the same sum for each representation at the Porte St. Martin. Judic gets \$200 a night at the Variétés. At the Opéra Comique the four leading artists are paid at the rate of \$1,600 a month. The "sociétaires" of the Français—those who have a whole share—make, one year with another, about \$12,000. Daubray, of the Palais Royal, has a regular yearly salary of \$8,000; Dailly, of the same house, \$7,500; Dupuis, of the Variétés, one of the most popular actors in Paris, receives \$6,000. Some of the music-hall favorites make larger incomes than Got or Coquelin. Theresa drew \$100 nightly from the treasury of the Alcazar before she set up in business on her own account, and Paulus makes \$60 a night regularly through the year.

MR. ROLAND BUCKSTONE, who has all the reminiscences of his father in his system, to good ends, was a valuable acquisition to Miss Dauvray's Company during the run of "A Scrap of Paper," at the Lyceum, and I wish she could retain him. He has rejoined Clara Morris's Company and is now on his way to California.

Trophonius.

IS GILBERT A PLAGIARIST?

THERE is something unpleasant in the discovery that our best friends are false to us, naturally, and that big world which has come to regard "Pinafore," "Patience" and "Mikado," as the product of only one mind—William Schwenck Gilbert—is now to receive a terrific blow from THE THEATRE. In looking over a file of the New York World, of 1879—mind you, that is long before the "Mikado" had made his theatrical appearance—the following Gilbertian dialogue was discovered, which will seem to the most casual reader as something decidedly familiar:

The refusal of the parricide Laprade to be guillotined recalls the man "guillotined by persuasion" of Chavette.

"'But I say, you know," said the executioner, 'everybody is waiting. The magistrates are there, the clergy are there, the people are there, the soldiers (who are to present arms to you, just as if you were the President of the Republic) are there—everybody is there. All they are waiting for is you—o-on-ly you.'

"'I don't know'—replied the condemned man.

"'I am a new executioner; you are the first person I've had to guillotine; give me a good send-off now, can't you? Help me to discharge

a disagreeable duty. Just put yourself in my place'—

"'You just put yourself in mine.'

"'It can't be any question of expense; don't you know that everything is paid? It won't cost you a penny; the state stands treat.'

"'I haven't asked the state to stand treat to anything.'

"'Come now, old fel, let's understand each other. You mayn't think so, but this resistance doesn't proceed from your own better nature—some one has put you up to it. You have formed a totally erroneous idea of the affair. What, after all's said and done, does it amount to? It's a nothing, a mere formality. Let us look into it in detail. You are called and awakened early and given a comfortable breakfast—order whatever you want. Nothing so very dreadful about *that*, is there? Then you have your hair cut—its healthy this hot weather, and makes you feel fresher. Then you go calmly and pleasantly out for a ride. In a ca-riage; understand? While you are driving along you amuse yourself chatting about this, that, and the other thing with the priest, and you never feel the time pass. Well, when you get there they come out to meet you, they open the door for you, they help you out of the carriage, they do everything in their power for you. Then you go up the stairs—only a step or two, and the ascent is so easy that you'd almost think you were going down stairs. You bow to the public, and—well, before you have had time to turn round—brrrrrr!—all is over. (Smiling.) And everybody goes home satisfied. That's all there is about it.'

After studying the libretto of "The Mikado," the editor of THE THEATRE concludes that while these exact words cannot be found anywhere within the book, there is an atmosphere tinged with Chavette.

A LETTER TO MR. PALMER.

MR. A. M. PALMER:

My Dear Sir—I do not think you are a very speculative man, or that you would risk very much in a venture, even if the loss were only to be a matter of time. With you time is certainly money, but you manage to extract some very good results out of your money. In the days of the Union Square Theatre under your management, I remember that once, in my enthusiasm, I wrote what I believed to be true: that you had the best company in the world! No matter how far right I was then, you now have a better one. Yet there are some people who will believe that Charles Thorne will never be replaced. The reader will recall that he was considered in his time as the greatest climax in the way of *suppressed emotion* to be found in New York; that when he did not say anything he said volumes, and so on, and so on. Now let me tell you (and I personally do not know him from a side of sole leather, nor have I any other motive beyond

your interests) that young Mr. Salvini, who has already created a deep impression on two occasions of your "Authors' Matinées," will be a greater actor than Thorne ever thought of being. Besides Thorne's *suppressed emotion*, as you call it, he has a dramatic intensity, a grace of pose, and a constant acting purpose which is remarkable. Now, you have done big things for the stage, and you had better do a big thing for yourself. If I were a manager and had the money to do it with, I would buy Salvini, Jr., body and soul, for a period of years; after that his soul will dictate to him and you exactly the proper thing to do.

Let me say to you, just to prove how selfish I am, that I once wrote a play for you which you refused, but I watch with delight your efforts now in the way of giving authors a chance. You are doing a good work. Still it will advertise you as a liberal man, a theatre-man who means business.

Fileur.

A LOVING CUP.

BY KYRLE BELLEW.

HOW near we are to the past, and yet it always seems so far away! I am not quite sure whether the epitaph writer in—St. Wolfgang, is it?—was right when he chiseled the words, "Look not mournfully into the Past: It comes not back again!" I think there is something beautiful—most manly, and so human, in the nursed sorrow that is heartfelt for what has gone from us. Sorrow chastens! Who said that? I forget. It is tender, beautiful—almost as beautiful as the pain of loving. "Look not mournfully into the Past!" Ah! isn't the man who lives for the past happier in the certainty of his cherishing, than he who lives for the present—the selfish present, for it is selfish!—he tries to make for himself, or the future he may never live to see?

On New Year's Eve the past came so home to me. We were a party of men drinking here in the Lamb's Club "God speed the New Year!" from a loving cup which was passed from one to another with a laugh and careless conventional speech suited to the time. That cup, though, brought a thousand memories—bright ones, sad ones—to mind, that tinged the whole current of my thoughts with a happy sadness: (what a strange phrase!) but it was happy, that sent me home thanking God on the threshold of his "Glad New Year" for that past which suddenly leapt into life again. Here is the cup now beside me as I write. A beautiful work in silver—whose design? whose work? God knows! perhaps in the tracery there are recollections of Cellini—of Gibbon's lintels in Wolsey's Palace on the Thames! The dead artist has not even left a name upon his work—Why? But let us

thank him for it. It will always live—aye, and in good company. I wonder when he wrought the shining silver, did he ever think he was creating an everlasting messenger to tell us to-day, and, others after us, of the merits of a man and the feelings toward him of threescore kind hearts who knew his worth? As I took the cup to drink to the "New Year" and "Absent Friends," my eyes rested on an inscription (Absent Friends! Yes—friends—great friends—dead friends that were never met, but friends I had known since childhood!) It ran thus:

PRESENTED TO

JAMES WILLIAM WALLACK, JR.,

On his departure for America,

BY THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

As a trifling but sincere testimony of their esteem

For the uniform kindness and urbanity he has shown to each and all during the period of his Stage Management,

June 30, 1828.

Here followed a royal list of names that has helped to make a country proud. I did indeed drink to absent friends. Absent friends! here they come trooping through the portals of the closed-up past—Braham, Bedford, Barrymore, Cooke, Cooper, Downton, Harley, Howell, Kean, Liston, Matthews, Webster, Younge, Ellen Tree, Miss Foote, Fearon, and a host who are immortal. I passed the cup, but kept the memories it brought with it to me, and hurriedly went out into the blinding rain of the cold January morning to hear the screeching whistles and the joy-bells of a great city ringing out "The old is dead—all hail the new!" I walked through the rain alone—no, not alone—I stood on the old boards of Drury Lane once more, but all around were grouped those absent friends, and I was proud to think I owned a portion in that heritage they left behind. I was proud to think that in a few hours I should grasp the hand of one who would say to me: "My boy, the man they loved and honored was my father." God grant it may be long, long years before John Lester Wallack's grasp is a memory—his kind voice an echo from the sadly happy past!

A SOLITAIRE OF THE PUREST.

(*Pittsburg East End Bulletin.*)

THE THEATRE, New York's weekly magazine of the stage, is little. But it is a *solitaire* of the purest water.

THE CLEVEREST PUBLISHED.

(*From the Baltimore American.*)

One of the cleverest, cleanest and most satisfactory dramatic weeklies published is THE THEATRE. It is beautifully gotten up, is ably written, and is brightly illustrated.

ART CHAT.

THE SALMAGUNDI EXHIBITION.

THERE is a sort of "variety show" held at present at the American Art Galleries. The Salmagundi Club holds its ninth annual exhibition there, and besides its numerous single contributions from various members, it has two special exhibitions within its exhibition, namely, Kenyon Cox's drawings for Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," and Abbey's illustrations to "She Stoops to Conquer." Mr. Chas. Volkmar, who is a member of the Club, shows 36 specimens of his Limoges paintings in Gallery C. And Gallery E. is taken up with a most creditable display of the Architectural League of New York. Altogether making a very interesting entertainment.

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MR. ABBEY's drawings are, of course, the most salient feature of the display. The work of a true genius, whose taste is as literary as artistic, they have a twofold importance: their fulfillment of their missions as illustrations to a lively old-time comedy, and their high quality as clever drawings from life.

Such finished drawings as "No offense, etc." (144). "Pray, child, answer me one question" (178) (being in wash and Chinese white), and "Blessings on my pretty innocence" (138), and "Am I in face to-day?" (139) (in pen and ink) are as satisfactory pictures as "Zounds! he'll drive me distracted" (177), "Enter Tony, with casket" (168), and "Charles, Charles! how hast thou deceived me!" (196) are wonderfully clever sketches.

The action of all the figures is as perfect as in any of the pictures the nineteenth century has produced.

It is genius which produced such drawings as "Pray, Aunt, let me read it" (182), "Was it well done, sir? etc." (185), and "Dear madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman" (164). Hard labor, good schooling would enable a man of some talent to represent drapery as well as Mr. Abbey; added to these taste would give him power to draw as pretty and expressive faces. But the action which is contained in the figure in the drawings named and two score others is only the result of genius guiding the pencil.

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MR. COX's drawings deserve most serious consideration. They are not clever, like Mr. Abbey's productions, but they are earnest in workmanship and refined and poetical in conception.

True, the costume of the lover is not entirely a happy invention, for in it, with his well developed arm, he sometimes looks more like an athlete or sport than a sad-hearted poetical dreamer.

"One of God's Choristers" (33) and "Where the Lady Mary is" (31) are both fine conceptions of feminine loveliness. The three nude figures in "The Stars Sang in their Spheres" (28) are not entirely successful, but they are far above the attempts of the majority of our illustrators upon such subjects.

THE Salmagundi Club's display, when you omit the Abbey and Cox drawings, is very weak in its figure pieces, but in landscapes and marines it is particularly strong. The contributions of Messrs. Van Gorder, Hasbrock, Vanderhoof, Ochtman, W. M. Post, Harry Eaton, Chas. W. Eaton, C. L. Walker, and G. H. McCord are noted among the former, and those of Messrs. F. K. M. Rehn, W. Sheppard, Carlton, Chapman, and J. C. Nicoll among the latter.

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AMONG the most interesting illustrations proper, those containing figures are Wyatt Eaton's "The Judgment of Paris" (239), in which, although the faces are not at all beautiful and the composition is weak, there is a fine appreciation of values in the flesh, a thoroughly artistic cognizance of tone; all of Frederick Dielman's contributions; the battle, or soldier life scenes of Messrs. Gilbert Gaul, A. C. Redwood, H. P. Share, and Harry Ogden; T. de Thulstrup's "A Relay on the Old Boston Post Road" (360), a composition of the highest class; it is this kind of work that the Club used to show in the past years, and which made their exhibitions more attractive than they have been of late. Also we note the more or less clever contributions of Messrs. C. T. Taylor, W. P. Bodfish, A. B. Shults, J. Macdonald, A. B. Frost, W. H. Drake, and Clinton Peters. H. W. Ranger's "A Wet Evening at the 30th Street Station" (267) deserves special notice for a certain amount of originality in the selection and treatment of the subject, as does also Mr. Curren's portraits, called "The Salmagundi Reception" (351).

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THE sale of the Halsted collection took place on Monday night at Chickering Hall. The 65 paintings fetched the good sum of \$84,320. The highest price was paid for Bouguereau's "After the Storm," it brought \$7,600. Vibert's "Papa's Toilet" came next, at \$7,300. The American canvases brought very good prices. Innes's "After a Shower," \$1,475; Bliss Baker's "A Woodland Brook," \$2,300; A. H. Wyant's "An Autumn Afternoon," \$800; Bruce Crane's "The Waning Year," \$825; A. Quartley's "Sunrise," \$800; Bolton Jones's "Early Spring," \$700; G. H. Smillie's "Easthampton," \$400; and Van Boskerck's "A Sand Road to the Sea," \$500.

Ernest Knauff.

— Miss Helen Hastings, the English comedienne, will appear at the Union Square Theatre in a play entitled "Moonshine," on January 17. Miss Hastings has met with great success in London as *Dora Vane*, the heroine in "Harbor Lights," and in the dramatization of F. Anstey's novel, "Vice Versa," in both of which productions the London press speaks very highly of her. She will bring nothing from the other side but the stage manager, and will procure her scenery, costumes and company here.

THE THEATRE.



AT THE MATINEE.

IN THE LIMELIGHT'S GLARE

WHEN I was about ten years old, I possessed a rather extraordinary mania for collecting photographs of actors and actresses. By a severe strain upon my youthful and frail exchequer, I gathered enough of them to make my room look like the den of a full-fledged theatrical manager. One day I bought a photograph of a little girl, a beautiful child, with eyes such as an angel's ought to be, and a smile as pure as the break of day. It was taken by Mora, and it bore the name "Maud." Well, I was peculiarly smitten with this counterfeit presentment of a Maud that could well have been that sweet creation of Tennyson's in embryo. I think that I worshipped Maud for fully eighteen months, and then she was relegated to some sort of obscurity, and I forgot her. I was about sixteen when I suddenly ran across a heavenly maiden at a place that is several hundred miles from New York. I went through the usual throes that require no description, gazed, sighed, and cut the usual fool capers, till opposing currents of human events wafted the divinity one way and the lump of clay another. Once more I sought my native heath, the queer, gay city of Nouvelle York, and there it was my delicious misfortune to casually meet the supremely lovely girl, and to sink into the suffocating quicksands of a thousand-mile-distant passion. I was an utterly modest boy, and never even dared to try and find out the name of her whom I and about seven hundred other masculines were insanely in love with. I make this figure nice and round, for I know that a man simply needs to meet the girl that I am writing of, and the poor thing (the man thing) drops like a glass ball before the rifle of Buffalo Bill. About a month ago I went to sleep one night, and woke up with a most informal jump at about 2:30 A. M. Simultaneously with my awaking a thought went into what I am pleased to call my brain. A face shone out of the darkness. It was the glorious face of a young woman, and beneath it in lustrous letters was the name "Maud." I arose and went to search for my long-banished photograph. I found it after a while, and then knew the simple little sentimental fact that won't seem nice at all to anyone but me. Still, a journalist doesn't always have an elegant murder to dilate upon, and at the last moment often has to tackle mere words and juggle them to the best of his limited ability. You see how it was, don't you? I had had a picture of the prettiest girl that I ever saw for twelve years, and never conjoined the bud-like glow of the sun's impression with the gorgeous luminosity of the real being, till my passive senses materialized the truth without an effort. I took pains to make sure about the

picture. The girl's name is Maud, sure enough. She was seven or eight years old when Mora photographed her and sold her pictures. She looks like Mary Anderson now. If this was a certain sort of society paper, I would give her full name, state her father's monetary condition, and recite how a New York *Herald* reporter tried to mix her up in a recent scandal. But I still consider Maud too little of the earth to bear anything besides the most delicate and reverential comment. I put her under the limelight's glare because that is my department, but if I had white and gold room in a pink street of Paradise, where the flashing facets of precious stones threw Tiffany's clean out of plumb, where Gobelin tapestries were used to polish the door-knobs, and lamps didn't smell like lamps, but like a bunch of roses on a fresh girl's corsage, I would have a retinue of lordly menials arrange themselves in a martial phalanx, and bow way down to the platina pavement, while Maud floated hither and yon, like a proud lily, or swan, or anything much better than a more imaginative wretch than I am can think of. All of which proves, I suppose you think, that I am in a very bad way. Well, we'll let it go at that. But wait sometime till you have fifteen minutes before the paper goes to press, and see how you'll get out of it. How beautifully this copy grows! Well, I've got the picture. Some lucky dog who reads this will say, "Yes, but I've got the girl."

* *

I HAVE ten photographs, more or less, of Venie Clancy. I used to wear white kid gloves at the early age of twelve, and go down and sit just as near to the footlights as I could get, to watch Venie play *Evangeline*. She had peculiar eyes. She had a waist that was too small, and her legs were pretty. She and Lizzie Webster used to use me all up when they would sing that pretty melody, "Birds on the Bush," in "Conrad, the Corsair." The boys in Harvard College used to come over to Boston in droves, and load these two girls down with flowers. After the show, I always went round to the stage-door, and after matinées, would follow Venie up Tremont Street. Nat Goodwin was around in those times, and I used to think he was the luckiest man that ever escaped death, when he captured Eliza Weathersby for his wife. There isn't a burlesque actress on the American stage to-day that knows the rudiments of her business when compared with Eliza Weathersby. Venie had to die, because she was of that sort of beauty that always does. I saw Lizzie Webster a little while ago here in New York. The last time she ever appeared on the stage she got more flowers than Patti ever saw in a week. It took the whole heart

out of her, and she wept so prettily, that every man in the house spiritually kissed her. Those quite recent days were great ones, and I believe they compare favorably with the wicked old "Black Crook" epoch that the silver-headed sinners tell me about occasionally.

DEN. THOMPSON is here again. He is a good actor, and the man that made him is J. M. Hill. No one was ever advertised more extensively than Denman Thompson in "Joshua Whitcomb." I have seen it done in the lowest variety theatre in America—the same one that Sadie Martinot emanated from—and I have also seen it in the most elegant play-houses of the land. J. M. Hill gained his prestige by managing it. And that suggests that Mr. Hill is not doing that sort of big advertising thing any more. He boomed Margaret Mather for several seasons before he allowed any one to see her, spent a fortune in making the world familiar with her name, and now she works every night as a regular star, he utilizes his simple little two-inch space in the newspapers, and puts her face up in the druggists' windows. The result is—well, I won't say what the result is, but I've said before that Margaret is all right to look at. And now I am reminded that this has been a complete chapter of apostrophes to feminine loveliness. Many sedate, superior boys and girls are saying as they read: "Oh, he makes me sleepy!" Well, some of the actors in town just now make *me* sleepy. "Turned Up" is a pretty piece, isn't it? Yes. It is a pretty piece to give at a special *matinée* before a blind asylum. Brander Matthews has written a good play, "Margery's Lovers," but you won't hear much about it, because the fellow that writes up the notices of those things didn't write "Margery's Lovers." I want to see H. C. Bunner write the libretto of an opera. He would come very near Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

YES, you devil,* here's your copy.

C. M. S. McLellan.

* Printer's devil! pray don't think me profane even if I am a trifle wandering in my thoughts.

— Next season, after her return from Australia, Mrs. Bowers intends to produce "Elizabeth" and one or two other great plays on a style of magnificence as to scenery, costumes, and properties historically correct, that will compare favorably with the productions of Henry Irving. New Orleans will have the pleasure of witnessing these revivals, with the great actress in her favorite parts. — N. O. *Picayune*.



BRANDER MATTHEWS' NEW PLAY.

THE second of the series of "authors' *matinées*," at the Madison Square Theatre, was the production of "Margery's Lovers," by Brander Matthews, with this cast:

Commodore Brevoort, U. S. N.	C. P. Flockton.
Lieut. John Alden U. S. N.	Louis Massen
Mr. Lewis Long	E. M. Holland
William Blackwall	J. H. Stoddart
Margery Blackwall	Marie Burroughs
Mrs. Webster	Mrs. E. J. Phillips
Bobbie Webster	Walden Ramsey
Miss Sarah Webster	Lena Langdon
Count de Sarazue	A. Salvini
Sophy	Marie Greenwald

It would be a fair estimate to say that ninety per cent. of an intellectual audience present sat through this play with feelings of deep interest, which were at times wrought to a pitch of excitement. These people were *theatre-goers* upon whom the management of the play-house depends; and having thus satisfied them, a point is settled in favor of Mr. Matthews' play which should place it immediately on the stage for many public performances. But the newspaper criticisms which followed this *matinée* would seem to point toward an irrepressible longing to criticise for criticism's sake. Much of it was theory, and the dramatic writer knows that action must sometimes be brought about without regard to abstruse problems hinging on the intellectual development of society or the incentives which do not move everyone alike. The "one touch of nature" on the stage is usually suggested by the playing on stronger emotions. There are many other touches of nature which the stage

cannot indulge in with impunity. In real life they would be responsive and eloquent, perhaps, but on the stage would descend to uninteresting prolixity. But Mr. Matthews' play must be put on again; that is inevitable, or else there is no use trying to write plays. "*Margery's Lovers*" has had its dress rehearsal before an appreciative lot of people, and the verdict is that the play is of deep and decided interest. Of course there are some flaws in it. The greatest ends the last act, where a gambler-father gives his child to understand, as he gives her a marriage blessing, that he leaves her forever, believing this will bring her ultimate happiness. Yet this girl's worship for her father, while of the most intensely dramatic kind, discovers no further end than her turning upon her lover with satisfaction as her father departs forever! The laws of dramatic writing would have been entirely met with had only the audience been allowed to know that the father's farewell was his last.

The first act is a little too slow and there is some needless "standing around." Some of the situations in the play are extraordinarily effective. The story is briefly this: *Margery* is the daughter of a gambler and roué. She has several lovers who do not know this, and she herself is entirely innocent of her father's business or character, loving him the meanwhile with a depth of girlish sincerity of the most touching kind. Another gambler appears on the scene, *Count de Sarasue*, a crony of Blackwall's, who immediately falling in love with *Margery*, contrives to influence the father to lay a dirty trap to dishonor the man of her choice—young *Alden*. The development of the play consists then of *Margery's* discovery and appeal to her father to save her lover, the grief of the old man who realizes what he has done, and the desperation of all the men, including *Long*, who knows *Alden* to be innocent of the wrong, and finally shows up the whole thing by ingenious detective devices.

As played by Mr. Palmer's company, the acting seemed to be perfect. Mr. Stoddart was never more effective, and his grief was almost as heart-rending to the audience as it appeared with him.*

But his indistinctness was at times very annoying and he should talk louder.† The individual success of the performance was, however, in the case of Mr. Salvini, whose dramatic fire, grace of movement, and perfect knowledge of what he was doing, won much admiration. Mr. Holland was delightful as *Long*, Mr. Massen was manly and bright as

Alden, and Miss Burroughs was a very charming *Margery*. Mr. Ramsey was unusually good. D. W.

"MET BY CHANCE."

MR. BRONSON HOWARD owes a debt of gratitude to Miss Dauvray and the Lyceum Theatre management for the superb manner in which his new comedy, "*Met by Chance*," was produced at that theatre on Tuesday evening last.

The setting of the piece, with its naturalistic mountain scenery, scudding storm-clouds, real drenching rain, and the elegant upholstery in the last act was striking and luxurious.

Miss Dauvray's Company is composed of only ladies and gentlemen. They carry themselves as becomes good breeding, and speak the English language with a pleasing fullness. They were entirely competent to present the play advantageously.

Mr. Howard has written a play whose best recommendation is its local coloring. Intrinsically, it is not a literary production of which the author need be proud. The plot is neither new nor ingenious, and glaring improbabilities occur in the story; but it has one grand merit which alone saves it, and upon which its success (for we prophecy success for the piece) will lie, it gives the actors an opportunity to act. If the play contained no individual types, it gave several actors a chance to create them. The action of the piece, though it drags somewhat, unfolds a series of situations pleasing to the eye; the dialogue is lively, and thoroughly American.

Miss Dauvray lends a charm all her own to the character of *Stella Vandyke*; she imparts a vitality to every one of Mr. Howard's words which is not in the text. She has few dramatic situations to make, but gives us a continual succession of comic ones most artistically effected.

The *Dr. Harrington Lee* of Mr. E. H. Sothorn—who, by the way, bids fair to become a second Montague—was the most highly individualized of the male parts; he presented a serious, intellectual man, whose inner nature was not lacking in humor. Mr. Frank Rodney was an earnest and manly *Edward Dudley Talford*, the real earl. Mr. J. G. Saville as *Dudley Bretton*, who impersonated the earl, had a disagreeable part to perpetrate. Indeed, the character is so unnatural that it is hard to say whether Mr. Saville does well or ill in it. The somewhat caricatured part of *Charles Hartwell*, a young American, who aped British

* Mr. Stoddart was not seen at his best as the scapegrace father. His pathos was very weak, and he was generally ineffective, except at the moment when he attempted to throttle the *Count* in a fit of sudden passion.—*Evening Post*.

† Those who could hear this fine actor were deeply affected by his pathetic expression of paternal love self-censured by the embittering consciousness of shame.—*The Tribune*.

dress and manner, was strongly handled by Mr. J. W. Pigott, whose ability to hold the stage is remarkable.

Miss Ellie Wilton as *Hope Rutherford*, and Miss Enid Leslie as her cousin, *Lucy Rutherford*, were well-fitted for their parts. Miss Emma Skerrett made much of the part of the talkative match-maker, *Aunt Mary Hartwell*. Mr. J. C. Whiting sketched an Adirondack guide with much satisfaction to the audience.

THE VOKES COMPANY.

THE bill at the Standard Theatre is now changed as follows:

THE BARON'S WAGER.

By SIR CHARLES YOUNG, BART., author of "Jim, the Penman."

Clothilde, Marquise de Marsay Miss Mabel Millett
Baron Octave de Géraudot Mr. Courtenay Thorpe
followed by the comedy in one act:

A DOUBLE LESSON.

By B. C. STEPHENSON, author of "A Wife's Peril," "Diplomacy," "Impulse," etc.

Sir John Moncrieffe Mr. Malcolm Bell
Harry Fielding Mr. Courtenay Thorpe
Primmer (Scotch Butler to Sir John) Mr. Elliott
Lady Moncrieffe Miss Helena Dacre
Perkins (her maid) Miss Agnes Miller
Miss St. Almond (a burlesque actress, and
wife of Harry Fielding) Miss Rosina Vokes
concluding with

A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL.

Jack Deeds (the Gifted Author) Mr. Elliot
Tompkins (his servant) Mr. J. Rolfe

DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.

Capt. Tom Robinson (14th Dragoons) Mr. Gordon Dalzell
Lord Arthur Somersault Mr. Weedon Grossmith
Sir Charles Grandison (Limelight man) Mr. Malcolm Bell
Lady Muriel Beauclerc Miss Helena Dacre
Miss Violet Miss Mabel Millett
Miss May Miss Agnes Miller
Miss Lily Miss Rosina Vokes

Mr. Young's comedy doesn't amount to much, being merely a dialogue without much to it. "A Double Lesson," which deals with the subject of amateur theatricals in a bright and witty way is charmingly played. The "Pantomime Rehearsal," which has lost Brandon Thomas, of last season, has a very good substitute in Mr. Dalzell. A more thoroughly enjoyable or more perfectly acted piece of its sort has never been seen on the stage. Miss Vokes is playing in unusually good spirits, and Mr. Grossmith is as droll and funny as could be imagined. The young ladies in the company are particularly pretty and graceful. The only fault to be found with Miss Vokes' company is that they do not belong here. We have very few men to compare with Grossmith, Elliott, Thorpe or Dalzell.

DENMAN THOMPSON.

If those ministers in the pulpit who cry against the theatre with unceasing vigor, and

those blue-law people who are always wearing sackcloth, would indicate an intellectual energy by visiting the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and see Denman Thompson in the "Old Homestead," they would find something as pure as milk, and equally sustaining. Denman Thompson has made a character out of *Joshua Whitcomb*, which is every bit as effective and distinctly successful as the much-praised *Rip* of Jefferson. There are a great many people in New York, however, who would not appreciate this picture of a noble-minded New England farmer, because they are the same people who would laugh at the chirp of a cricket, and upon whose ears the cow-bell in the meadow would grate. But to many, many people this old farmer is a sweet reminiscence. His homelife will touch many responsive chords, and waken thoughts which have been sleeping.

Oh, ye city folks! ye old men with whitened beards, and women who are loving mothers, you will know what THE THEATRE means when it tells you that if there is any poetry in life, the homely people in "The Old Homestead" draw it out in a way which is appreciated by those who are denied it now.

A NEW GERMAN ACTRESS.

FRL. ELSE HOFMANN, a German actress who comes from Vienna with a high reputation, made her debut before the American public at the Thalia Theatre, January 6th.

She played *Lorle* in Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer's five act drama, "Dorf und Stadt"—Village and City. The piece is truly somewhat long-winded, yet it gave Frl. Hofmann a chance to display a high degree of artistic ability. In it there was no deep heart-breaking misery or passionate wrong, but there is tender grief, and the actresses natural method, powerful in its simplicity, was very effective in portraying it.

She seems to have measured her powers and attempts nothing beyond her capabilities; a rare quality in these days.

Nature has not given her a great deal. Her facial expression is limited, her vocal powers thin, but she has so thoroughly mastered her art that we are blind to her natural shortcomings. Her comedy has a sterling ring about it and an original flavor. When she is spoken to, you imagine you see her think before she answers.

Fritz Hitzgrath gave a finished study of the part of *Reinhard*. His change of mien between the happy painter in the first part, and the unhappy professor in the second part of the play was very artistic.

August Walter's impersonation of the father, *Der Lindenwirth* was equally as good; his passionate scenes being highly effective. The rest of the cast was in every way satisfactory.

BROOKLYN NOTES.

During the week just closed, Brooklynites have been treated to Mr. Lawrence Barrett's famous rendition of Miss Mitford's great tragedy "Rienzi," at the Park Theatre. In no rôle does Mr. Barrett appear to better advantage than in that of *Cola di Rienzi*, and certainly in none of his characters has he greater scope for his peculiar qualifications. Mr. Barrett holds his audiences spell-bound from his entrance to the fall of the curtain, and at each performance during the week, the Park Theatre was densely crowded. The support accorded to Mr. Barrett was remarkably good in every detail. This week "Evangeline."

At the Grand Opera House, the past week has been equally as successful as at the other places of amusement; Mr. Newton Beers and Miss Jessie Lee Randolph having produced "Lost in London" to well filled houses. The play is somewhat sombre in tone, but there is sufficient amusing by-play in it to make it very entertaining. Edmund Collier in "Metamora" this week.

A REMINISCENCE OF SILVERDOM.

By A. C. GUNTER,

Author of the Plays "PRINCE CARL," "FRESH," "THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER," "TWO NIGHTS IN ROME," etc.

THE CHICAGO CONSOLIDATED S. M. CO. }

vs.

JUMPER'S LAST HOPE S. M. CO. }

TECUMSEH FILTH,
KENT BLACKSTONE BUNKOR,
J. H. S. POTTS, Jr., } Attorneys for Plaintiffs

JOSIAH CROCKETT COOLEY,
TALCOTT V. KINSTALL,
MRTHUSELAH RAYNOR, } Attorneys for Defendants.

The usual preliminaries being gone through, the sheriff called the roll of jurors summoned to act in the case; and, as he did so, the counsel for the defense gazed in triumph at their opposing brethren. They knew the jury was theirs, for the "venire" they recognized many ardent admirers and firm friends of the "Jumper's Last Hope Silver Mining Company"—men who were haters of all Eastern monopolies, especially the Chicago company. Judge Kaynor had arranged the matter, for he was fully as dexterous at manipulating jurors as he was potent at manufacturing witnesses. Cooley smiled, for he saw that the Chicago's pre-emptory challenges must be exhausted long before the adherents of the defendants on that panel. He smiled as Jack Hagen, a well-known friend, was called up; but the smile became a "yellow" one as he discovered that Jack Hagen had been subpoenaed as a witness; and

his smile became "yellow" and "yellow," and his face longer and longer, as adherent after adherent was called up and found to have been made a witness in the case by the Chicago company. The sheriff admitted having served four hundred and ninety-five subpoenas for the plaintiff's counsel; Cooley looked over the list and saw that every friend of the "Jumper's Last Hope" was on it, and perforce could not be jurors. If Cooley had had any hair on his head it would have stood on end with rage, as, seeing this sharp practice, he rose, and in a voice tremulous with passion, asked His Honor what in Heaven's name could be proved by these five hundred men.

Potts "snarled at him that they could not be expected to develop their case until a jury were empaneled," and then Cooley, in an hour's speech, called on the judge to know whether he would permit a jury to be tampered with before it was created, and the rights of not only his clients but the whole American people sacrificed; the law defeated by itself, the constitution nullified by itself, and the American eagle compelled to commit metaphorical "hari-kari." But the damage was done, and neither he nor anyone else could put a single adherent of the "Jumper's Last Hope" on that jury.

After days of legal tilting a jury was empaneled and sworn in, and such a jury! No other country could have produced twelve such men, and no other country would have wanted to produce them if it could. All of them were red-faced, huge-fisted creatures, most of them made more beautiful by the additional attraction of a drooping eye or bandy leg. The foreman was the Adonis of the party, and he had a hair-lip. Notwithstanding this they were generally endowed with a good portion of that sound, hard sense that a life of independence, hardship and toil develops.

We shall not attempt to specify the numerous points contested in the trial; neither shall we tell how the witnesses of the plaintiff proved the various facts we have before stated. The Ledge was twelve feet wide, and as easy to trace as the Mississippi River. "Nan Haddie," the great Cornish expert, said "it was as plain as his nose"—and his nose was a very plain one. Trevithick, the celebrated Welch engineer, informed the court that the two locations were on the same lode of argenteriferous silicious matter, and there could be no doubt of it." Kuber, the German assayer and metallurgist, declared "Dat et was ze mose perfec' lode he evar examin—dat the shury could be satisfy on zat point." But the testimony that did most to convince the jury of the truth of the plaintiff's case was that of old Maddox—a man who had seen but one mine in his life, and that—the one in question.

Old Maddox, more familiarly known through the country as "Kentuck's father," derived his soubriquet from the State from which he had emigrated, and twenty years before the time of which we write, had been celebrated as the most successful Indian fighter in the Territory. But age had crept upon him, and though the bright sparkle of his eye showed that his intellect was as keen as

ever, his step had lost some of its youthful elasticity and his head some of the hair that had clustered on his brow for over sixty years, despite the desires and efforts of his dusky enemies to obtain it. His face was one of the kind that should justly be called nasal. The nose was the strong and only point of his countenance. It formed the apex of a pyramid of which his forehead, chin, and either cheek were a part. Strictly speaking, his countenance was all nose, the eyes, mouth and ears being mere embellishments of a feature that had so much prominence as to leave no room for any other.

For weeks before his examination old Maddox was never seen without a mysterious carpet-bag—it was his companion by day, his pillow by night. It probably was new when he began to carry it; but as he stepped into the witness box, it had all the appearance of age and hard usage. The constable made a move to relieve him of it, but was sternly repulsed, and retired, apparently thinking the old man crazy on the carpet-bag question.

When sworn, and asked what his occupation was, Maddox studied for a time, as if debating in his mind some abstruse problem; but at last, taking a long look at his burden, in peculiar voice, and with indescribable action, he answered: "Wal, my present work, as near as I can make it, is a walking round the Chicago Consolidated and Jumper's Last Hope Mine." Further examination elicited the fact that the old man, for his own satisfaction, had taken samples all along the vein, and in order to testify that they were the ones selected by himself, had lived with them, eaten with them, and slept with them for over three weeks. Becoming disgusted with the ordinary legal method of examination, after a few more questions Maddox told the Judge that he knew all about it, and that if he would keep "those lawyer fellows" from "pestering" of him, he would tell his story.

Protection being given, Maddox made a speech to the jury that caused Cooley's heart to sink. He, in language homely, yet exact, indicated all the features of the property in contest, declared he "wasn't no geographer," yet gave a good description, and drew a map of Chicago Hill, and illustrated a break in the formation, by likening it to a man feeding swill to his hogs, and the stuff running over when the trough got too full, in such vivid language, and with such appropriate gestures, that every jurymen as he listened, open-mouthed, saw in imagination his own porkers grunting in pleasure, as he poured out his own swill into his own trough, and it swashed out into his own hopen. Maddox finished his oration by exhibiting his samples of ore, and declaring that the man that couldn't follow that vein, "wouldn't be worth much on an indian-trail." Cooley absolutely dare not cross-examine him, and was only too glad to see him leave the witness-stand.

This closed the evidence for the plaintiff, and the court adjourned over for the day, every one wondering what kind of defense would be set up to such an apparently clear case for the Chicago Company. Now the Jumper's attorneys having a very shaky defense, and a numerous, but exceedingly rickety crowd of witnesses to support it with, were

compelled to use every effort to train their adherents to a unanimity of ideas.

Having to draw entirely on their imagination for the facts to which they testified, had their witnesses come on the stand without schooling, there would have been more than enough contradiction and confusion in evidence to destroy any hope of success; but Cooley and his coadjutors, being equal to the emergency, had had a blackboard made, and a map of what they wished to prove drawn upon it, and by aid of this, every night, for two weeks, instructed and exercised their class on the questions involved, stimulating their pupils' faculties, by giving them as rewards of merit, certain little libations from an old demijohn that occupied so prominent a place in their scholars' hearts that, when the demijohn was in sight, the blackboard was very little looked at. And therefore feeling confident and fully prepared, the Jumper's Last Hope the next morning brought their map and witnesses into court. The Chicago Company's counsel were confounded, the brain of man never conceived a more brilliant effort of pure imagination than the map presented to their astonished eyes. There was really *one* ledge upon the hill. Cooley's map represented *six* distinct veins, all running exactly parallel, and in such a manner that every shaft sunk on that hill was on a different lode. Cooley triumphantly proceeded to prove that the creation of his brain was the work of the Almighty, and for this purpose placed the first of his witnesses on the stand. Cooley called him a mining engineer, but this, like the map, was also another effort of Cooley's brilliant imagination. This "expert" testified to all that was wanted of him, and expatiated for an hour or more most learnedly on the stratification of Chicago Hill, the ledges on it, their "dips, spurs and angles," designating some as deposits, others as veins, and stating that he had been intimate with the property in question for years, and knew every foot of it personally. With a bland smile, Cooley turned him over to the tender mercies of Potts for cross-examination; but who ever knew Potts to show an opposing witness mercy—or even justice!

Under the manipulation of the sanguinary but dexterous Potts, the wretched man is divested and badgered until he defines the angle he had talked so glibly about a few minutes before as a "kind of sort of square crook," a dip as a "kind of going down," a spur as "a kind of sticken out," a ledge as a "kind of croppings with mineral in it," and a deposit as a "kind of croppings too." But misery sat on Cooley's face as he heard his man when turned away from the all-potent blackboard, after trying in vain to catch a glimpse of it over his shoulder, contradict himself as often as Potts wanted him, and finally confess that he couldn't tell a cuss about the cussid hill without the map. Cooley's effort had been ingenious, but, alas, his scholars had been so intent on the demijohn that they could not pass their examination. Witness after witness was brought up only to fail utterly when, unsupported by Cooley's leading questions and the blackboard, they were turned over to the attack of Potts, whose sanguinary cry was, "Bring me

another of your mining experts, that I may sink a shaft in the stratification of his head, and find no brains in place."

If victory could have been gained by indefatigable energy and indomitable pluck surely the Jumper's Last Hope would have carried off the prize, for they fought valorously through long days of toil and vexation, and showed no sign of despair, until one memorable day Patrick Barry brought miserable exposure and unutterable anguish on Judge Cooley. The judge on entering the court-room that morning appeared to be rather under the weather; but all attributed it to the unfavorable condition of his case and the immense efforts he had been making over-night to drill his witnesses for the ensuing day. The true cause of Cooley's depression in spirit was soon to be fully explained.

"Patrick Barry, come into court," the sheriff cries. Patrick enters; a more pitiable object has seldom been seen by the eye of man.

Jake Hammond, the facetious, remarked, "He had had a head put on him, and the chap who placed it there was evidently an artist in the biz." In his palmiest days, Patrick had never been a beauty; but that morning, as he stood there, his bloodshot eyes looking out over a pair of raw-beefsteak cheeks at an astonished court-room; his worst enemy (who by the by was his wife) would have pitied him. An Egyptian mummy was an Adonis compared to him, and had the minister who said that he could see some beauty in all of God's works beheld him on that occasion, he would have retracted that remark and never said so again.

"Sure, Judge, I never thought you'd be after exposing me in this cruel manner," said Pat.

Cooley, on seeing the miserable condition of his witness, threw up his hands in compassion and exclaimed in sympathetic tones: "Why, Patrick, my poor fellow, what have you been doing to your face?"

Pat, who had just been sworn, remarked to this: "Please, sir, some of the Chicago boys has been nearly murdering of me, because they couldn't buy me off from testification agin em."

Ah! said Cooley, as he proceeded with the direct examination, interspersing his questions to Pat with remarks calculated to arouse the sympathy of the jury for his unapproachable witness.

Cooley remarked, as he turned his witness over to the opposing counsel, that as he had no wish to complicate the case by any outside matter, he had made no direct examination in regard to the assault on Patrick Barry, and should let the matter rest on the conscience of those who had perpetrated the gross outrage to the poor suffering creature before them.

Potts remarked that the words of Patrick were in evidence, he having been sworn before making the slur on his clients, and he should cross examine on the assault. And despite Cooley's indignant remonstrances and objections, the court was convulsed with laughter at the following confession elicited from Pat and commented on by Potts:

In the course of the blackboard exercise of the previous night, the reward of merit flowing freely,

the demijohn became exhausted, and as the spirits of the party needed stimulating, Cooley concluded to send Pat to the bar and have it replenished. In what fit of insanity he selected Barry for this delicate office, requiring so much self-control, we know not; certain it is that every other man in the room was more than willing to do the errand. In fact, there was nearly a fight as to who should be the happy man; but Cooley decided to entrust Pat with the demijohn and the mission. The road to the bar was easy; Barry arrived in safety, but to return—ah! that was the labor!

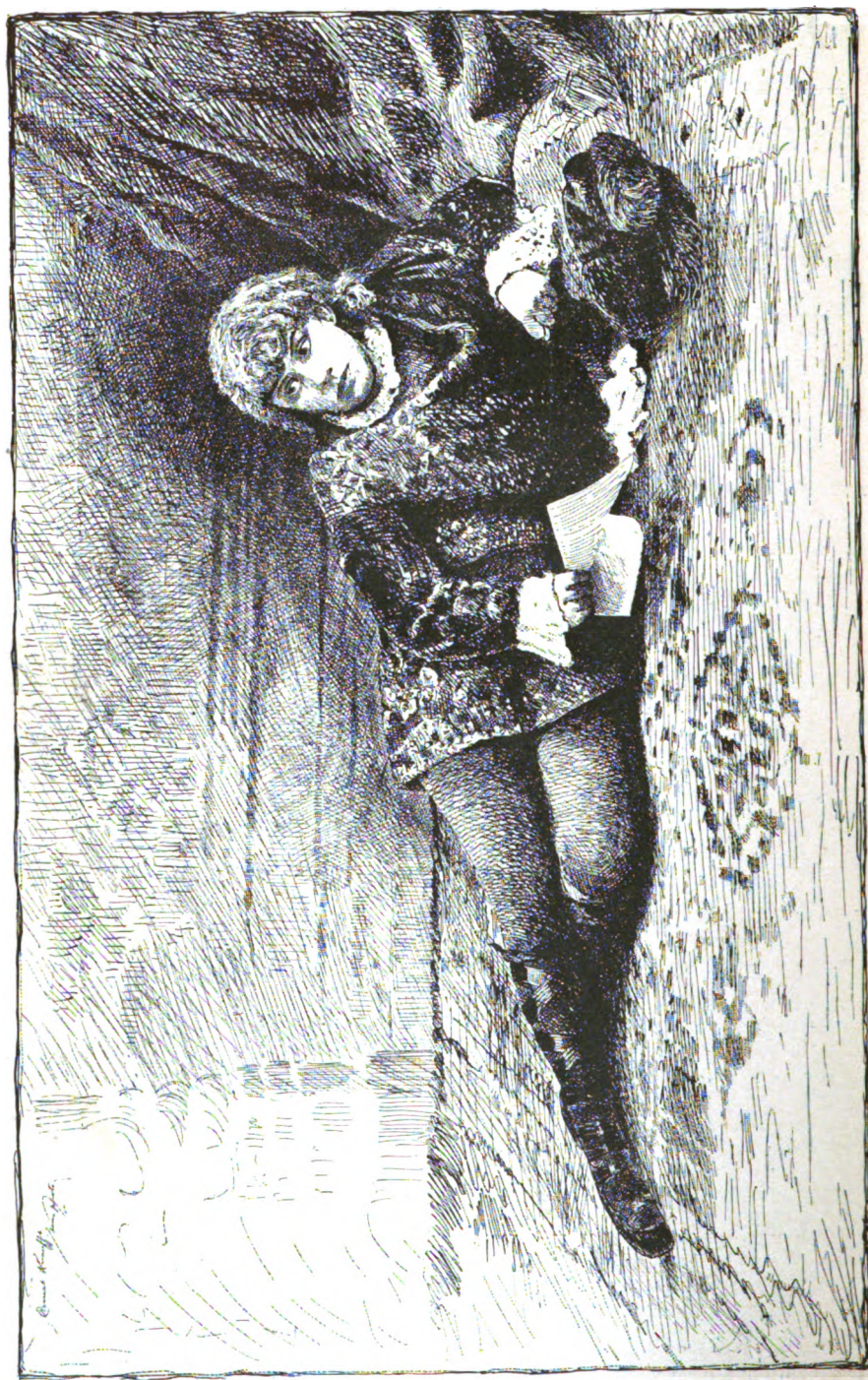
Pat vanished into the silent gloom of the night, and though the anxious watchers in the school-room gave up the blackboard entirely and sent a party in search of the demijohn, he was not discovered till next day, when he was found by the wayside, his face ornamented as we have seen and his charge empty by his prostrate form. Those who knew him well said it was a remarkably long journey to make under the circumstances, as he had never before been known to walk more than a block with a bottle in his hand.

The struggles of that strong man must have been almost agonizing during that long dark walk in which he wrestled with temptation and the demijohn, until, overcome by a power stronger than himself, he sank, never to rise again—till morning. The effect of this cruel disclosure upon Cooley was even more damaging to his spirits than the loss of them the night before; and from this time forth he struggled, as it were, against hope.

At last the case reached the jury. The closing speeches made by the counsel would take more than our time or our pen to describe justly, and after a month of legal tilting, the jury retired. Suspense followed contest, and the excitement became intense; more, even in the capital of the Territory than at the town in which the trial was held. The rumor got about, and was generally credited, that the Jumper's Last Hope rested on one peculiarly unfortunate jurymen, who retired from the box under the offer of \$5,000 if he hung the jury, and the threat of being shot at sight if he agreed to a verdict against them. After two days' anxiety, the community awoke one morning to find the news abroad that a decision had been rendered in favor of the Chicago Company. A more righteous verdict has perhaps never been given. Even those who favored the Jumpers came over to the winning party under the prospect of a spree. The friends of the Company thronged their office, and anxiously inquired whether it was to be a "wet verdict?" It was one; Charlie Bronson of the great mines in "Dry Gulch" made it the wettest verdict ever rendered in Silverdom. He treated the town, and none refused to help him celebrate that glorious day which decided what Charlie Bronson described, as the "very he—est old mining suit that ever puzzled a jury."

NOTE.—It has since transpired that the ground in contest was not worth a dollar, though over one hundred and fifty thousand of them were expended on the trial.

The Theatre.



LOUISE POMEROY AS HAMLET.

THE THEATRE.

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. All articles appearing in THE THEATRE are written especially for it unless credited otherwise.

THE THEATRE will publish next week an article especially contributed to its columns by JOSEPH HATTON, the well-known London *littérateur*.

DRIFT.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY has printed his arrangement of "Taming of the Shrew," and from the introduction to his version, which was written by William Winter, these facts are gleaned regarding the history of the play since it first appeared in the folio of 1623. It was first acted by Shakespeare's own company at the Blackfriars, the Newington Butts and the Globe Theatres. A condensed version by David Garrick, under the title of "Katherine and Petruchio," was produced at Drury Lane in March, 1754, and published two years later. This version has formed the foundation for all subsequent productions save two, one taking place under Phelps's management at Sadler's Wells, and the other being noticeable from the fact that scenery was dispensed with and placards giving the title of the scene were hung out before each scene began. A version of Garrick's condensed play was published in 1878 by Edwin Booth, and is that in which he still plays. Marie Seebach, when she played here in German in 1870, gave a version which approached more nearly the original, but did not include the "Induction," under the title of "Die Underspenstige." In the cast of the Drury Lane production of 1754 Woodward was *Petruchio* or *Petrucio*, as it is more properly spelled, while *Katherine* was played both by Mrs. Pritchard and Kitty Clive. The comedy

was first acted as "Katherine and Petruchio" in New York in April, 1768, when Mr. Hallam played *Petruchio* and Miss Cheer *Katherine*. Other characters in this production were acted by Tomlinson, Douglas, Wall, Miss Storer and Mrs. Harmon. The two leading characters have at other times been played by nearly every actor and actress of distinction.

.
MR. GEORGE W. SMALLEY, the *Tribune's* London correspondent, says that Henry Arthur Jones's new drama "Hard Hit," produced at the Haymarket Theatre, Monday night last, does not contain one fresh idea, incident or situation; that everything is sacrificed to sensation, and it has no literary merit whatever. Yet it is described by the papers as a complete success. The secret of the plot is shown early to the audience, and during the remainder of the play the characters are attempting to explain it to their own satisfaction, although it seems perfectly clear.

.
THE same evening which smiled on Mr. Jones's production witnessed the three hundredth performance of Mr. Irving's "Faust" at the Lyceum Theatre.

.
THE story is told that the late Thomas Barry, manager of the old Tremont Theatre, Boston, and Colonel Greene, editor of *The Boston Post*, were always at swords' points with each other. The manager never would send the editor tickets for "first night" performances, but there was always a criticism in *The Post* next day all the same. Once Barry was giving opera in English to poor audiences, and on the morning after "The Barber of Seville" was given Colonel Greene remarked in *The Post* that the Barber appeared before a house not large enough to pay for the lath. er

.
MISS MARIE VAN ZANDT has gone to Cannes to spend the winter, and has as a next door neighbor the once famous Jenny Lind.

.
MRS. POTTER is studying in Paris for the stage, her photographs are in the market here, and she is signing her name to soap and cosmetics. She is taking the preliminary steps to secure a "household word" for her name, and next season, when she travels, will have all the

sensation which made Mrs. Langtry a financial success. But whether it will result the same remains to be seen. The Englishwoman now travels and succeeds as an actress; she is becoming a good one too, and is obtaining the respect of the profession.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT will begin at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, this Monday night, an engagement of seven weeks, a notable event of which will be the production of an Irish-American drama. Mr. Boucicault's company consists of the following named actors—Miss Georgia Cayvan, Miss Helen Bancroft, Miss Thorndyke, Mr. Lethcourt, Mr. W. J. Ferguson, Mr. Fritz Williams, and Mr. Dan Maginnis. Mr. Boucicault's part is an emigrant Irish boy, who appears as a fireman on board a Cunard steamer, working his way out to Boston, is recruited into the Union Army, and after peace is restored, is a groom in the family of his commanding officer. The drama begins in 1861 before the war; the second and third acts are in 1864 in the Shenandoah Valley, the last in 1865, after peace is restored.

THE famous Meiningen Company will appear at Berlin in February, in dramas by Shakespeare and Schiller, which they have been rehearsing under the personal superintendence of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, of whom it is said he sits looking on and criticising for six hours in a day, and is considered the best judge in Europe of acting and of stage management! So says Mr. Labouchere's paper.

MR. SYDNEY ROSENFELD has made arrangements with Frank Stockton to use his story of "The Lady and the Tiger" as the base of a libretto for a new opera.

I UNDERSTAND that Margaret Formes, the young daughter of Carl Formes, who made her debut last season at Hamburg, has been engaged at the Vienna Court Theatre.

MR. JAMES F. GLUCK, a young lawyer, has given to the Buffalo Library what is claimed to be the most valuable collection of autograph letters and manuscripts in this country. It is valued at \$10,000, and surpasses the collections of the Astor Library, the Boston Public Library, or that of George W. Childs.

It is gossiped that the string of pearls recently worn at the opera by Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt attracted great attention. It consists of 346 Oriental pearls, set in a golden

chain, which belonged to the Empress Eugénie, and which was recently purchased for \$130,000. It was worn by Mrs. Vanderbilt across the top of her head, thence down the back of her coiffure to her neck, which is encircled, with enough left to hang down on her bosom.

AT the annual meeting of the Authors' Club, last week, the nominating committee, E. C. Steadman, F. R. Storbman and R. W. Gilder, selected by the meeting, nominated the following members for the governing council, all of whom were unanimously elected:—Librarian, J. H. Morse; Secretary, W. Hamilton Griffin; Treasurer, Colonel Thomas W. Knox; George Cary Eggleston, Bronson Howard, A. B. Storey, Ripley Hitchcock, E. Munson Smith and Noah Brooks.

THE "Comtesse Sarah," a piece in five acts by Georges Ohnet, adapted from his novel of that name, was produced at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, last Saturday night, and was pronounced a success by the correspondent of the *Herald*. The play is said to portray with bold intensity the Sappho-like love of *Sarah*, a wild gipsy girl born in Ireland, for *Pierre Severac*, the young and dashing aide-de-camp of her veteran husband, *General the Comte Canalheilles*. The first act, which is rather long-winded, was received coldly. The second act was bright and lively, owing to Noblet's first-rate acting, but the third act, ending with an intensely dramatic scene, where *Sarah* and *Severac* are entrapped in a summer house and discovered by the *General*, made a great hit, Jane Hading's acting equaling her very best work in the "Maitre de Forges." She and Rose Bruch, Noblet and Romain were recalled four times before the curtain. The fourth and fifth acts were received with genuine and well-deserved enthusiasm. The last act takes place among the Lakes of Killarney, and the broken-hearted *Comtesse Sarah*, pale and haggard with despair, dressed in white tulle and bearing a few wild flowers, springs into a lake with a plaintive cry and disappears forever.

FRANZ DEFREGGER, a well-known German painter, has signed many hundreds of paintings that are owned in America, but it is as a depicter of Tyrolian peasant life that he is most generally known. There has been on Exhibition at Schaus' Gallery during the past week, and will remain until the end of this, a canvas which shows this artist in a new field. It is a religious subject, being a "Madonna and Child," and is exhibited for the benefit of the General Hospital Fund.

THE artist has treated his subject in a decorative manner, and the flowing robes of the Virgin are extremely graceful in their long folds. The color element throughout is low in tone, almost weak, but there is beautiful drawing in both the faces of the Madonna and the Child, the latter's expression being charming. Cherubs are seen in the clouds which surround the group, and they are beautifully conceived and delicately painted. The work is well worth seeing. It has been sold by Mr. Schaus and will go into a private collection after Saturday. The portrait of the Christ Child is said to be taken from the painter's own child.

**

MISS DAUVRAY'S company at the Lyceum Theatre are making quite merry over their Mr. Rodney. It seems that he heard some one allude to a photograph of Wilkes Booth, and upon its being shown to him, said: "Will he be in front to-night?"

**

THE THEATRE chronicles the death of George C. Howard, an old actor, who died in Cambridge, Mass., on Tuesday last. He was born in Halifax, N. S., in 1820, and made his début in 1838, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia. In 1843 he played an engagement in the Bowery Theatre, New York. His wife, Caroline Fox, was a sister of George L. Fox, the clown; and their daughter, little Cordelia Howard, was for years famous in the part of *Eva* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Her remarkable precocity induced her father to have Mrs. Stowe's story dramatized, and the play was produced, with Cordelia as *Eva*, in Troy, N. Y., in September, 1852. It was successful in Albany, and in the National Theatre, New York city, where 325 performances were given. Mr. Howard was the original *St. Clair*, the southern planter; and Mrs. Howard, who was the first *Topsy*, is still playing the part throughout the country.

Trophonius.

AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS.

IT is a question whether amateur theatricals in public result in much good for the actors in them, if they have no other purpose in view beyond the mere amusement of the hour. If they are dealt with from a critical standpoint, then much offence is frequently given; and if they are of a kind to merit the greatest of praise, and get it, the result is, ordinarily, a disagreeable conceit.

As a general thing amateur theatricals have

a tendency to elevate the stage, and should have the encouragement of the profession from that point of view. They tend to bring together people who have a love for the drama and its art, and these people often change the opinion of bigoted men and women, who decry the stage, but will enjoy "amateur theatricals." Amateurs seldom perform immoral plays, and in this way directly cultivate a good influence which high-minded professional people will be glad of. The serious objection to public performances by amateurs is mainly in the fact, that it does make young women of society marked by the indifferent auditor who is not an acquaintance or a friend, and where acting is not a means of livelihood this personal publicity is not always a desirable thing for a young girl. Men who have sisters will best understand this.

But it must not be understood from all this that THE THEATRE is uncommonly prudish, or endeavors to descry an evil. The performances at the Madison Square Theatre last week were a revelation, and were attended by a most charming atmosphere of refinement. The professional people present in the audience could have learned certain little manners for their good, just the same as the amateur must learn from the artisans who have formulated their ideas, and this conjunction benefits both alike. The professional goes on year after year picturing *real* life. For instance it is a love scene, or a drawing-room episode among a people which the author represents as the highest and most aristocratic class. The actor seldom, if ever, has the time or opportunity to study the ways of this sort of people, because he does not mix with them; and are there not to be observed then, certain little deficiencies in his performance, which perfect knowledge of etiquette and deportment, resulting from constant contact with society, would correct? This is hardly to be denied, and in this regard New York's leading amateurs could delicately suggest by example. To-day there is certainly a movement which is calculated to be of vast good for the stage. There is no longer that obstinate and bigoted feeling in "society" against the "play-actor," because the latter is now frequently recruited from the former's ranks, and because there is an intellectual awakening to the fact that the actor who succeeds is a man of brains, and more frequently a gentleman than many of the parasites who feed upon the toleration of social life. Many men and women on the stage are brilliant conversationalists, full of bright ideas, who would very rightly be disgusted with the vacuity of the noodles who infest many drawing-rooms, and who carry their noses the highest.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL WORDS ABOUT SHAKESPEARE.

IN a recent number of *THE THEATRE*, an article entitled "Bibliographical Words About Shakespeare" contained this sentence:

"The following first appeared in the folio of 1623: 'First Part of King Henry VI.,' 'Comedy of Errors,' noticed in Mere's list as printed in 1598, and these now generally acknowledged as spurious: 'Sir John Oldcastle,' 'Thomas Lord Cromwell,' 'The London Prodigal,' 'The Puritan,' 'A Yorkshire Tragedy,' 'Edward III.' and the 'Two Noble Kinsmen,' only part Shakespeare's."

No one who has seen a first folio of Shakespeare ever noticed any of the above plays in the book except "Henry VI." and the "Comedy of Errors." The other plays did not appear in folio form until 1663-1664, when what is called the "Third Folio" was printed. The "Two Noble Kinsmen" was written by John Fletcher; was acted at the Blackfriars Theatre, and first printed in 1634. The best authorities now allow that portions of the play were written by Shakespeare, while the plot and structure were by Fletcher. It was a common thing in those early days of the drama for two, three or four persons to work upon a play if one was wanted in a hurry; thus when a special entertainment was needed for the occasion of the Princess Elizabeth's marriage, February, 1612-1613, the players of the Globe were in sore need of a new piece in honor of the event. About this time Shakespeare had conceived the idea of a great historical drama on the subject of "Henry VI.," had proceeded as far as act third, when the manuscript was handed over to the actors to be put in shape for use if they liked it. Shakespeare was retiring the playwright. Kit Marlow had done it before and was followed by Shakespeare, and now about 1612, he was retiring to his home at Stratford. John Fletcher had already become a popular and expeditious playwright, and so the manuscript was turned over to him for completion; finding it beyond his capacity he expanded the three acts into five, interspersing scenes of show and magnificence, and adding long poetical descriptions which was his peculiar forte. Fletcher had about this time written the "Two Noble Kinsmen" for the Blackfriars Theatre and had it revised by Shakespeare.

The Folio of 1623 is now generally known as the Shakespeare Folio. It was printed seven years after the death of Shakespeare, being collected by his friends and fellow actors John Heminge and Henry Coudell. From this book all modern editions have been gathered, beginning with the "Tempest," which was nearly Shakespeare's last play. It con-

tained all the plays found in modern editions except "Pericles," which appeared in the Third Folio, but was printed in quarto in 1608 and in 1609. The First Folio contained eighteen plays of which no quarto editions now exist; only eleven of his genuine plays were printed in his lifetime, and these by different publishers.

The seven "spurious plays" added to the folio of 1663 were known to the "editors" of the First Folio, but they declined to use them and declared of those which they gave to the public: "These Plays have had their triall already, and stood out all Appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, than any purchased Letters of commendation." J. O. Halliwell-Phillips says that "the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare is the most interesting and valuable book in the whole range of English literature." It is the only authority for the following plays: "Tempest," "Macbeth," "Twelfth Night," "Measure for Measure," "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "Timon of Athens," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Cymbeline," "As You Like It," and "The Winter's Tale." Had this been all he wrote, Shakespeare would still have been the greatest English dramatist. *Robert M. Baxter.*

"A GRAND PRODUCTION."

AS WE are often told by the actors and managers, who surely ought to know, this is the Golden Age of the Drama. Some railers, indeed, qualify this characterization with the comment that here "golden" should be understood literally, as referring to a lavish display of tinsel; but there are always a few surly malcontents who quarrel with the general good, who but grumble the more for each fresh benefit, who have marked Success for their life-long foe, and are opposed, chronically, to all and any Progress of Man.

Thus when the ardent supporters of contemporary theatric methods enlarge with worthy admiration on the almost unlimited scenic resources of dramatic art of to-day, these cavaliers ask what boots it to have the frame garishly overcolored, while the life of the picture suffers from either neglect or exaggeration. And they will frivolously wish to know why it is a matter of frequent occurrence nowadays that three or four scenes, or even two acts or so, of varying situation, are represented as happening in the one same place.

Then, too, when the enterprising artist wildly rushes to enormous risk and expense (for the sole sake of his beloved public) in producing some standard old drama, the ingrate minority not seldom call the "Revival" an attempt at murder, and find fault with the "Reconstruction," the Gorgeous Embeishments,

the Striking Tableaux, the Army of Auxiliaries, the Mechanical Effects, the Extra Songs and Music, the Efficient Company—nay, sometimes even with the Eminent Tragedian and Brilliant Star himself; and so of course with the Enthusiastic Verdict of the Press, whose Honest Criticism is attributed either to ignorance or to mammon. Thus in this warring world of ours does Merit ever meet with glibbing foes, and Earnest Endeavor on every side with upstarting hindrances!

I have been led to the foregoing sad reflections by a visit which the other night I paid to the Park Theatre of Brooklyn. I had hastened thither, entertained on the way by the most glowing expectations of enjoyment from Mr. Lawrence Barrett's representation of the tragedy of "*Rienzi*" (wonderfully improved by a famous living dramatist), and these would assuredly have been brightly realized had I not been so unlucky as to be seated next to one of those capricious critics who are the objects of my particular abhorrence. He was about thirty years of age, of an open, intelligent countenance, with fine roguish dark eyes, and a mouth that seemed made but for smiling—such is often the traitorous guise beneath which lurk the fiends of envy and detraction. In his left hand he held a play-bill, neatly folded, and in the other a pair of opera-glasses which he made continual use of presently, being evidently near-sighted.

With this personage, who I found had read the play, I unhappily entered into conversation before the performance, and did not then discover of what disagreeable kind he was. On the rise of the curtain, however, I was rudely undeceived—for it had hardly passed from sight when he made a sneering observation concerning the simultaneous entrance of the citizens, which he said was effected as if they had been suddenly prodded from behind. Soon after, handing me his glasses, he asked me to note how commendably the glass window and folding wooden panel doors at the left accorded with the rest of the fourteenth century architecture.

In a while he laughingly remarked on Mr. Barrett's casting the tombstone "back to earth" by carefully placing it on one of the steps of the Temple. Now to any candid observer it was apparent that the quiet power of this action was due to a considerate desire not to disturb the audience's illusion, as a dull thud on the wooden steps would undoubtedly do. But as I began to notice how prejudiced my neighbor was, and as his strictures were offered politely and in a low tone, I forebore gainsaying them, although they were a constant source of annoyance during the evening.

When the halberdier was stricken down the

critic smiled at the awkward way in which he lay upon the stage, and when later on *Rienzi* made his exit, still retaining the wounded man's weapon, whispered jokingly to me that the patriot was "in" to the extent of a spear. I had but partially comprehended the words when he waxed indignant because the lovers held amorous dialogue in the street in lieu of the father's house, and his impatience increased as the bevy of ladies and noblemen conducted their consultation in the same place; which conference he insisted should occur in Colonna's palace. Now he inquired eagerly of me if I knew the meaning of certain vivid red and purple lights which successively illuminated the stage, but before I could make any response *Rienzi* again entered, and was about to deliver some choice interpolated soliloquy when his daughter began singing from their house, hard by. The ambitious revolutionist, naturally not wishing to omit any of his lines, admonished her with a loud parental "S—sh!" whereupon the maiden ceased with filial obedience, and the speech was allowed to go on—all of which highly delighted my mirthful acquaintance. Later on, however, his ire returned because *Angelo* (in pursuance of a beautiful poetic conception of that eminent poet, Mr. Steele Mackaye) turned his attention to a little scheme of betraying the lovely *Claudia*. This, said the irrepressible objector, eyeing the couple with an air of great disfavor, was in direct contradiction to the youth's character as depicted in the play.

But when to these succeeded a noisy throng of soldiers and citizens he became perfectly outrageous, so far forgetting himself as to shout inquiringly, "Where is the Capitol?" and adding an emphatic declaration as to the future working-out of his personal doom. He appeared to be greatly mollified by the local excitement which this occasioned, and was further softened by his own wit in remarking that the "auxiliaries" should rather be termed "expletives." He also obtained considerable amusement from what he called the "decidedly unanimous" exclamations of the mob, and nearly laughed himself into a fit when *Rienzi* seized a torch from a ghostly personage who immediately disappeared, and effectively ended the act by lighting up the "altar of Liberty," conveniently present in the ruined temple. And when in answer to clamorous applause the curtain reascended and showed *Rienzi*, *Angelo*, and the rest still retaining their former positions, he condemned it as unnatural. Unnatural, forsooth, when the audience liked it!

I shall not weary the possible reader with as detailed an account of the other four acts and his remarks thereon, for it would be even more tedious than it was to me, having as I

did the occasional relief of enjoying the Grand Production. How he was incensed when a curtain flew open and disclosed *Ursini* surrounded by a guard, and when *Claudia* confessed her love, or *Rienzi* talked of his plans, in the hearing of a miscellaneous assemblage; how he exclaimed against what he designated the corruption of the poet's purposes by omissions, interpolations, and mangling of entire scenes; how he ridiculed the "unnatural" delivery of the Brilliant, which he said was "an imitation of that wonderful actor, Mr. Edwin Booth, neither near enough to be commendable, nor clever enough to be a burlesque;" how he laughed at the masquers, the soldiers, the Cathedral, the choristers, the Roman gaslights, the beards of the noblemen, the wedding-feast, the throne of *Rienzi*, etc.—all these I will no further descant upon.

In short, he was by turns merry and angry, laughing and frowning; at the end of the fourth act startlingly distinguished himself by a vigorous hiss, and left at the close seemingly undecided whether to be ruled by literary wrath, or moved to only merriment. As for myself, I was so confused by the tragedy, the performance, the accompanying criticism, and a bottle or two of claret (for we had gone out to refresh ourselves with a glass or so between the acts, a circumstance which I forgot to mention before), that I walked home in a complete daze, and when at last sleep came to me, dreamed that I had strayed into a field covered over with manuscript plays, and had in some mysterious manner become the target of the opposing pistols of Miss Mitford and Mr. Barrett, who were fighting a deadly duel, with a dramatic editor as the gentleman's second, my gallant critic as the lady's, and the public represented in the person of a neat individual who stood behind a bar and alternately opened bottles of claret and applauded, with loud cries of "Ongcore!"

I shall go again (I hope with more profit) to see Mr. Barrett when he produces "*Rienzi*" in New York. And I solemnly counsel all theatre-goers, who justly regard the stage as a medium of recreation only, to beware, for pleasure's sake, of a certain young man—of about thirty years of age, of an open, intelligent countenance, with fine roguish dark eyes, and a mouth that seemed made but for smiling—whom they may chance to hereafter take notice of at some Grand Production.

Charles F. Carty.

LOUISE POMEROY.

THIS charming woman and actress has been, ever since early in September, playing a varied round of characters in the Provinces, embracing Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, and through New

England. She is accompanied by her husband, Mr. Arthur Elliot, as leading actor, and her own company. In her present tour she has enacted the characters of *Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *Lady Teasle*, *Rosalind*, *Lady Audley*, in her own adaptation and play, *Mercy Merrick*, *Galatea*, *Hester Grazebrook*, *Kathleen Mavourneen*, *Camille*, *Lady Isabel*, and *Madame Vine*, in "East Lynne," and *Viola*, in "Twelfth Night."

The criticisms of the local papers have been enthusiastic. After her representation of *Hamlet*, at Albany, the *Evening Journal* said: "The writer has seen five different women essay the rôle, all of whom were dismal failures. The same cannot be said of Miss Pomeroy, who certainly makes it a signal success. Gifted by nature with a rich contralto voice, which she uses magnificently and with exquisite taste, a beautiful presence combined with a grace of carriage, she possesses all the elements that make success possible. She not only utilizes her natural gifts to that end, but goes a step farther and achieves a triumph."

In a recent interview Miss Pomeroy said to a writer for the *Albany Argus*, in regard to her methods of study:

"I am used to hard work, and my health enables me to do a great deal of it. Some people have imagined that the present week has been unusual for me in the number of plays we have given; but this is not so. I have now in my repertoire no less than forty plays, any one of which I can produce at two days' notice. This represents more study than the general public is aware of, and since the days of combinations this is unusual in the dramatic profession. Few companies now upon the road master more than three or four plays, and the vast majority confine themselves to a single one. I believe in the good old style, however, and my company must be prepared for a new play at every performance during an engagement. This gives them a training that is scarcely possible outside of a stock company, and they feel the benefit of it. Quite a number of new actors who have joined my company have been put through such a round of characters that they have been enabled to secure excellent engagements."

In regard to her favorite parts she answered:

"Well, I like them all, but Shakespeare's heroines delight me, perhaps, more than others. I have played them nearly all, including *Viola*, *Beatrice*, *Portia*, *Rosalind*, *Hermione*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Lady Anne*, *Katherine*, *Cleopatra*, *Imogen*, *Juliet*, *Ophelia*, *Desdemona*, and even the masculine parts of *Hamlet* and *Romeo*. I am not 'mannish' in my tastes, and these parts were taken for a purpose. The first was an experiment, and the public has since demanded it, and I am compelled to keep it in my repertoire. *Romeo* I played to accommodate a sweet little girl in Auckland, New Zealand, who wished to play *Juliet*, and who made an immense success."

As to the strain in playing *Hamlet*, she said:

"I have played it twice in one day without experiencing any evil effects. My voice was carefully trained by a great teacher in Germany, and he taught me the secret of breathing properly. I was told that my voice had a phenomenal compass and unusual strength, points which critics have brought out in noticing my *Hamlet*. I was offered an engagement in grand opera, but did not accept. As to the part of *Hamlet*, I take no exceptions to the critics who say no woman can fittingly interpret this rôle. I do not believe any woman should play it, but I cannot afford to quarrel with my audiences. Much better do I like such parts as *Pauline* in the 'Lady of Lyons,' and *Julia*, in 'The Hunchback.' I know that modern taste calls these plays sentimental, but then I have just enough of that trait to have them appeal powerfully to me. There is a good time coming when Shakespeare's plays will thrust off the stage the present weak trash, and then, as an actress, I shall be happy."

Miss Pomeroy has recently delivered a lecture, on invitation from New Bedford, with great acceptance, and seems likely to achieve a high repute upon the platform as well as on the stage.

THE THEATRE.

Nº 1. A MOUSE TRAP.
"LET US THROW THINGS."



Miss Elsie De Wolfe

Edward F. Coward

Nº 3. BEHIND THE CURTAIN.
A MONOLOGUE.



Mrs. Chas. Denison

Nº 2. WEeping WIVES
"YOU MUST HAVE CRIED VERY HARD"



Miss Alice Lawrence

Mrs. O.S. Tsoll



Courtesy Thorpe

Nº 4. THE PORTRAIT.



Walden Ramsay



Nº 5. TEA AT FOUR O'CLOCK.



Asney Gallup Perry

Miss Lawrence

Miss Laura S. Collins

Edward DENLOW.

IN AND OUT OF THE LIMELIGHT'S
GLARE.

UNLESS we are one of those rare wretches that play constantly against hard, horrid luck, this life is just as pleasant as we choose to make it. That is not a smart proverb, but just a little idea of mine that I'm trying to believe in. I live, and therefore circulate here, there, and back again. I go around like a butterfly that has sent his wings into the wingery to have the frames freshly covered. Like a bird (there are jay-birds, as well as bobolinks and *erythaca rubeculae*) do I rise early—from the fearful and complete destruction of a deviled crab or the fragmentary embers of a feast made desolate by acquaintances who eat with force, fury and *eclat*. New York is a fine aviary for a bird to flutter about in. When your wings get weary you can jump on to an elevated train, and if you lose your bill, the tailor will send in a duplicate without a single regret. They say that the expense of being a New York bird is much and large. I believe that. But I like it, don't you? It costs lots, but I would rather pay \$4.75 for a perfect peach than half a dime for having a tooth extracted. Everything that we get in this town is ripe and painless, that is, you understand, if you only possess the wherewithal with which to purchase the painless ripeness, and know where it grows. This is not mere flippancy that I speak, though I shall now seem less serious by telling you, right over my own name, like the little man that I'm bound I'll be just for once, that I hate money myself. I mean that I hate the idea of having to have it, and believe that the lack of it, the having of it, and the fight to secure it is the pendulum of love, hate, envy and crime. With the wealth of a Monte Cristo the world is indeed mine—including New York. And I long for the millennium. By that I mean the time when the rose leaves of verbal kindness will pay for a dinner at Delmonico's, when the heliotropic perfume of a generous self-sacrifice will reward the genial treasurer at the box-office for twin seats on the centre aisle. This is not for personal gratification at all, except that the world would be made a more smiling one to my eyes that now are tired with seeing sorrowful, dejected countenances that meet them on every turn and street car.

By the way, now that I have got a-going, I might say that New York teaches us something every night that we live. The several nights that I have lived have taught me that in this city, and in clothes and accoutrements that are very perfect, there is a horde of youths who are utterly worthless. They are fellows who drink, but don't know why, who gamble with-

out nerve, who refuse to talk their native tongue, who know not modesty, have no talents, and thrown on their own resources would starve to death. The well-known eccentrics who have gained extraordinary fame by achieving the distinction of being regular royal dudes, are not the ones that I refer to. They, in fact, have something to entitle them to observation and remark. But it is the unused, clogging dudelingette who never said or thought anything half so graceful as a pretzel, that sets the anger a-boiling in me as he loafs life's journey through, with not an ambition beyond his governor's check book, or a passion nobler than the purchase of a homely chorus girl. You can see him at Wallack's on a first night, up for an evening with Rosina Vokes, in at Delmonico's café a little after midnight, and at none of these places has he an excuse for being. He has got a face that I believe would warrant anyone in suing him for damages. I can stand anything that has any individuality. A swell like Weedon Grossmith shows us has my hearty appreciation. But the other is all different. He's nothing, that's what he is, and I'm sorry I have wasted so much of my time and your's in talking about him.

**

THIS piece, "Pippins," that Nathaniel C. Goodwin intends to give us, is the first thing that he ever starred in. It is only fair. It is about twelve times as good as "Turned Up." That is the most worthless balderdash ever presented in a respectable New York theatre.

**

I HAD occasion recently to write a business letter to Minnie Maddern, and I caught her out in East Saginaw, Michigan. Now that's a pretty neighborhood for an actress like her to be wading about in, isn't it? One of the tenderest things that ever made a man's heart bleed is the voice of Minnie Maddern as it sings "The Day when You'll Forget Me." After hearing that, any one will say that what she deserves is a plush-lined play house, pale-tinted and soft enough to make a mortal feel when he is in it like a pink cherub on a ten thousand dollar tapestry. That is what some man like J. M. Hill ought to give Minnie.

**

MIDNIGHT on Broadway! An elegant hour and a fine thoroughfare, but cold, gusty, blizzardesque. A solitary figure counting change on the icy curb of a bleak corner. Chink, chink, chink! *Combien?* Three fives—nickels. Ah! this is the cruel city, this the breeder of suicides. The dismal moan of a steamer out on the bay comes floating up like the howl of

a wild beast on a distant mountain. And is that lonely, dejected figure a poor, overworked chorus girl, hesitating whether to ride home to Harlem, or walk and save her money to buy figs for her poor invalid brother? Well, it isn't. It is no "lady actress." It is the residuum that a lady actress has permitted to grope its way home after a forty-dollar supper. It is the man who settled for the supper. The chorus girl has the supper. His capelets has escaped with a car fare. There's a fearful sight of misery in Gotham.

**

A THEATRICAL manager who spent last summer in London lost about two thousand dollars one night playing poker. As was the custom with him, he gave his notes for nearly the entire amount. The next day he said to a friend who was sympathising with him over his rough luck: "Well it was a good deal to lose, though I wouldn't mind it so much, you know, but fifteen dollars of it was cash."

**

WHEN the cold spell blew in this week, one of the girls up at the Metropolitan said to her escort as she was standing for her coupé to come up after the opera:

"If I didn't think it would startle people too much, I'd take my bustle off and wear it for a necktie."

C. M. S. McLellan.

THE WEEK.

"TAMING OF THE SHREW."

MR. EDWIN BOOTH has made Garrick's version of Shakespeare's comedy, "Taming of the Shrew," familiar to the American public under the title of "Katherine and Petruchio," and this gentleman of Verona is best understood and played by him. Mr. Augustin Daly has, however, marked the most important event in his theatrical career, it seems to me, by a complete representation of the comedy with its Induction. As Mr. Booth has always presented it the piece was robbed of its value as one of the most ingenious and witty of Shakespeare's writings—serving its purpose only as a second play on the evening bill, which partook more of the nature of a roaring farce.

Mr. Daly has offered us a novelty. I do not hesitate to say that not one person out of fifty of the theatre-going public has read "Taming of the Shrew." People do not read Shakespeare nowadays, and in New York especially the young generation are excessively ignorant regarding even the stories of his plays. It would seem, then, that from the treasures

which can thus be selected without paying royalties, or smoothing things over with the author, the manager like Mr. Daly ought to reap a continual harvest. Nothing could be more sumptuous than the manner in which he has set "Taming of the Shrew." A very large amount of money has evidently been expended in the stage paraphernalia, and the costumes are simply superb. The final scene, the Banquet Hall in *Lucentio's* House, is unfolded to the audience like a magnificent painting. The grouping of the company about the tables, the arrangement of color, and the choir which lends an atmosphere to the picture of Tadema, make the most artistic thing of the kind I have ever seen on the stage. It should be painted and engraved to Mr. Daly's credit, of whom too much cannot be said in praise for the value which this production ought to be to the student.

As an interesting curiosity I can see the purpose of performing the Induction, but as it furnishes no exploitation of the comedy, or is sequenced by a deduction, I think it a needless addition and one which is somewhat perplexing. On the opening of the comedy, the presence of the people in this introductory act as an audience rather destroys the effect by the singular fictitiousness of the whole instead of apparent reality, which a play within a play (like the performance in "Hamlet") is sure to give. However, this objection is all dispelled as the comedy progresses.

Mr. Daly's company appeared naturally familiar personages. Petrucio was a rollicking *John Drew*, and Grumio was an excellent *James Lewis*, and so on, and so on, and perhaps this familiarity detracted somewhat from the study of the play. This is said without the spirit of criticism. Our acting friends usually do lend a certain unrealness, simply because we see the two characters at once, and the performance of one seldom receives its due credit. On the other hand, friendship covers a multitude of sins. In the present instance the company were remarkably effective. Mr. George Clarke was added to it for the occasion and appeared as *A Lord* in the Induction. It seemed a pity that both he and William Gilbert were seen no more during the evening. Mr. Fisher as *Baptista*, should stand as a model for a painter. Mr. Drew does not lend to *Petrucio* that dash, sparkle, and brilliancy in which I think Mr. Booth is particularly successful, but he plays it well. Miss Rehan is a picturesque *Katherine* but gives it such delicate femininity as to render it not one-half the hyenic creature *Kate* is popularly imagined. Miss Rehan's success was found in her intellectual efforts. She looked regal in dress and beauty. But every one of the company was excellent, and the

opportunity which Mr. Daly now affords to the thoughtful play-goer should not be allowed to slip by.

Fileur.

"INDIANA."

The McCaull Opera Company opened the week at the Star Theatre in Audran's comic opera of "Indiana," the libretto of which is by H. B. Farnie. It is fairly interesting, contains some funny situations which are made the most of by Digby Bell, and the music, while not especially entrancing, contains some very bright numbers and much dreamy waltz movement. The opera furnishes a star part for Digby Bell, and this he shows to be appreciated. At times he is exceedingly comical. Miss Post appears to great advantage, and Mrs. Laura Joyce Bell, while not having much opportunity with her voice, acts with her usual grace and apparent enjoyment. Miss Annie Meyers is a new comer and a very good sou-brette. Messrs. Olmi, Hoff and Ryce do not have Mr. Bell's opportunities but do their little—well.

MISS HELEN HASTINGS.

THE first appearance in America of the young English actress, Miss Helen Hastings, was effected under most inauspicious circumstances at the Union Square Theatre last Monday evening. The pretty little actress was not given a fair show. For she has a very goodly amount of natural ability, a winning smile, and large and beautiful eyes. She did the best she could with an inane production which the bill called "A New Comedy, entitled Pen and Ink." But there was precious little comedy about the thing. "A Novice's Attempt at a Farce" would better define it. The modest author's name did not appear upon the programme.

Miss Hastings played *Phyllis*, a wayward orphan, who does not live happily with her foster parents at Irvington, and so runs away with a *Mr. Aristarchus Brent* (Mr. Eugene Jepson), to start a paper in New York city. In the second act she is seen disguised as a youth, assistant editor in the office of "Moonshine," the new paper. An attempt at a hit was made by having the editor and his assistant *write* all their original "copy" by diving among the exchanges and vigorously plying the shears, but it fell flat.

"Moonshine" does not succeed, and the third act is again at Irvington, where a few very slight snarls are unraveled from the plot, and two engagements and the uniting of an estranged married couple ends the apology for a play.

As we have said, Miss Hastings showed herself worthy of a much better piece, she was rather poor in boy's garb, her movements were not always graceful, and her pronunciation was tainted with the Cockney flavor, but she did several natural pieces of acting, and her comedy was genuine. We hope that when she is seen in New York again it will be to better advantage.

Mr. Henry D. Walton made something of a hit with the rôle of a weak-headed Englishman, *Captain Mountstewart*, but the part was too slightly drawn by the author to give him much basis to work upon. A man can't make a character out of a part who has nothing to say but "Oah I sahay Miss A-da, don't chäff a fellow," all through the play.

Mr. Jepson dealt conscientiously with the wordy part of *Aristarchus Brent*. The rest of the cast was poor.

Miss Hastings' engagement is for two weeks.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

LAST week a number of the leading amateurs of New York gave two matinée performances at the Madison Square Theatre for the benefit of charity. The programme for both occasions was as follows:

A MOUSE TRAP, A PREDICAMENT.

Mrs. Prettipet.....Miss Elsie Anderson DeWolfe
Mr. Mortimer Briefbag.....Edward Fales Coward
SCENE—The drawing room of Mrs. Prettipet's Flat.

WEEPING WIVES, A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

Delphine.....Mrs. Oliver Sumner Teall
Clotilde.....Miss Alice Lawrence
Chambly.....Edward Fales Coward
Albert De Rieux.....Walden Ramsey
Jean.....W. F. Johnson

SCENE—A hotel in Baden.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN, A MONOLOGUE.

Mrs. Bellamy.....Mrs. Charles Dennison
SCENE—A room in a hotel in New York.

THE PORTRAIT, LORD LYTTON.

Recitation by.....Courtenay Thorpe

TEA AT FOUR O'CLOCK, A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

Mrs. Effingham, a young widow.....Mrs. Charles Dennison
Mrs. Marabout, her intimate enemy.....Miss Lucie Coffey
Mrs. Coddington, a managing mamma,.....Miss Laura Sedgwick Collins
Arabella Coddington, a girl who has nothing to say,.....Miss Alice Lawrence
Arthur Rutledge, an innocent offender.....Howard Martin
Walter, a social cynic.....Alfred Young
Grayson, a tender-and-true young man.....Valentine G. Hall
(Of the Amateur Comedy Club.)
Appleby, a can't-get-it-out young man.....E. F. Coward
Sabretache, a thunder-and-mars young man,.....Henry Gallup Paine
Dr. Grantley, a professional button-holer, Courtenay Thorpe
Thomas, a confidential footman.....Charles T. Thomas
SCENE—Mrs. Effingham's drawing-room in New York.

As will be seen by this, the entertainment was assisted by three professional people: Courtenay Thorpe, Walden Ramsay, and Mrs. Dennison, the last named once belonging to the Madison Square Theatre Company under the name of Mathilde Madison. It is only fair to say, however, in every instance the "Amateurs" were decidedly professional in their conduct, and this will be acknowledged by many old actors present if prejudice does not overcome reason. Mr. Coward distinguished himself by remarkable versatility and ease, and as the American stage needs an intellectual advancement among its young men it would be a very good thing to have the addition of just such men as Mr. Coward. Miss DeWolfe showed that she is a far better actress in comedy than she is in serious work, and in the "Mouse Trap" the two players did quite as well as the average professional would do. In "Weeping Wives" Mr. Coward had to contend with Mr. Ramsey's experience in the exhibition of stage ease, but very little to his disadvantage. Mrs. Teall and Miss Lawrence played with grace and could be heard very distinctly without much elevation of the voice. The one-act comedy of "Tea at Four O'clock" was quite brilliantly given. The French original of this is "Les lundis de Madame," by M. Samson, and was played more than thirty years ago at the Comédie Française, where it made a great success as a skillful and enjoyable hit on "society." It serves the same purpose very well now. The English adaptation is by Mrs. Burton Harrison. The disposition of the characters was admirable, Mr. Coward and Mr. Paine being particularly excellent. Mr. Thorpe's make-up and acting was a very fine bit of work. The women were all good. Mrs. Dennison, who is a very beautiful woman, acted with much spirit and cleverness in both this piece and the monologue.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

JAN. 19.—The first performance in this city of "Lorraine," the new opera by Rudolph Dellinger, completely filled McCaull's Opera House, Monday night. As the familiar faces of the company beamed on the audience they were enthusiastically greeted, but when the newcomer, Miss Griswold, made her appearance she received a perfect ovation. She possesses a remarkably sweet voice, which with her pretty face and naïve method easily won a warm place in the hearts of the audience. The opera has been even more magnificently mounted than any of Colonel McCaull's previous productions, and merits success.

Mrs. Langtry, in "A Wife's Peril," was again seen at the Walnut Street Theatre last

night, supported by an exceptionally strong company. As for Mrs. Langtry, herself, the general impression seems to be that her acting is marked with considerable improvement since she was last seen in this city.

At the Arch Street Theatre, Salisbury's Troubadours presented their new play, "The Humming Bird." Nate Salisbury and Nellie McHenry are old favorites, and their appearance last night drew a large audience, who thoroughly enjoyed the amusing situations and humorous characterizations of the new play.

J.

THE CRITICS AT THE PLAY.

ON any first night at Daly's or Wallack's or the Star you are pretty certain to see in the front orchestra chairs William Winter, of the *Tribune*; John Harrington, of the *Sunday Dispatch*; Andrew C. Wheeler, of the *World and Mirror*; Stephen Fiske, of the *Spirit of the Times*; Joseph Howard, Jr., of the *World*—the Old Guard of the dramatic criticism of New York.

Winter, tall, slight, stooping, with a fine head and disheveled hair, dreamy eyes, a melancholy expression, has been on the *Tribune* about twenty years. He hails from Gloucester, Mass., was educated in Boston, studied law at Harvard, wrote poems, sketches, squibs at the Hub and in Gotham, called himself "Mercutio," contributed among other papers, to *Vanity Fair*, lounged at the clubs, chummed with actors and actresses. Today he lives at New Brighton, Staten Island, and comes to town as little as possible. He has published a life of Edwin Booth, of the Jeffersons, of Mary Anderson. There are several volumes of his poems and his travels on the market. He has collected his criticisms on Henry Irving, and Coombes has published them in his best style. Winter is a *littérateur*, writing dramatic critiques, rather than a newspaper man. His articles never seem to have been struck off on the spur of the moment, in the press-room of a theatre or amid the clink and clatter of a bar-room. He writes with care and aforethought. He turns continually to authorities, precedents, old play-bills, old papers, old books. He is as florid as was Gautier when he wrote of Victor Hugo, as rich in superlatives as was Macaulay when he wrote of Milton. Edwin Booth and John McCullough, Adelaide Neilson and Mary Anderson, Joe Jefferson and Lawrence Barrett are his friends and his idols. Though emotional and hyperbolic, Winter is brilliant. He is so brilliant, in fact, that when I read him I feel like doing what Lamartine said he did when reading Paul de Saint Victor—I put on blue glasses.

Andrew C. Wheeler, who signs "Nym Crinkle," can be seen at every first night and every day, at eleven, at the Union Square Hotel. He is tall, slight, slouchy, with a colorless face, protruding eyes, and he puffs incessantly, from under a short mustache, dense whiffs of cigarette smoke. Since his boyhood days New York has been his home,

and he knows the town thoroughly from "coulisse to curb," from the Battery to High Bridge. As a young man he learned drawing and painting; did odd jobs in that line; did reporting; knocked about generally; was often as low in funds as any of the gentlemen immortalized by Henri M. Wiger. The weekly, *Nym Crinkle*, was short-lived. The lecture, "Skylarks and Daisies," was a success. His writing has been done principally for the *Sun*, the *Star*, the *World*. Now Wheeler has a feuilleton every week in the *Mirror*. His literary method is apparently simple. He never draws up a mere bill of lading of facts. There is always an epigram, a witicism, a sally, an alliteration interspersed in the text or thrown into the margin. Wheeler, feuilletonist above all, is unconventional, autobiographic, helter skelter. He is gifted with a wonderful lightness of touch and a perennial freshness of phrase. While Winter excels in dithyrambic eulogy. Wheeler is an adept in genteel vituperation. While Winter has his loves, Wheeler has his hates. They say all kinds of disagreeable things about him. They say he writes paid puffs for actors and actresses. They say he smokes opium to get his inspiration. They say he is unreliable. And yet, I think that if Sarah Bernhardt knew him, she would have written on the photograph of herself she presented to him the compliment she once wrote on the one she gave De Blowitz: "Au plus fin d'esprit, la plus fine de corps."

If Andrew Wheeler is the epigrammatic feuilletonist of Gotham, handsome, white-haired, six-footer, John Harrington is its anecdotic feuilletonist. His column and a half in the *Sunday Dispatch*, signed "John Carboy," has, for the last thirty years, abounded in souvenirs, yarns, gossip. Harrington, born in Columbus, Ohio, was an actor once upon a time, has written blood-curdling romances, has been guilty of verse. He writes just as he would talk in the lobby during an intermission, in a chop-house over a rarebit and a mug of ale. He does not affect a literary style. Like many old critics, he sees little good in the present, looks most longingly, talks most lovingly upon the past. "Ah, my dear fellow," he seems to say to you, "the play last night was good, but not so good as what we had in Forrest's time. Actors don't seem to have the gift of rising to a climax, as they used to do. You ought to have heard Mrs. Siddons say 'Remember twelve!' when she played *Belshazzar*! You ought to have heard old man Booth say, 'Well, as you guess?' when he played *Richard*! Where's the woman to day who could exclaim 'Je crois!' as Rachel did? Where's your tragedienne who could say 'Give me the daggers!' the way Cushman did?" Harrington is as good at speaking of the stage matters of bygone days as is Steve Massett, or Howard Paul, or Commodore Tooker, or Charles Collier. The past is, indeed, a fruitful theme. What memories cluster about the names of some of those old-time critics and feuilletonists of Gotham! What recollections are awakened by the mention of John Howard Payne, of the *Thespian Mirror*; of Irving and Paulding, of *Salmagundi*; of Nathaniel Parker

Willis, of the *Mirror* and the *Home Journal*! There is Cornelius Mathews, of the *Prompter* and *Arcturus*; and Henry Clapp, Jr., of *The Leader*; and Grant White, of the *Courier and Enquirer* and the *Times*. There is Donald G. Mitchell, of *The Lorgnette*; and Adam Badeau, of *The Vagabond*. I make no detailed mention of Fry, of Tappan, of Augustin Daly, of Bronson Howard, of J. J. White, of William Stuart. I can omit a lengthy account of George William Curtis, formerly musical critic of the *Tribune*, now the genial feuilletonist of *Harper's*. I confine myself to those who to-day drive their critical quills over yellow pads at eleven, twelve o'clock at night, and in print give you their opinion on play and opera at your breakfast table in the morning.

Stephen Fiske, shortish, stoutish, with a sturdy, bearded face, eyes that he twists into a kind of a squint when he talks to you, does his dramatic work for the *Spirit of the Times* in the card-room of the Lotos Club. He was born in New Brunswick, N. J., and educated at Rutgers. Connected with the *Herald* for years in a reportorial capacity, and as special correspondent, he was in 1862 called from the seat of war in Maryland to succeed Ned Wilkins as dramatic critic. Fiske managed Booth when that player did Hamlet one hundred nights at the Winter Garden; incurred the enmity of Forrest because he said the tragedian had piano legs; and within three days, by the severity of his criticisms on a play, shut up the Broadway Theatre. Fiske sailed for England the first time twenty years ago; wrote up the Henrietta yacht race; established the *Hornet* in London, and managed the St. James Theatre and the Royal Opera Company. On his return to New York he ran the Fifth Avenue Theatre, under Daly, and was the first man to introduce Modjeska and Anderson to metropolitan audiences. Two books of his, "English Photographs" and "Off-Hand Portraits of Prominent New Yorkers," have had a big run. In the *Spirit of the Times* Stephen Fiske is a most acute, crisp and trenchant critic. Though he puts a sub acid flavor into all he writes, he evidently strives to do the right thing by managers, players and payers. He advises the former, and voices the opinions of the latter. He feels for all three, for he has himself been a manager, a spectator, and ever a friend of actors. Do you remember his articles in Freund's *Music and Drama*, signed "Seraph"? They were specimens of his best work. One of the most notable traits in Fiske is the kindly way he notices the meritorious little people of a cast. One of the most striking characteristics of the man is the pithy way he expresses himself when he converses on criticism. Stephen Fiske speaks as epigrammatically as Nym Crinkle writes. Many of his sayings are as concise as a promissory note, and infinitely more amusing.

Joseph Howard, Jr., the first-night representative of the *World*, is a slight, wiry man of good height, bustling ways, breezy, cheery manners. He looks like a veteran officer of France in civilian dress. His hair—what there is of it—is white and close-cropped. He has an imperial mustache

and goatee. His glasses are perched on a powerful nose, but when the wearer gets excited or interested they are nervously dangled in the hand. Everybody knows Joe Howard's history, how he traveled around with the Prince of Wales during his visit to this country; how he accompanied Lincoln to Washington; how, in 1864, he issued a bogus proclamation, signed A. Lincoln, calling for 500,000 men, and how he was imprisoned in Fort Lafayette; how he worked on the *Herald* and *Times*, how he was part proprietor of the old *Star*, and how he started the *Democrat* for Brick Pomeroy.

This active man, who is a native of Brooklyn and the son of a clergyman, has written novelettes and novels, interviews and leaders, has dictated to his stenographers columns of political convention matter and yards of feuilletons. His income is estimated at \$15,000 a year. His out-of-town letters are well known. His pseudonym "M. T. Jugg," is not appropriate. Howard does take a drink occasionally, but he never smokes. As a dramatic and musical man he is good, not in his description of the artistic work of actors and playwrights, but in his pungent descriptions of their personalities, characteristics, eccentricities. His style is touch-and-gossipy, if I may be allowed the term, his comparisons original and strong. There are very few prominent men in the country, off or on the stage, whom he doesn't know. There are very few actresses of note who haven't had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Joseph Howard, Jr., likes the players of the fair sex. He likes those especially whose dresses do not begin too soon nor end too late. Do you blame him?

Edward A. Dithmar, of New York, is the dramatic critic of the *Times*. He is judicious in tone, analytic in method, skillful in exposition, well informed, well read. Now and then there is a phrase that cuts too deeply, perhaps, but, as a general thing, the intelligent public bears him out in his opinions. Franklin File, of the *Sun*, who is a Trojan by birth, has a concise, pithy, matter-of-fact way of treating play-house topics, unbiased by managerial champagne or box office chicken salad. J. R. Towse, of the *Evening Post*, a 'varsity man from old England, like Dithmar, is analytic and comparative in his criticisms, and gives you elaborate but straightforward accounts of plot of play and work of players. He sins, if he sins at all, by too coldly judicial a tone, by an occasional severity untempered by sympathy. These three men are a credit to the profession. They are fearlessly independent. You will never find them in that category of individuals of whom Artemus Ward wrote: "Sum editors cum in krowds to my show, and then axt me ten sents a line for puffs. I objected to paying, but they sed ef I didn't doun with the dust they'd wipe my show from the face of the earth. They sed the press was the arkymedean leaver which moved the world."

What's on the boards at the Metropolitan Opera House this Saturday afternoon? Never mind what: let's go to have a glimpse of the critics. There is Frederick A. Schwab, of the *Times*,

short, compact, alert, curling his tawny mustache. A little to the left sits tall, courteous, military-looking John P. Jackson, of the *World*, chatting with bluff, genial, broad-shouldered Leopold Lindau, of the *Figaro* and the *Dramatic News*. To the right I see athletic Henry E. Krehbiel, of the *Tribune*, whispering to blondish Henry T. Finck, of the *Evening Post*.

Schwab, a New York man, first worked as a compositor on the *Messenger Franco-Americain*, then reported for the *News* and the *Herald*, then became foreign editor on the *Times*. Drifting into theatrical business, he managed Neilson, Bernhardt and Langtry, under Abbey, was the first to take the Wallack company out on the road, and managed the Musical Festival for Theodore Thomas. Returning to journalism, he became musical editor of the *Times* in 1883, and holds the position now.

He has translated several librettos. He was the correspondent of the *Presse*, of Paris, under Emile de Girardin. He has written spicy letters and sent lengthy dispatches from Bayreuth. I hear he is preparing some "memoirs." They are sure to be interesting. An accomplished linguist, a violinist in his hours of leisure, a man of wide general reading, Schwab is as caustic, suggestive, boulevardier in his talk as he is in his printed work.

John P. Jackson is from a town near Sheffield, England. As a young man he went to Germany; sent a letter on the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play to the *Tribune*; wrote for the *Evening Post*; interviewed Döllinger and Von Arnim for the *Herald*; and was placed in charge of that paper's office in London. Sent to the seat of war in Bulgaria, he translated "Lohengrin" amid the bursting of bombs. Back in the Strand, he translated for the Carl Rosa Opera Company the "Flying Dutchman," drilled the chorus and translated into elegant metre, and with poetic sense, "Rienzi" and "Tannhäuser." He interviewed Wagner at Bayreuth; visited Paris and Vienna, and returned to London. Representative of the *Herald* at the coronation of the Czar, Jackson was subsequently commissioned by that paper to meet the Jeannette survivors; was gone nine months on this expedition to the polar ocean, traversing ten thousand miles by reindeer, horses and dogs. Among his literary works Jackson numbers his poetic translation of "Faust"; an interesting and richly illustrated volume on the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play; a translation of Wildenbuch's fine play, "Harold"; of Scheffel's "Trompeter von Seckingen," and of Hamerling's "Seven Death Sins." Is not this a good record for a man who on opera nights does not retire before three in the morning?

Leopold Lindau, born near Magdeburg, Germany, is one of the ablest and most rational of the Wagnerites in the city. Formerly connected with the *Mail and Express* and the *Evening Post* as musical critic, now on the *Dramatic News* and the *Figaro*, Lindau shows in style and manner the sound common sense blended with abundant knowledge that go to make a reliable and honest play-house reviewer.

Henry T. Finck, of the *Evening Post*, a graduate of Harvard and a student at Berlin and Heidelberg, is a perfect monomaniac on the subject of Wagner, and endeavors to put his readers into the same condition of mind. Jackson and Lindau, even Kobbé, of the *Mail and Express*, are lukewarm compared with him.

He seems to date his articles Bayreuth. He dreams nightly of Siegfried and Tristan. He rides daily with the Walküre, and plays cards with the Nibelungen. I hear that he is getting ready a book on types of female beauty. Ten to one, Brunnhilde is his ideal.

Henry E. Krehbiel, of the *Tribune*, born in Ann Arbor, Mich., came to the metropolis from Cincinnati. He used to lecture at the College of Music there, but got into a row with the authorities because of the independence of his strictures on that institution in one of the city prints. Among his published matter, besides the regular journeywork in his paper, are his "Lectures on Musical Criticism;" his translation of the libretto of Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor;" and his "Season," a review of the concert and operatic year. Krehbiel and Schwab form a striking contrast. Krehbiel writes learnedly, with his eye ever to the land of Wagner and Liszt. Schwab dashes off his column in a breezy, piquant style, with a marked predilection for Verdi and Gounod. Krehbiel comes out with professional elaborateness—quotes, gives dates, cites precedents. Schwab politely suggests, pithily opines, ingeniously infers.

One of the most clever, if one of the youngest, musical and dramatic critics in town is William T. Henderson, who is attached to the *Times*. A son of the oldest manager and of one of the most popular actresses in the country, a graduate of Princeton, Henderson has written verses, grave and gay; librettos, and translations of librettos; articles for magazines; letters from watering-places. His column in the *Times* of Sunday, captioned "The Orchestra at Work," demonstrates his knowledge of the technique of the stage and of music, and his power of gentle irony and stinging sarcasm.

Little Steinberg, of the *Herald*, pert, saucy, snappy, always seems to be in a minority. He writes an interesting criticism, but one in which there is always a note of insincerity, a striving after effect. But who can please all the critics? You remember the couplets of Mendelssohn—

"Let a man write as he will,

Still the critics fight.

Therefore let him please himself,

If he would do right."

The curtain has rolled down on the third act. Shall we leave the opera house and stroll down Broadway? In the throng of business, fashion and folly that surges on the great thoroughfare of a Saturday afternoon, we are sure to meet some more of the prominent dramatic and musical critics of Gotham.

The day is bright; the air bracing; the crowd dense.

The two men you see together, walking slowly, conversing earnestly, are Brander Matthews and

Lawrence Hutton. What they don't know of the history of the New York stage isn't worth knowing. Their works are in every dramatic library. Those other two men you perceive crossing the street from the Gilsey House are Charles A. Byrne, of the *Morning Journal*, and Leander Richardson, late of *Comment*. Audacious writers are these, masters of a slashing style, at times encumbered with more libel suits than dollars. Byrne, of powerful build, handsome profile, is an Irishman, and was educated in Brussels. Richardson, tall, strapping, was born in Cincinnati, but is at home in New York. Byrne has been connected with *Truth*. He founded the *Dramatic News* and *Dramatic Times*. He has written for I know not how many other papers. His penholder is made of wormwood. His pen is dipped in gall. Richardson, at one time or another, worked on the *Tribune* and the *Times*. He writes for out-of-town papers. He is the author of farces and plays. In his book, "The Dark City," he tells us what he thinks of London. Look out for him. He pounces on an antagonist with as much zest as his fine red setter makes for game.

A little further down the street walks Paul Potter, of *Town Topics*. He is a man of medium size, with a clean-shaven, young face, dark eyes, close-cut hair prematurely grayish. He had been dramatic critic on the *Herald* but a few days when he made things hum. He attacked Janauschek for her playing of "My Life," and the actress felt it so keenly that she had Nym Crinkle write a defense of her, and distributed ten thousand copies of the article throughout the country. Potter is incisive, outspoken in his critiques, regardless of consequences. Alfred Trumble, artist, journalist, *littérateur*, is his associate on *Town Topics*. He is short in stature, with a fine, intellectual head on his shoulders. Trumble is one of the brightest feuilletonists in town. Any topic he handles, he handles as though it were a butterfly. He does not so much as brush the dust from its variegated wings. He can be severe without being coarse. Have you read his recent critique on the acting of Edwin Booth? Does it not remind you of those which Cazauran years ago wrote on that idolized actor? There is the same acumen, the same clear conception of the rules of art, but there is a more trained literary manner of treatment. Potter and Trumble both have the dash, the elegance, the intellectual nimbleness of Nathaniel Parker Willis, and they have, besides, a fund of solid information never possessed by that old-time chronicler.

What a crush, rush, swish on Broadway at half-past five o'clock! The matinées at the theatres are over. There go Townsend, of the *Tribune*; Lucien Chaffin, of the *Commercial Advertiser*; Price, of the *Star*; Graham, of the *World*; Maybury Fleming, of the *Mail and Express*; Morris, of the *Telegram*; Gallagher, of the *Daily News*; and W. T. Perkins, of the *Daily Graphic*. Keep your eyes open as you walk on. That slight, polite, pleasant-faced man is Harrison Grey Fiske, of the *Mirror*. Hart, of the *Dramatic News*; Ford, of the *Sunday Courier*; Garneo, of the *Clipper*, are not on the promenade this afternoon,

nor are Jerome B. Eddy, Fred. Archer and Fred. Lyster. I see poetic G. E. Montgomery, the witty McLellan, the entertaining Morton, and a score more of men interested in theatricals. That short, thin, nervous body is Alfred J. Cohen, the gracefully flippant feuilletonist who signs "Alan Dale" in *Life*. There goes heavy Floersheim, of the *Musical Courier*, with a fur cap on his head, and yonder sprightly Miss Fiske, the "giddy gusher" of the *Mirror*, with her little hands in her muff. Ah, here we meet John W. Keller, tall, kindly, rosy-cheeked! The grasp of his hand corroborates for you in an instant that in his college days he pulled a strong oar in the Yale crew. This discriminating critic of the *Dramatic News* and the *World* hails from Paris, Kentucky. He wanted to enlist in the navy when he left college, but he finally drifted into journalism. His successful "Tangled Lives" is a play full of promise, and he is writing another.

We have arrived at Union Square in our promenade. There looms the Morton House. In front of it loafs the usual phalanx of actors. There are all kinds of them, the genteel, the shabby genteel, the shaven, the unshaven, some dressed with discreet elegance, others decked in garish plaids. They chew, spit, smoke, converse in groups, fix the women who pass. No one knows more of these fellows than hail-fellow-well met Gus Heckler, of the *Dramatic News*. No one can touch them off better in a sketch than Blakely Hall, who signs his articles in the *Sun*.

It is now six o'clock. Suppose we drop into the Morton House and take a cocktail before dinner.

Lewis Rosenthal.

Mme. Nilsson's marriage to Count Miranda will take place at Mentone, on February 15, and will be a quiet affair, only the Spanish and Swedish Consuls and a few friends being invited.



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Sly the Tinker.....	Mr. Gilbert
The False Lucentio.....	Mr. Bond
The False Vincentio.....	Mr. Wood
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Balcony (rear rows).....\$1 | Second Balcony.....50c



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Lord Dayrell.....	Geo. Olmi
Philip Jervaux.....	E. W. Hoff
Sir Mulbery Mullit.....	Ellis Ryse
Peter.....	Mr. H. A. Cripps
Annette.....	Miss Ida Eissing
Capt. Hazzard.....	Miss Bessie Fairbain
Madge.....	Miss Celie Eissing
Folliet.....	Miss C. Blanchard
Cosmo.....	Miss G. Hollingsworth
Giles.....	W. F. McLaughlin
First Keeper.....	A. Maina
First Lackey.....	C. Daly
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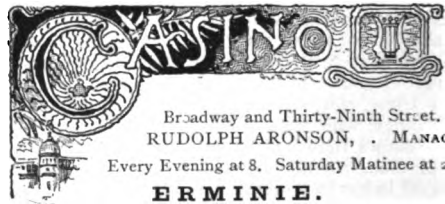
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Rit Bloomfield	William West
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An Unfortunate	Miss Annie Langdon
Kate, a Ballet Girl	Mrs. Kehoe
Mrs. Kehoe	Miss Nellie Wetherell
Mrs. Silvie Dreams	Miss Emily Yeamans

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DESHLER WELCH . . . EDITOR AND MANAGER

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*** All articles appearing in THE THEATRE are written especially for it unless credited otherwise.

DRIFT.

MISS HELEN H. HATTON'S work as a painter has been seen and admired in New York. Her "Prosperity" was purchased by Mr. Congressman Starin, and there are in this city several portraits from her easel. One of her daintiest studies is "Margaret at the Shrine," exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, London, and at the Walker Gallery in Manchester, and now in the possession of Miss Ellen Terry, of whom it is a poetic and suggestive portrait in her latest Lyceum success.

MR. CHARLES B. WELLES, of Lawrence Barrett's Company, explained to me one day last week the plan of the Booth-Barrett tour for next season of two hundred nights: "Julius Cæsar" will be the principal play, with Booth as *Brutus* and Barrett as *Cassius*; "Othello," with Booth as *Iago* and Barrett as the *Moor*; "Hamlet," with Booth as the *Prince* and Barrett as the *Ghost*; "Leah," with Booth as the *King* and Barrett as *Edgar*; "Macbeth," with Booth as the *Thane of Cawdor* and Barrett as the *Thane of Fife*; "The King's Pleasure" and "The Merchant of Venice," with Barrett as *Gringoire* and Booth as *Shylock*; and a possible seventh programme, with Booth as *Don Cæsar* and Barrett as *Don Felix* or *David Garrick*. It seems to me that Mr. Booth ought now to play the part of *Othello* to Barrett's *Iago*. This is considered by many people to be one of his strongest parts, and in Germany was pronounced the greatest of *Othellos*. This proposed combination of our two leading actors will probably result in large

financial profit as well as brilliant performances.

MR. RUDOLPH ARONSON has sent to the Actors' Fund of America a check for one thousand six hundred and seven dollars, the proceeds of the recent benefit performance at the Casino.

AN important music note from Germany informs us that Emil Götze, the great Cologne tenor, imitates to perfection the notes of all the feathered tribes without twitching his lips, or, indeed, moving a muscle of his face, preserving all the while a look of perfect indifference, as though the matter did not concern him in the least. The world abounds in ventriloquists, but Götze belongs to the much more select circle of ventrosibilants. Götze once visited a toy shop and asked to be shown a few speaking dolls. No sooner had he touched one of the figures on the critical spot than to every one's amazement it sang like a canary. The wonder increased when he snatched up another puppet, which gave out the note of a quail. The shopman began to think the unknown customer was a sorcerer, and was considerably relieved when Götze declared his identity.

THERE is a sad piece of news floating about and if there is no truth in it, sweet Miss Annie Robe ought to contradict the statement that she is engaged to be married to Mr. Wright Sanford. If it is true, Miss Robe will probably not regard it as sad, for she doesn't realize how many admirers she has who will be fired by jealousy.

I HAVE it on good authority that certain young English actors belonging to Mr. Wallack's company, not meaning either Mr. Bellevue or Mr. Kelcey, have frequently amused themselves during the run of "A School for Scandal," by standing at the wings and "guying" Mr. John Gilbert's performance in a most disrespectful manner. If these young men would try and profit by some of the delightful art he teaches and endeavor to become as honored as this noble man is in his profession and out of it, they would at least appreciate the instincts of a gentleman.

IT is reported that M. Octave Feuillet has

just finished a new comedy in four acts called "Le Divorce de Juliette," which is to be played at the Comédie Française next winter. There are four characters only in the piece, and the subject is that of a young married couple who, a few months after their union, find that they cannot live in community of ideas and sentiments. The young wife, rather than be unfaithful to her husband, demands a divorce, and the *dénouement* will be known about November next. M. Feuillet has been, writes a correspondent, pursuing his studies in the noble faubourg where the conversation of the young girls, as he told us last year, would make a monkey blush if he could hear it.

THIS is from an English paper in Mexico: "Patti is as brown as a nut, as cheery as a bird, as lively as a cricket, and as full of melody as any first-class angel either side the line."

THE London *World* says that playgoers who saw the Daly Company in "A Night Off" at the Strand need scarcely trouble to see it again as performed at the Opéra Comique; but those who did not see it before should remedy the omission. Mr. Fred Kaye as *Justinian Babbit* mimics Mr. James Lewis with wonderful precision, and is consequently very amusing. Mr. Beveridge as *Marcus Brutus Snap* also imitates Mr. Leclercq, but is, if anything better. The other characters are all notably inferior to their American originals; but the farce is in itself so lively and spirited that it goes very well even under the altered circumstances.

THE London *Truth*, in speaking of the absurd custom used in marking the prices for sheet music, says:

"The marked price is entirely delusive. Should the music be unbound and marked four shillings, I should not dream of giving even the half of four shillings for it. But if it be bound, the price marked is usually net. If the music be published by Messrs. Boosey, or one or two other firms, the charge is nominally net, although the shopkeeper will generally give some sort of discount. At the stores, and other large establishments, I can arrive pretty nearly at the mark by the laborious process of dividing the marked price of four shillings by two, and then deducting 33 per cent. from the quotient. But I find that the price of some music marked net must not be halved at all before the discount is deducted; and, furthermore, that on vocal scores and other stitched or bound books the discount rarely exceeds 25 per cent. To describe this as a state of confusion seems almost too mild a term to apply."

In this country a good deal of this nonsense prevails, but not, I believe, to such an extent. The piano dealers here cap the climax by issuing catalogues with prices marked at least double the amount the instruments can be purchased for, the discount averaging fully fifty per cent. On inquiry at a prominent establishment, I asked the reason, and was informed that "it is the custom;" that people would not

believe a piano was of a first-class manufacture if the price it could be bought for was marked. Doubtless a great many people pay the published prices because they are ignorant of the sham, and thus realize for the maker an enormous profit.

THAT "sassy" paper, the Buffalo *Express*, says: "Mr. Howells having failed as a playwright, may now be expected to critically demolish Shakespeare."

It has been cabled to this country that Miss Grace Hawthorne, the "American actress," has leased the Princess' Theatre, in London, over the head of its present lessee, Mr. Wilson Barrett, and the latter has promptly denied the story. Miss Hawthorne, through the shrewd manipulation of her manager, one Kelly, is obtaining considerable advertising. She was first known as Grace Courtland, as Grace Hawthorne, on account of the other Grace Courtland "the witch of Wall Street," who was a dime museum attraction. In the fall of 1883 Mr. Kelly brought out his new star at the Chicago Grand Opera House, where she appeared one night in "Camille." She had played before under the name of Grace Courtland at the North Side Museum, in Chicago, and appeared, among other pieces, in "The Sea of Ice." Of late she has sprung into sudden observation because she has been appearing at the Olympic Theatre, London, and has been negotiating with Sardou for the English rights of "Theodora."

MRS. LANGTRY has been furnished another advertising boom this week by the widely published cablegram that her husband was dead. Yet she is not positive whether she is now a widow or not. She answered the question in a bewitchingly sorrowful way that she was awfully uncertain about things; that her husband had been wandering about the north of Wales under assumed names.

THIS Monday night, Miss Dauvray brings forward Charles Reade's "Masks and Faces," after careful rehearsal by intelligent people. Miss Coghlan will produce "London Assurance" at the Union Square Theatre, and at the Park, Mr. Harrigan will exhibit his new play of "McNooney's Visit." I hope that THE THEATRE will be able to record distinguished success for all three of them.

THE new opera "Nordissa," the libretto and music of which are by the English composer Corder, was performed last Wednesday

night in Liverpool under the direction of Carl Rosa with great success. The American tenor, Mr. Scovil, assumed the leading part. The music is described as being of the "composite" order, and it is even insinuated that an overture is very suggestive of the "Mikado." Yet with all these peculiarities it was pronounced charming and deliciously entertaining. An exhibition of technical skill is shown in a song where the simple strain is harmonized in five different keys.

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MY contributor who last week discussed in THE THEATRE, the dramatic and musical critics of New York, did not dwell sufficiently on the feuilletonists and play-house reviewers of the olden time. They form an interesting group. In the days of President Jefferson and Governor Tompkins, when Gotham had a population of a hundred thousand; when Pearl Street and Park Row were full of middle class private residences; when Broadway between the Battery and Wall, was what Fifth Avenue is in our time; when the Bowery was rustic and Union Square a wilderness, in 1807, three young men, William Irving, James K. Paulding and Washington Irving issued "Salmagundi," and proved themselves our earliest feuilletonists. Two years before, John Howard Payne had published the *Thespian Mirror*, but this dramatic weekly ran only through fourteen numbers and left no trace behind. The authors of "Salmagundi," however, were successful, gently pessimistic and innocuously severe in the treatment of town and stage topics. When their wordy tilt was over, neither killed nor wounded lay on the field of battle. Everybody laughed and was satisfied.

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"LAUNCELET LANGSTAFF, ESQ.," "William Wizard, Esq.," "Anthony Evergreen, Gent.," were the predecessors in our ephemeral literature of "Philip Slingsby," known to fame as Nathaniel Parker Willis. This dandy contemporary of Disraeli the Younger and D'Orsay, this poet, sketcher, traveler, was the typical feuilletonist of the New York of fifty years ago. The city had quintupled since "Salmagundi" days. Business had begun to monopolize the lower part of town and the "Upper Ten Thousand," as Willis dubbed them, had already turned their faces toward Washington Square. Society craved for light sketches and Willis obliged society. He gave them "Hurrygraphs." He made "Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil." He wrote for the *Home Journal*, and published articles in the *Mirror*. Tall, handsome, worldly-wise, with a nature, says Lowell, like a glass of champagne with the foam out, Willis touched on

every variety of subject, but excelled in his accounts of footlight facts and green-room fancies. He seems to have written hastily, with an ivory-tip lead, just as he would on a dance-card. Life seemed a masked ball to him. He saw that the show was all a sham and yet he loved it. His style was as jerky as a ride on a buck-board. His opinions were often as disconnected as sound hygiene and a modern ball dress. Both his style and his opinions, however, were sure of holding his readers. That was what he wanted.

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THOSE were glorious days when Willis wrote—the time of Jenny Lind and Henrietta Sontag, of Malibran and Alboni, of Truffi and Brignoli, of Mario and Grisi—days when Society first extended its gloved hands to Art, and bade it welcome to Manhattan.

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THE style of George William Curtis, tall and distinguished in appearance, formerly musical critic of the *Tribune*, now the feuilletonist of *Harper's*, differs from the style of Willis. There is no persiflage, no scattering fusillade of wit, no epigram, on his page; but there is the familiarity, the conversational ease of manner, the fondness for anecdote, which characterize Continental chroniclers. Curtis has the genial humor of Irving plus the transcendental loftiness of Emerson. Whether he speak of Wagner or of Gilbert and Sullivan, of Booth or of Warren, he is always interesting, he is always instructive.

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ONE of the tallest, if not one of the greatest, musical and dramatic critics of Gotham was Richard Grant White. He wrote musical criticisms for the *Courier and Enquirer* in his day, and dramatic criticisms for the *Times*. He edited Shakespeare. He gave us the history of stage and opera in the magazines. His manner was severely judicial, his phrases correct and well punctuated. But he was cold and unsympathetic. The best things I know of this philologist are a pun and an interview. It was White who nicknamed the obese father of the diva of song *Patti de foie gras*. It was White who told us how he one morning visited Truffi in her room, and how his illusions vanished when he found her a slovenly woman, unkempt, unwashed, with bologna sausages and soiled shoes, a bonnet and a shawl, music and a half bottle of wine, on her piano—a woman coarse in her manners, stupid in her talk.

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SUCH disillusiones, by the way, often come to men who write for the stage, or about it. When we see some theatre beauty in the dry

light of daily life, we are often tempted to say to her what Denis Diderot tells us in his "*Paradoxe sur le Comédien*" he said to the celebrated Clairon the first time he saw her in her apartments: "Ah, Mademoiselle, I pictured you at least a head taller!" *Trophonius.*

ROSINA VOKES'S LIFE.

A GREAT many people have in fond recollection "The Vokes Family." Their performances of "*Belles of the Kitchen*," several years ago, was a novelty in this country, and the idea suggested similar attempts by American actors and actresses, but none of them have ever equaled the merry, romping and innocent stage antics of the Vokes's. Rosina Vokes, who is now at the Standard Theatre with her own company, tells her life as follows:

There were four of us in all, Frederick, Jessie, Victoria, and myself. Fawdon Vokes was not a Vokes really. He was simply Mr. Fawdon. We were born in the heart of London, and like all city children, our little joys were confined to the narrow streets. I think we were born with a love for the stage in our hearts, for we could all sing and dance before we could either speak or walk without stumbling. Almost from babyhood we were brought up on Shakespeare, and it was a diet we loved. My brother Frederick was always spouting lines written by the great bard, and fragments of them became so firmly fixed in my memory that I shall never forget them. I was the youngest of all the children. Before I was three years of age I had heard so much about the stage that I was as anxious as my brother or sisters to grow up and be an actress. We were encouraged in our ambition, and I can distinctly recollect when we first made the acquaintance of the tragedians Phelps and Creswick. I thought them the grandest people in the world. They were kind, and used to talk to us about well-known theatrical people. My aunt, Mrs. Field, had a large knowledge of the training necessary to shape an actress, and, when she found that no other walk in life was considered by us as so free from thorns as the theatrical profession, she took us to Plymouth. Here we were taught elocution and stage action.

I was not four years of age at this time, but I shared the studies of my brother and sisters. Our daily work did not begin and end at the theatre in Plymouth, where we were taught our lessons, but it began and ended at home, under the tuition of Mrs. Field, who was an untiring teacher and an able critic. We learned "*Romeo and Juliet*," "*Macbeth*," and many other similar plays, and at the end of a few years we were all anxious to appear before an

audience. My sister Victoria had carefully studied the part of *Amy Robsart*, and a London manager permitted her to play it. She did admirably, and each one of us was immediately fired with an ambition to go and do likewise.

But my aunt was a music teacher, and deemed it better that we should grow accustomed to the glare and tinsel of the stage before we appeared in parts that tried the best talent in England, and so arrangements were made for us to join a pantomime troupe that was preparing for a tour through the provinces. The troupe met with success, and showed in all the big cities. We were known as the Vokes family, and I have reason to believe that we were popular. It was thought that we were essentially pantomimists, but we were in truth anxious to adopt other and more pretentious rôles. The greatest affection existed between us, and my aunt, appreciating this, conceived the idea of writing a play in which we could all appear. She wrote "*The Belles of the Kitchen*," and it was ready for us in 1870. A young man named Frederick Fawdon appeared with us, and we were so pleased with him that it was decided that he should remain with us. He did so, adopting the name of Fawdon Vokes, and our family was increased by one. "*The Belles of the Kitchen*" was first produced at the Drury Lane Theatre.

My aunt died in 1882, and her death was a terrible blow to all of us. She was a sincere friend, an astute adviser, and a clever writer. We had not ceased grieving over her death when Jessie, my elder sister, was taken sick and died in a short time, and the family for a time was broken up, but my brother, Mr. Fawdon, and my sister Victoria are still going the beaten rounds in the English provinces, while I am over here. In 1877 I was married to Cecil Clay, an English barrister. I did not appear again on the stage for several years. My brother and sisters, with Mr. Fawdon, were almost constantly before the public. There were many reasons why I returned to the stage, and one of the reasons was because I had several very good offers of profitable engagements. I used to dance, but of late my ankles have taken to swelling when I dance, and so I have been compelled to conduct myself very sedately. Several members of my company were only amateurs before they came here, and I am glad to say that their talent is appreciated. London is full of amateurs, and I have seen many who were far superior to professional actors and actresses. Private theatricals are very popular there, and as long as they are so the profession can always be sure of all kinds of ready-made talent. I now intend spending most of my time here.

ART CHAT.

THE Salmagundi Exhibition closed on Wednesday night last with excellent results, and the American Art Galleries will be closed forthwith for the reception of the Stewart Collection, which will open about the 20th of next month.

THE very fact that the name of A. T. Stewart has been for years a household word over this broad land indicates that the importance of this sale is far greater than the Mary Morgan sale of last year. Persons who know nothing about art will be equally interested with the connoisseurs. And those who know nothing about painting, but a trifle about art, will flock to see such well-known masterpieces as Meissonier's "1807, or Friedland," for which \$60,000 is said to have been paid; Gérôme's "Circus Maximus," Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," and Munkacsy's "Visit to the Baby."

Remembering the crowds which thronged the galleries at the Morgan exhibition last year—to such a degree that at times it was impossible to see the pictures—I think it a pity that the same inconvenience promises to be in store for us again at the Stewart exhibition; for, as it will only continue about a month, we may be sure that day and night the rooms will be crowded.

The Association is at present preparing the luxurious catalogue of the collection, which is to cost \$25, the edition limited to 500 copies. It will contain some 16 etchings by Americans, such as Thomas Moran, R. Swain Gifford, W. M. Chase, Gerome Ferris, F. S. Church, and many other well-known etchers, from those paintings which lend themselves best to reproduction by aqua fortis; and about twice as many photogravures from the large and important figure-pieces; as well as a number of pen-and-ink sketches by Percy and Leon Moran and F. Hopkinson Smith.

This will indeed be a grand souvenir of the "Stewart Gallery."

I HAVE received the December number of *The Art Review*, published in this city. Having lately taken occasion to write plainly my estimation of the valuelessness of the Boston publication, *American Art*, it is truly a pleasure to be able to testify to the excellence of the publication before me. It is not, indeed, an ideal periodical, but I know too well the difficulties encountered in the attempt to establish a periodical devoted exclusively to art in this country, and I commend the moderation of the publisher in starting out by giving a few substantial plates rather than a great quantity of illustrations in the text. There is an etching by Thomas Moran, "The Cliffs of Green Riv-

er," and three photogravures from Edward R. Thaxter's "First Dream of Love" (sculpture), Alexander Harrison's marine "Evening," and Herbert Denman's figure "Mandolinato." I should say that with better printing Mr. Moran's etching could have been made more of. The photogravures from Messrs. Denman's and Harrison's paintings are exceedingly interesting.

The letter-press consists of four papers, "Some Representative Etchings," by Ripley Hitchcock; "The Subjects of American Paintings," Mrs. Edward W. Dodd; "Lettering as Decoration," Charles de Kay; "Country-House Designs," William A. Potter, and six or eight pages of Art Notes.

The subscription-price is five dollars a year.

I MET Mr. J. Ward Stimson, Superintendent of the Metropolitan Museum Art Schools, the other day, and I was very glad to learn from him that he has at present a much greater number of students than ever before, and that a class in "Illustrating and Etching," conducted by Mr. Charles A. Vanderhoof, has been added to the course—the only class of its kind in the city, and I should think it would become very popular. Mr. Vanderhoof teaches drawing from the cast, and, aided by a sketch and costume class, subjects are treated as if for book illustrations. Subjects are chosen—such, for instance, as "Rip Van Winkle"—a model is posed, and studies are made and backgrounds added, so that the student's power of originality and invention is brought in play, yet the main feature, the figure, is, as should be, taken from life. Mr. Vanderhoof is a young man of the finest artistic temperament, of wide experience, and well known both as an illustrator and an etcher. Another new class is that in "Wood Carving," conducted by Mr. C. Brower Darst (late of Cincinnati).

The school expects, next season, to be domiciled in the addition now being annexed to the Metropolitan Museum in Central Park, where, with additional facilities, Mr. Stimson will, no doubt, succeed in establishing a school where every branch of art will be taught to the artist or artisan by the best of teachers, and for the most moderate of sums. The tuition fees now are in no class higher than \$15 for the whole school year! and in eight of the twelve classes but \$10!

I don't know exactly whether Mr. Stimson wanted me to publish the fact or not, but I think it ought to be known, that Mr. Henry G. Marquand has given the school \$60,000 worth of casts from the antique, which they will have upon their advent into the new building in Central Park. Bravo, Mr. Marquand! that's a noble gift.

E. K.

THE ART OF ACTING.

ART deals with results, not with the means of arriving at results. Anything in an unfinished or incomplete state cannot be called a work of art.

The use of natural gifts of a high order to the successful accomplishment of most perfect results constitutes the artist. There may be various degrees of artistic perfection. The first requisite to art is a high state of intellectuality, either inborn or acquired.

Talent alone will not suffice for the making of a *great* actor or actress. A pleasing appearance, a good voice and an ardent temperament must receive *intellectual* direction and control; whilst, on the other hand, intellect without the other advantages will never make a great stage artist in its serious spheres.

Where these advantages and gifts are all combined in one individual, study, ambition and actual experience will hasten success that is bound to come in a fair degree; but it must be borne in mind by those who wish to choose the stage for their field of usefulness, with a firm belief in their ability of reaching the highest pinnacle of its fame, that many are doomed to sad disappointment. Modesty in their aspirations will be safest, for it will lessen the degree of disappointment in the end.

Even the possession of all the advantages indicated will not always insure greatness; for without that indefinable, inborn capacity of the soul which instantly electrifies the entire body,—without that quick emotion which starts the blood on a rush to the very finger-ends and lights up that mirror of the soul, the eye, with the flash of inspiration,—without that acute sensibility and feeling which gives the tones of sublime truth and irresistible penetration to the voice, making the hidden meaning of the author clear, and giving the color of actuality to action and situation,—without that indescribable magnetic power, superior to opposition in the interpreter, which grapples the susceptible listener “with hooks of steel,” thrills his soul with pleasure or sadness at will, and holds him spellbound in the vise of true art,—without this sublime fire, which does not destroy feeling, but adds to its intensity,—in fact, without a poetic soul,—without this hallowed gift, wholly unknown to those who have never been subjected to its magic influence,—without this, nothing like honored greatness and distinction can be achieved in the little mimic world of the stage.

Those who possess this sacred power in conjunction with a bright intellect, natural talents and a normal physique, are the chosen few, who cannot be crushed when once within the precincts of the footlights. Sometimes it discovers itself early, sometimes later on; but

when it does, it changes the nettle-garb of the stage into a silken gown, and the crown of thorns into a diadem for its possessors. Once fully aroused in the strugglers for fame, this divine fire obliterates completely the wounds of the inevitable misery and drudgery of an early career. The world hears of them.

Edmund and Charles Kean, the elder Booth, Rachel, Mathilde Heron, Murdoch, Charlotte Cushman and Ristori had this sacred power—they had the souls of poets. So had Edwin Forrest, although during many of his earlier years his *over*-abundance of physical power “outran the pauser reason.” Salvini, Janau-schek, Rossi, and even Sara Bernhardt, have it. Irving, Modjeska, Edwin Booth, Clara Morris and Lawrence Barrett are not wholly without it, and know fairly well how to hide their occasional shortcomings in this regard by intellectual force and hard work. In Mary Anderson it is still slumbering. She is one of the prominent favorites of the stage who, *unfortunately*, has not passed through the hardships, the disappointments and the moral shipwrecks of her profession—these trials and struggles which are in many cases so necessary to fully awaken and kindle this divine fire and poetry of the soul. Genial John McCullough never possessed it. Wilson Barrett, though a very capable and intelligent actor, seems to lack it, at least as yet. Louis James, Lewis Morrison, Fanny Davenport, James O’Neil, Marie Prescott, Mantel, and a number of our younger people of to-day, sometimes rise to points where they seem to indicate the deep roots of it. Miln, the preacher-actor, no doubt, feels that it is in him. Its positive possession will atone for many minor defects in an actor or actress, such as time may cure. Its total absence has seldom, if ever, been successfully supplanted by the hard work and the routine of a lifetime. *Otto Peltzer.*

IMPROVING WITH EACH ISSUE.

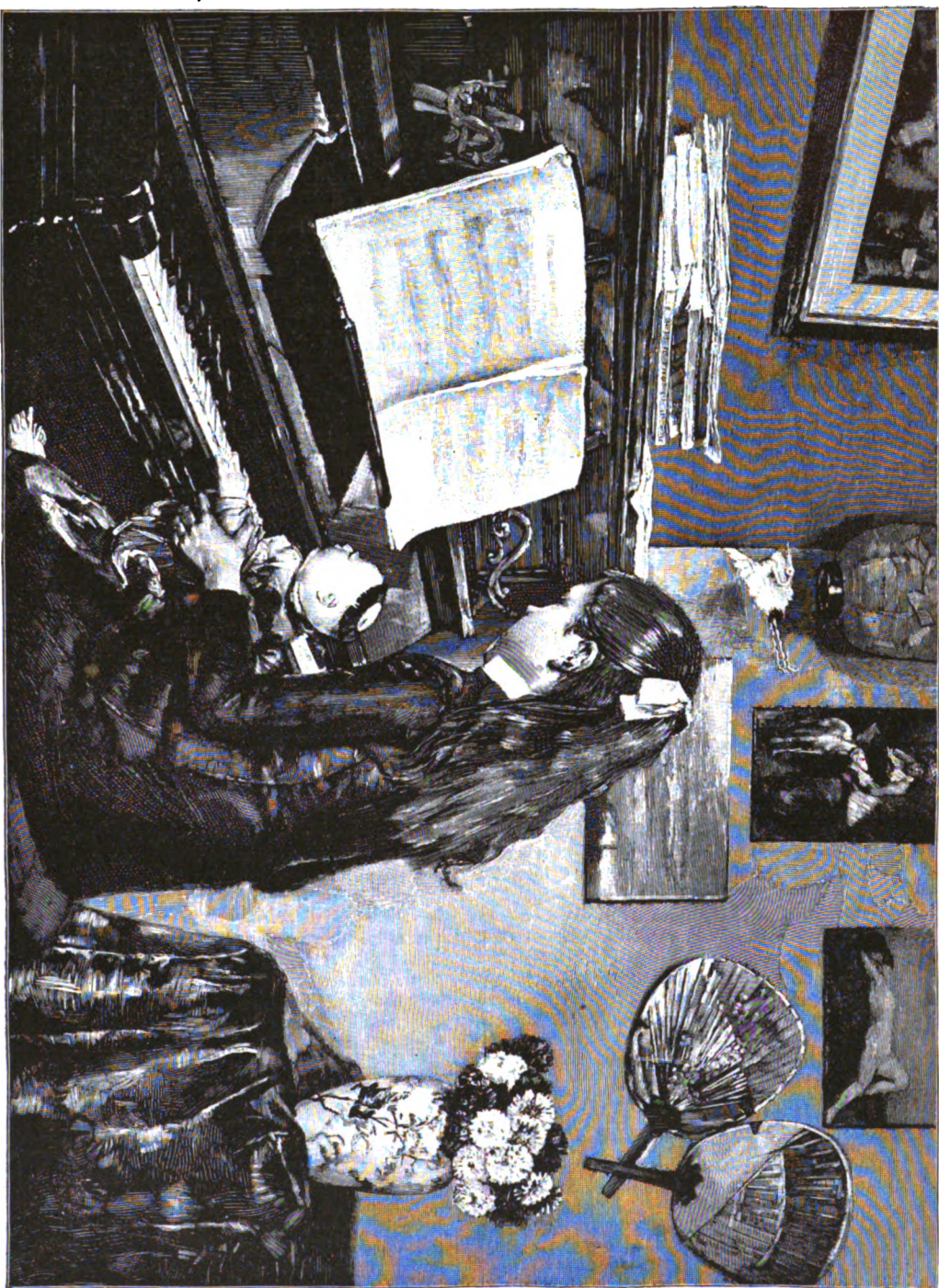
(From the *Minneapolis Tribune*, Dec. 13.)

THE THEATRE, the most attractive of the New York theatrical weeklies, is gaining a wide constituency among those who find that the playhouse, when properly conducted, is one of the moral levers of the time, and not as black as the sins of a conspicuous few who appear upon its stage. THE THEATRE is a bright little magazine, devoted to the drama, music, art and literature, and not to the scandalous gossip of the stage. It improves with each number.

PUSHING TO THE FRONT!

(From the *Cleveland Plaindealer*.)

The New York THEATRE, under the editorship and management of Deshler Welch, is rapidly pushing to the front in dramatic journalism. In a recent issue the editor extends the following invitation to its readers: “If in the critical department of the paper any reader discovers the ring of truth lacking, the editor would be pleased to receive information to that effect. Exuberance may be detected in some of the notices, but don’t condemn that. In this unimpassioned era it is a lovely quality.”



A LESSON ON THE PIANO.

THE APPLAUSOMETER.

How often have we felt the necessity of calling the attention of our readers to the bombastic exaggerations to which the theatrical world has gradually accustomed itself! If one possesses talent, he is pronounced a *genius*; the simplest success is trumpeted as a grand triumph, while of an actress who plays quite nicely we hear, "She is incomparable!" In such exaggerations jealousy plays a very important rôle. The aspirants to public favors are not satisfied with applause, but will have more than their colleagues and rivals.

The noted Victor Koning, formerly director of the Renaissance Theatre in Paris, was accustomed to read continually in the journals that "On last evening the receipts at the Renaissance Theatre attained the maximum." One fine day, however, he tired of even this complimentary phrase. This "maximum" was occasionally attained by other directors also.

What was to be done? His creative brain invented a new idiom, which was for a long time imitated by all the enterprising journalists. It was: "The receipts at the Renaissance Theatre last evening were *more* than the maximum!" But the expression which at that time was exceptional has nowadays degenerated into a commonplace platitude. All the world at present—authors, directors, and artists—wish to attain "more than the maximum," and in this manner set their fellow-artists in the deepest possible shade. Here we have, for instance, Herr Purzelbaum, who recently inaugurated a "Festival," in Bummelsdorf, at which no compositions but his own were performed. On the following day we read in the newspapers "unprecedented applause." N. B.—"*sans précédent*." We thus see that all those who preceded Herr Purzelbaum were not applauded just *so*, or to such an extent. They were greeted with an insignificant applause, a kind of family—yes, so to speak—a sort of vest-pocket applause; while the grand, the true, the real and only acclamation, the applause "*sans précédent*," was awarded Herr Purzelbaum yesterday. Well! Who cares! But there *is* just one thing which, to my great chagrin, I cannot compress to my capacity.

How can Herr Purzelbaum, or, rather, how can his good friends measure, how can they estimate, so as to be able to assert definitely that his applause in Bummelsdorf was absolutely without parallel, hitherto unheard of, *sans précédent*? Other compositions have been heard in Bummelsdorf beside "die Hienenschlacht," and other concertos beside the X minor have been applauded. Where was the criterion by which Herr Purzelbaum could determine that the applause which he harvested was absolutely the

strongest heard up to date? What if Herr Purzelbaum had been in error? What if he merely *believed* he had received "unparalleled applause," when it was not at all without parallel? In order to obviate such doubts and distensions of the real facts in the future, I have invented an apparatus which I believe is very ingenious and useful.

It is the Applausometer. Observe how easy and simple of construction it is. We all know that clapping of the hands is the mode of expressing approbation in the theatre. Now, it is undeniable that this clapping of the hands sets in motion a certain quantity of air. This air, which is forced out of the auditorium by the hands employed in applauding, is carried through pipes to a tube which is connected with a large reservoir above the ceiling. This reservoir will be supplied with an indicator similar to that on a gas-meter, which will show the quantity of air which has been forced in. Now, can anything be simpler than this?

By this means Herr Purzelbaum will be enabled on the next occasion to announce with complete knowledge and scientific accuracy that he had an applause of 20 cubic meters, whereas Herr Kratzer received but 14.60 cubic meters, Herr Klöpfer but 13.25, etc. Furthermore, on the day when he succeeds in creating such an enthusiasm as to cause an *explosion* of the Applausometer, he may then, without fear of criticism, authorize his friends to announce that "His applause was altogether without parallel!"—*M. Jourvin, in the "Leipsiger Signale."* Translated by E. S. Kelley.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S LATEST.

The various newspaper correspondents and reports give confusing statements in regard to the success of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera of "Ruddygore; or, The Witches Curse," at the Savoy Theatre. It is admitted that there are elaborate finales, choruses, madrigals, and trios, charming solos, and much enthusiasm. Critics think there are fewer "taking" airs than in "The Mikado." The story of the opera is described as follows:

"*Sir Despard Murgatroyd*, of Ruddygore Castle, belongs to a line accursed. *Sir Rupert*, the founder of the house, employed his leisure and his riches in persecuting witches. One day he roasted a palsied hag on the village green. Before yielding up the ghost she pronounced a curse upon *Sir Rupert* and all his descendants, declaring that each Lord of Ruddygore should thenceforth forever commit one crime a day or die in torture. But *Sir Despard*, although compelled to commit a crime daily, is only half bad. He does his crime the first thing in the morning, and for the rest of the day he does good. He steals a child, and builds an orphan asylum; he robs a bank, and endows a Bishopric. Nevertheless, he is held in hearty detestation in the little village of Rederring. There are pretty girls without end. They constitute an endowed corps of professional bridesmaids. But they are not happy. Every young man in the village loves *Rose Maybud*, the prettiest girl of the lot, and until she makes her choice they

stand no chance of getting married. When she was a baby, *Rose* was left at the work-house door with only a change of baby-linen and a book of etiquette written by the wife of a Lord Mayor. The book of etiquette she regards as a voice from the tomb, and by its solemn precepts she tests the moral worth of all who approach her. Thus the village swains find little favor in her eyes except young *Robin Oakapple*, who combines the manners of a Marquis with the morals of a Methodist. With him she is desperately in love. *Robin* loves her also, but is too bashful to declare his affection; and etiquette will not permit *Rose* to give him a hint.

"At this juncture there turns up *Richard Dauntless*, *Robin's* foster-brother, a bold seaman belonging to the "Tom Tit," which has spared more French frigates than any other British craft afloat. *Richard* is not at all afflicted with modesty and undertakes to woo and win the fair *Rose* for *Robin*. But he falls in love with her on his own account, and *Rose*, despite her timidity and all the rules of etiquette, speedily succumbs to his rough and ready love-making. *Robin* comes upon them in the thick of it, and imagines that *Richard* has already won the coveted prize for him. He gives *Rose* a rapturous embrace and then learns that she has accepted his foster-brother. For a while the situation looks gloomy for *Robin*. But after discovering that *Robin* loves her, *Rose*, whose maiden modesty and Puritanical notions do not prevent her from properly appreciating worldly possessions, finds she has changed her mind and promises to wed *Robin* on the morrow. *Richard* knows that *Robin* is really *Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd*, lawful owner of Ruddygore, who to escape the curse that rests on his line had caused it to be given out that he was dead and allowed the younger brother to take the title and estate and consequent heritage of crime. *Richard* has always obeyed the dictates of his heart, and his heart now prompts him to reveal to *Sir Despard* the existence of this elder brother. *Sir Despard* eagerly seizes the opportunity to abandon his career of crime, and when all are assembled for the wedding of *Robin* and *Rose* he breaks up the festivities by announcing that *Robin* is *Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd* and ought to be playing the rôle of the wicked baronet. *Robin* acknowledges the deception he has practised, and his prospective bride and all his friends desert him. *Rose*, after a vain attempt to capture *Despard*, falls back on *Richard* again.

"The second act, passes in the picture gallery at Ruddygore Castle. The walls are covered with full-length portraits of all the twenty-one wicked baronets of Ruddygore. *Robin* wears the haggard aspect of a guilty rōu. Yet in his one week's career of crime he has fallen so far short of what the wicked baronet of Ruddygore ought to be that his ancestors are disgusted with him. Their pictures develop into ghosts, which step out of the frames, march round the stage and heap contemptuous epithets on the head of their degenerate descendant. He experiences the preliminary pangs of that agony which killed each successive baronet of Ruddygore for failing sooner or later to commit the requisite crime a day. He promises to mend his ways and ruthlessly abduct a virtuous lady that very day. Thus mollified the ghosts retire into the frames and turn into pictures again.

"But the abduction doesn't turn out well. He catches a Tartar in the person of *Dame Hannah Prim*, an old maid with the snows of some fifty winters thick on her head. She seizes the sword from a suit of armor and makes the now penitent baronet run for it. The most recently deceased of the ghostly ancestors pops up, surrounded by sulphurous flames, to ascertain what all the row is about. In *Hannah* he discovers the girl whom many years before he had wooed under an assumed name, but who had refused to marry him on learning that he was a Ruddygore baronet. The old flame revives. They fall to love-making, again. *Hannah* is nonplussed by the discovery that as the wife of a dead husband she would be only a widow after all. A bright idea strikes *Sir Ruthven*. Since a baronet of Ruddygore can only die through refusing to commit a daily crime, that refusal is tantamount to suicide which is itself a crime. Therefore all the baronets of Ruddygore are practically alive. The ghost, who has been making love to *Hannah*, joyfully summons all the ancestors from their picture-frames and they return to life again. *Ruthven*, no longer the baronet, since the first of the line has to resume the title, recovers *Rose*. *Richard* consoes himself with another lass, and all winds up merrily. In this act *Despard*, now able to indulge his philanthropic tastes, appears as the ruler of a Sunday School."

THE POET'S PLEA.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

BY WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON.

The story is told that Victor Hugo, concerning himself on behalf of one condemned, called on King Louis Philippe to intercede for the unfortunate man. It was a second compassionate effort of the poet's; but the hour was late, and the monarch, being now retired to bed, could not be seen. Not to be wholly balked of his purpose, Hugo left a plea, in suddenly improvised verse, on the table to meet the king's eye in the morning. There had been a recent death in the royal family of an idolized daughter, and a birth, too, as well. Of these incidents the poet avails himself in his quatrain, which, very closely rendered, runs as follows:

By your lost angel, dove-like from you flown,
By this sweet royal babe, fair, fragile reed,
Mercy once more! Be mercy, mercy shown!
In the tomb's name, and cradle's both, I plead.

The original may be subjoined for comparison: (Ye gods!)

*Par votre ange envolée ainsi qu'une colombe,
Par ce royal enfant, doux et frère rousan,
Grâce encore une fois! grâce au nom de la tombe!
Grâce au nom du berceau!*

The poet's plea availed.] (No!)

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

—From the *Independent*, January 19, 1887.

THAT appears on the first page of the *Independent* this week. New? Not at all. Old as the valley between the hills. As I cannot improve upon Eugene de Mirecourt, let me tell the story in his words, and give Mr. Shaw's translation. "By William Cleaver Wilkinson," forsooth! Listen to de Mirecourt, through Mr. Francis A. Shaw:

"An incident which occurred in 1839 is well worthy of mention. The sister of Barbès, a political offender condemned to the scaffold, had come to the poet imploring him to beg for her brother's pardon. A first attempt proved fruitless. The court was then in mourning for that gentle Marie of Wurtemberg, the angel of the royal family, stricken so early by the hand of death; and the Count de Paris had just been born. Hugo again sought the king. It was on the 12th of July at midnight. His majesty had just retired, and could not be seen. The poet wrote this stanza, which he left upon the table."

Then follows the stanza in French, exactly as above, and the translation, not exactly—thus:

"By that dove flown, that angel from you taken,
By this dear infant, royal yet so frail,
Pardon once more! Your pity to awaken.
Let both the cradle and the tomb avail."
"Victor Hugo."

If the *Independent* paid for the contribution "By William Cleaver Wilkinson," it has been imposed upon. If it did not pay, it deserves to be taken into camp. But the assurance of William Cleaver is what will keep me awake until Sol comes peeping over the eastern hills at Luna as she takes a header down the west.

John E. McCann.



THE WEEK.

"HARBOR LIGHTS."

Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's drama of "Harbor Lights," or rather the piece which is advertised as *constructed* by them, was produced at Wallack's Theatre, Thursday night, in an elaborate and careful manner. This play has had a singular success in London, where it is still running uninterruptedly since December 23, 1885. There is, of course, a plot in it but it is by no means original. There is some literary merit in it but not much, and there is some value in it as far as matters of human interest go—but not much. Like all English melodramas it contains the conventional 'squire with plenty of money and no morals, who loses the former by want of the latter, then endeavors to marry the village belle who is an heiress *incog.*, and who is engaged to an English lieutenant in the R. N., and, when foiled by the latter's prompt nautical methods in dealing with villains in general, and a sweetheart in particular, entices her to his manor-hall through the unwitting aid of her foster-sister, who has been seduced and discarded by him in previous days. Villain No. 2, the 'squire's cousin and agent, also an ex-officer of the R. N., hates the lieutenant as the cause of his dismissal for bad conduct. Villain No. 3 hates the 'squire for his treatment of the foster-sister, whom he loves, and when she goes to the hall to obtain restitution at the 'squire's hands he follows her, is followed by the lieutenant's bride, and in the 'squire's parlor the various meetings culminate in the shooting of the 'squire by this avenger of woman's purity. The murder is saddled on the lieutenant by the rascally agent, who nearly succeeds in making him swing for it; but various startling *dénouements* result in the discovery of the true murderer, the latter's drowning, and a general equalization of just reward for merit and punishment of vice.

The opening scene, "Redcliffe-on-the-sea," is a superb bit, and the transformation from *Nelson's* cottage to the 'squire's hall, in the second act, is ingeniously done. The third act

is the quarter-deck of H. M. S. *Britannic*, in which the careful attention to all ship details and nautical effects was remarkably faithful. In the fourth act these pictures characteristically triumphed in a succession of three—first a cottage interior, which disappeared in full view to give place to a high, rocky cliff; then followed the great scene where the life-boat appears riding over an angry sea dashing high against huge boulders, and a fine marine view closed the play.

The audience which greeted this play at Wallack's on Thursday night was even boisterously enthusiastic, and doubtless it will please many people for many nights to come. To analyze it critically would be to use more space than THE THEATRE can spare, and would serve no purpose. It is a melodrama of the most sensational order, and upon which a large amount of money has been expended. It is well acted, by a fine company, and presents a series of stage pictures of a remarkably skillful nature. Mr. Bellow plays the part of a persecuted young navy officer, whose bravery and manliness bring about good results, with vigorous and charming zeal. Mr. Henley plays a diabolical villain with a reality that is exasperating; and Messrs. Kelcey, Edwards and Clarke do all they can with characters which do not particularly try their art. Mr. Groves presents an interesting portrait of a hearty seadog. Miss Robe makes the success of the evening, and is closely followed by Miss Russell. In addition to a large company of people, a body of marines from the Brooklyn Navy Yard add to the general effectiveness by a cutlass drill on a ship-deck.

"THE MASCOT."

MR. NAT GOODWIN is responsible for a very comic revival of Audran's opera of "The Mascot" at the Bijou Theatre. He does nothing funnier than *Prince Lorenzo*, and the supporting company is a very good one. There is a bright chorus, and the stage setting is a decided improvement on several other "Mascots" we have had in New York.

BOSTON NOTES.

JAN. 26.—Mr. Louis James and Miss Marie Wainwright appeared in "Virginius," at the Globe Theatre, Monday night; Mr. Lawrence Barrett, at the Boston, opened the second and last week of his engagement with the continuance of "Rienzi"; Mr. Boucicault, in the "Jilt," at the Hollis Street, began his long engagement with Mr. Rich; and at the Museum, "Held by the Enemy" continues; while at the Park "The Humming Bird" proved the attraction. The notable features in this theatrical *menu* proved themselves to be Messrs. Boucicault and James, this with the latter emphasized by a "star," which would direct attention to the fact that as such he now appears for the first time in Boston. And in the selection of "Virginius" as his opening play, Mr. James has shown excellent taste. In its mountings and cast it created a most favorable impression upon the large audience, and Mr. James placed himself in a position as a worthy successor to the lamented McCollough. Possibly time will elevate him as the equal of the latter in this character, for Mr. James has physical and mental qualities fully answerable to such demands. As an emotional actor he is the superior in comparison. His voice is richer and more flexible. Without the suggestion of a false method he portrayed the majesty and grandeur of the old Roman with exquisite touch and thought. Miss Wainwright's *Virginia* was an artistic and lovable characterization.

The Hollis Street was also crowded, and Mr. Boucicault received an old-time reception in his appearance as *Miles O'Hara*, a character the equal of his *Conn* and *Shaun*. His company is very strong. Miss Thorndyke deserves special mention for her capital acting as *Kitty Woodstock*, her toilets being very handsome. The various stage-settings received a large portion of attention by reason of their splendid effectiveness. Next Monday Mr. Boucicault will produce his new play, "Fin MacCool," for the first time on any stage.

"Rienzi" has proved a sterling attraction, and Mr. Barrett and his excellent company will leave us with an endorsement as to its merits that no other city can improve upon, when the capacity of the Boston Theatre and the critical nature of our people are considered as a combination producing this result. The stage-mounting and costumes of this play are so faithful and handsome, that in themselves they create a superb attraction, and in Mr. Barrett's hands the telling lines and situations abounding therein receive an illustration that leaves nothing to be desired.

In his farcical comedy, "The Humming Bird," Mr. Nate Salisbury has a strong though not original play, one well calculated to set forth his own and Miss Nellie McHenry's artistic and laughable abilities.

"Held by the Enemy" steadily increases in favor at the Museum. Its production here by Mr. Field's own company is considered the equal of that given by the Madison Square Company, and by many superior to the latter in attention to artistic details in acting and military "business."

Yet, in the latter sense, there is still room for improvement, if viewed in the strict interpretation of "tactics," toward which so little attention is generally given by managers as striking features of a play, that to the military critic their absence would improve it, so comical do they appear in his eyes. A super is never supposed to be a raw recruit unless so billed. It is therefore a pleasure to note how little exception can be taken to that performed by the Museum Company in this respect, in regard to which something can be said in a future letter.

Henry Whiting.

CHICAGO NOTES.

JAN. 24.—The break in prices made by the Columbia Theatre, thus far, has only shown the excellent and far-seeing character of the judgment that dared to make such a move. Hooley's came into line a little reluctantly apparently, but there also is evidence of the sapientcy of the management in following a good lead. If all of the combinations booked during the year were of the first rate, one would not begrudge the paying of an extra half-dollar but the fact is that many of the companies that have played to \$1.50 down-town have gone on the west or north side to houses where the best seat was only one dollar.

Miss Davenport's business at the Columbia has been remarkable; standing room has been quite the regular condition, and we must attribute it largely to reduced rates. "Fedora" has been the most potent factor in her repertoire. Miss Davenport's performance does not appear to lose force by repetition. Her support is only fair. J. H. Barnes does not supply the place of Mantell. His success was immediate and great. I remember the first night of "Fedora" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and the questions that were asked concerning the new leading man. Before this he was unknown. Such opportunities come to few men, the part was fitted to the man, and he knew how to show it to best advantage.

Shakespeare reads, generally, better than he plays—very rarely is there any full amount of satisfaction in seeing the stock productions. A company adequate to give intelligent presentation of Shakespearean tragedy or comedy would be beyond all price. Shakespeare to the average theatre-goer is a dry tonic; the few lovers of him, for his own sake, find in hearing his lines murdered only bitterness of spirit and crushed hopes. A Booth, or Irving, can give pleasure, but the *play* being the thing, one is dissatisfied at the contrast between one character and his associates. A poor support often destroys the effect of the highest individual effort. At the present rate of declension, we shall expect before long to have monologue productions, one-part performances, the audience being supplied with "acting copies" to follow the context—"it were better so" perhaps.

Miss Kate Forsyth produced her new play, "Faithful Hearts," by Clinton Stuart. The play is Camilleish, without the extreme *naturalism* of the French piece. It is more than an ordinarily

good play, and the company doing it good. Worth costumes have a special line on the bill—no doubt a powerful attraction. Millinery and dress goods have much to do with stage effects. Costume is no worse with us than it was in the "palmy days." *Othello* has been done in a red coat and full-bottomed wig. John Kemble dressed him in the complete uniform of a British general of his time.

J. B. C.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

JAN. 26.—Mrs. Langtry entered the second week of her engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Monday night, before a large and fashionable audience. Her pleasing impersonation of the sentimental *Pauline* was particularly gratifying. Charles Coghlan, as *Claude*, did not permit any of that "repressed force" which he is popularly supposed to possess, to escape.

Louis Aldrich, in "My Partner," was the attraction at the Arch Street Theatre, and it is safe to say, the stirring scenes and dramatic incidents of this familiar play never met with a more cordial reception. Next week Modjeska enters on an engagement at this theatre, and her production of "Les Chouans" is anticipated with pleasure by the admirers of this gifted artiste.

The second week of "Lorraine" opened at McCaull's Opera House, before a good house. Some of the melodies of this latest work of Dellinger are exquisite, and the orchestration throughout the entire work is rich and striking. Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddygore" is announced to be performed at McCaull's, February 21, one week later than the New York presentation.

"Victor the Blue Stocking," as sung by the Boston Ideal Company, has met with a phenomenal success, and while this may be partly attributed to the general excellence of the company, yet the greater part of it is undoubtedly the result of the artistic and infectious acting and singing of Mlle. Zélie de Lussan.

A rumor flew around town last night that Mr. Langtry had died in England. Mrs. Langtry, between the acts last night, said that she was unable to give any information on the subject, but had cabled to England to ascertain the truth of the report.

Mr. Israel Fleishman, of the Walnut Street Theatre, will produce in May an original play by Nelson Wheatcroft, entitled, "Gwynne's Oath," and promises to give the play the benefit of a strong company and setting. J.

BROOKLYN NOTES.

There was no lack of good entertainment here last week, for the crowded houses at all the leading theatres gave ample proof of the assertion. "Theodora" was presented at the Brooklyn Theatre, with all of its wonderful splendor and magnificent costumes. Miss Olcott was on her native heath, and she spared no effort to please her many admirers in this city.

Mr. Miner's theatre is growing steadily more and more popular through Mr. Hamilton's good management.

At the Park Theatre "A Bunch of Keys" unlocked many a stony heart and caused the walls of that popular resort to re-echo with tumultuous laughter. All the songs, jokes and dances are new, and added in no small degree to the already provokingly funny play. Col. Sinn has a splendid schedule of coming attractions, and business will be very brisk at the Park, judging from the past successes.

Messrs. Knowles & Morris, of the Grand Opera House, during the entire season have provided their many patrons with attractions of much merit. Last week "The Lights of London" was played to crowded houses every night. These gentlemen have popularized their theatre greatly by announcing the prices for reserved seats at matinées, 50 and 25 cents. These prices sell the entire house.

Notwithstanding the severe criticism by a certain New York daily, upon M. Joseffy's piano recital at the Brooklyn Academy of Music recently, musicians (both of New York and Brooklyn) of acknowledged rank in their profession, consider Joseffy's renditions of Rubinstein's intricate compositions second only to those of Dr. Von Bulow.

THE WITCHES' KITCHEN.*

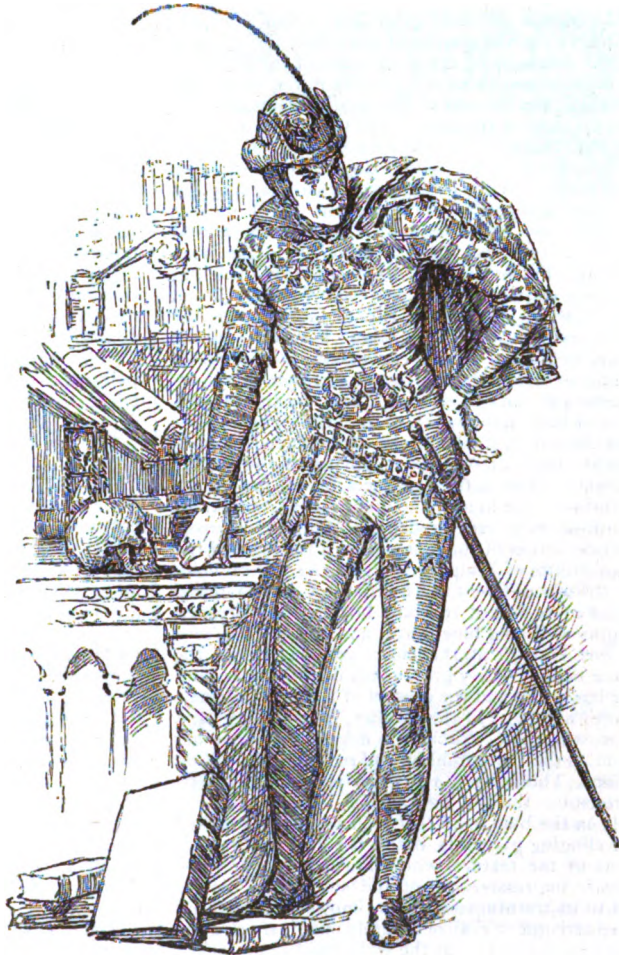
BY JOSEPH HATTON.

"FAUST" was produced at the Lyceum Theatre on the 19th of December, 1885. In a speech which closed the proceedings of that interesting night, Mr. Irving expressed a hope that the time might come when he could venture to extend the production with a representation of the Students' Cellar and the Witches' Kitchen. On Monday, November 15, 1886, the two hundred and forty-fourth night of the tragedy, he fulfilled as much of this vague suggestion as it seems possible for him to accomplish. The popular player as a rule, when he becomes a manager, selects his stage work with a view to the advancement of his position as an actor. Mr. Irving's policy exhibits a wider and more catholic spirit than this, and it is not alone influenced by financial success. The more the public crowded into the theatre to see the German mystery, the more Mr. Irving worked at the idea of the Witches' Kitchen. An ordinary manager would have said, "Let well alone;" but Mr. Irving is not an ordinary manager. The success of "Faust" is phenomenal. There has been nothing like it in the history of the Lyceum Theatre, nor indeed in the record of any other house. The demand for seats to-day is as great as in the first week of the production, and there seems every probability of the piece running for at least another year. The reprint from *The Art*

* Mr. Joseph Hatton's book on "The Lyceum 'Faust'" is entering upon a new edition, which is to contain a supplementary note devoted to the new scene lately introduced into the tragedy in deference to what cynics call "Goethe-maniacs." This brief essay constitutes the letter-press addition to the new book, and is published in *THE THEATRE* by special arrangement with the author.

Journal of my two articles on the artistic phases of "Faust" have sold thirty thousand copies, and the sale goes on with the same regularity as in the first days of its publication; a remarkable instance of the vitality of good work, which observation applies to the subject of the souvenir volume. Mr. Irving had already given a hint of Auberch's cellar in the drinking incident of the first act. The revelry and dialogue of the Goethe scene are utterly foreign to English experience, but witchcraft is an old English story. The Witches' Kitchen lends itself to scenic treatment and to histrionic illustration. The moment Mr. Irving was convinced that "Faust" was a financial as well as an artistic success—and without the former the latter is of no avail in theatrical management—he commenced a careful study of witchcraft, its rituals, its traditions, its mysteries, and its mummeries. Much as students of the subject have written about witchcraft, the ceremonies, rituals, and "hocus-pocus" of the craft are nowhere described in anything like the detail that one might have expected. The "filthy hags" themselves are illustrated, and their ceremonies in view of particular and individual operations are occasionally described with some particularization, but in view of reproduction for the stage the artist is left very much to his own resources of imagination, except so far as the traditional representation of obscene beasts and the well known symbols of the wizard's trade are concerned.

Goethe indicates, with a strong hand, the thick and slab atmosphere of the gruesome scene which Mr. Irving has delineated, but there are no instructions as to the "properties" and "business" of the witch's incantation. It is here that the art of the stage-manager comes in. The ritual of the witch's mystic ceremonial, as played at the Lyceum, is a poetic invention, an inspiration of the theme, but inspiration backed with knowledge. Just as Mr. Irving went to Nuremberg to study the Goethe country before the production of "Faust," so did he delve into the strange, weird, unhallowed depths of wizard literature before attempting to try and realize the Goethe dream—or nightmare—of the Witches' Kitchen. Among the curious volumes which he unearthed during his investigations of the strange accumulations of rare books in London, is one which belonged to a murderer who was hanged at Newgate. Acting upon ancient recipes for tormenting and destroying



HENRY IRVING AS MEPHISTOPHELES.

those whom he hated or feared, the criminal had, with pins and needles, stabbed the vital parts of certain figures in this witch's book; and there it is to this day, pictures, pins, and all, grim and horrible evidence of the superstition which for years afflicted this country, harassed New England in the United States, and traces of which crop up in out-of-the-way places even in these days of "light and leading."

While the new scene at the Lyceum is almost a literal translation of Goethe, in word and action the details of the witch's incantation are the invention of the manager. It may well be that Mr. Irving may have caught a suggestion for the blazing wand from Mr. Waterhouse's picture in last year's Academy, "The Magic Circle." The notion of the lighted candles is taken from an old engraving in the actor-manager's library. As for

the rest, the curiously grim things that form the witch's ring, the closing of the circle, the opening of the magic book, the assumption of the ritualistic collar, the assistance of the apes in the impressive formula, and the rest of the mystic business, this is the creation of the actor; and it must be said that in the character of *Mephistopheles* Mr. Irving dominates the scene with a singular masterfulness and power. While in some of his satirical speeches he may be regarded as the mouthpiece of such as are inclined to cynicism in his audience, he is at the same time speaking the words of Goethe, who, through the medium of *Mephistopheles*, scoffed at his own inspiration of "senseless witchcraft" and "loathsome madness." The incident of the Witches' Kitchen is valuable, however, to the play, not simply as a concession to the severe disciples of Goethe, but as an example of the influences at work to subdue *Faust*, by the temptation of love, in the vision of the beautiful woman—not *Margaret*, it should be remembered—and in further elucidation of the mysticism of the ancient legend. The artistic aspects of the scene are manifold; the tone of the picture is in remarkable contrast with the Brocken. While the superstitious action of the scene gives a foretaste of the wild frolics of Walpurgis night, the key of color is entirely different. The tone of the Witches' Kitchen is full of reds and browns; the Brocken begins with cold blue-grays, and though the tone is hot enough at the close, you never lose the sense of that pearly-gray which distinguishes both the landscape and the dresses of the creatures who come and go in its dances, processions, and choruses. The Witches' Kitchen, on the other hand, is dark and sombre, and red is the prevailing color. The dress of the witch is eminently characteristic; the feeling of age is conveyed not only in the blue mold that seems to have attacked her clinging garments, but in the worn and ragged folds of the texture, which indicate decay. The artistic impressiveness of the scene as a picture lies in its truthfulness. One knows that the thing is an attempt to realize a purely imaginary and impossible incident; but the work has been attacked with so much earnestness, and with such an assumption of belief in its truth, that we have a real witches' kitchen, a house in some gloomy cavern, just as natural in its unnaturalness as *Margaret's* garden is sweet and lovely in its restful reality. One feels that there might be such a place as the witches' kitchen, such creatures as the cat-ape and his family, such a victim as *Faust*, strengthened for the moment in one's belief by *Hamlet's* pregnant remark that "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Stage art, its difficulties, its triumphs, and its failures, is a subject hardly less provocative of controversy than the dramatic aspects and possibilities of "*Faust*" itself; but it is not open to question that the change of scene from the Witches' Kitchen (which occupied the full depth of the stage) to the Lorenz Platz, which includes in the architectural design the built-out and modeled front of a cathedral, with service begin-

ning, organ pealing, congregation trooping into the sacred edifice, and all the indications of a busy city in full animation, is one of the completest things in modern stagecraft. The transformation is effected behind a series of gauzes which give a remarkable semblance of skiey vapors that come down and pass away right through the stage, as if we were for the time being in cloudland. They seem, however, to be quite a natural sequence of the kitchen, which, with the aerial change, one soon comes to regard as an intangible something that has melted away and disappeared in fulfilment of the Shakespearian axiom that the earth hath bubbles as the water has. By this time one is in a proper frame of mind to appreciate the beauties of the following scene by Telbin, which since the first night has been repainted, the backcloth especially giving a broader effect to the composition, and adding to the dreamy distance of the perspective.

It is a notable characteristic of Mr. Irving's stage work that nothing in his hands is ever finished. This may be the secret of its vitality. With him every night is a first night. He is ever polishing and improving. There has latterly been some discussion as to the effect of long runs on the actor and his art. One can imagine that an artist doing exactly the same thing every night for a year or two, his performance would become more or less perfunctory; but the actor playing a great part for a long time has many opportunities of varying his work, or I should rather say of developing his study of it; and moreover it should not be forgotten that he has the stimulus of a fresh audience every night. Mr. Irving, for instance, has taken advantage of his long run of "*Faust*" to add to its effects and to develop the character of *Mephistopheles*, which has become a worthy addition to his varied and remarkably contrasted studies of *Hamlet*, *Doricourt*, *Richard*, *Jingle*, *Macbeth*, *Digby Grant*, *Louis*, *Benedict*, *Malvolio*, *Matthias*, *Shylock*, *Iago*, *Vicar of Wakefield*, and many others.

America, we learn, is to have the opportunity of seeing the Lyceum "*Faust*," which was illustrated for them in the *Art Journal* with a promptitude by no means easy even in these days of rapid engraving. Our cousins, we make no doubt, will recognize in the production an example of the highest advance in scenic design and painting, in theatrical artifice, and in the poetic realism of the modern stage. The illustrations which accompany these necessary brief notes are a sufficient indication of the novel effects and the new incidents of characteristic impersonation which have rewarded Mr. Irving's conscientious efforts, not only to satisfy the general playgoer, but to content those students of Goethe who regard the Witches' Kitchen as one of the essentials to a proper understanding of the first part of "*Faust*" and the character of *Mephistopheles*, and the nature of the general scheme of the tragic story.

IT should be noted that the office of THE THEATRE is removed to No 26 West 32d Street.

THE THEATRE.



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Creston Clarke
Nicholas Morland, his cousin,
E. J. Henley
Captain Hardy, R. N., W. S. St. Clair
Captain Nelson, of the Preventive
Service..... Harry Edwards
Mark Helstone..... Herbert Kelcey
Dick Hockaday..... Herbert Ayling
Tom Dossiter, Quartermaster R. N.,
Charles Groves
Solomon, an old servant, W. H. Pope
Jack Lirriper, a coast guard,
Daniel Leeson
Will Drake..... J. Jones
Lieut. Wynyard, R. N., Thos. Crane
Harbor Master..... John W. Totten
Detective Wood..... David Schelley
Drill Master..... Sergt. Geo. Boyce
Officer of Marines..... Geo. W. Finch
Dora Vane..... Miss Annie Robe
Lina Nelson..... Miss Helen Russell
Mrs. Chudleigh..... Mrs. Mary Barker
Peggy Chudleigh..... Miss Carrie Cootie

Mridget Maloney..... Miss Blaisdell
Mrs. Helstone..... Miss Alice Grey
Polly..... Miss Evelyn Granville
Fisherwoman..... Miss Enola Gerant



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Sly the Tinker.....	Mr. Gilbert
The False Lucentio.....	Mr. Bond
The False Vincentio.....	Mr. Wood
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Toboggan Slide"; "Black Maria."



GENEVIEVE WARD.

THE THEATRE.

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DESHLER WELCH . . . EDITOR AND MANAGER

The price of yearly subscription to THE THEATRE is four dollars in advance. We cannot undertake to return manuscript that is not suitable, unless we receive sufficient postage to do so. Care is always taken not needlessly to destroy valuable manuscript.

** The Editor solicits contributions from the readers of THE THEATRE, and suggests that old play bills, and scraps relating to the stage, notes, news and items appertaining to the different arts, would be acceptable. It is the desire of the Editor to establish a widely-circulated magazine, and to further that end every good idea will be acted upon so far as possible.

** All articles appearing in THE THEATRE are written especially for it unless credited otherwise.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE convenient size of THE THEATRE renders it an admirable record of the stage worthy of preservation on the book-shelf. There are two volumes every year. The first volume, ending September 13, 1886, contains over 600 pages. Among the portraits—which in each instance are accompanied by an article—are those of Edwin Booth as *Richelieu* and *Hamlet*, Fechter as *Hamlet*, Dion Bouicault, Frederic Lemaitre, M. Got, Daisy Murdock, Henry Edwards, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Gilbert, James Lewis, Whistler, James Beard, Gounod, Massenet, Ada Rehan, Modjeska, John Gilbert, Sarcy, Saint Saens, Octave Feuillet, etc.; besides innumerable illustrations of plays and cartoons.

Among the contributors to this volume were Barnett Phillips, G. E. Montgomery, H. S. Hewitt, C. M. S. McLellan, Alfred Ayres, Benjamin Folsom, James Parton, George Fawcett Rowe, Charles B. Welles, Cupid Jones, Charles Millward, Henry Pène du Bois, Henry Gallup Paine, Rose Eytinge, F. S. Saltus, Melvin G. Winstock, John M. Morton, Kyrle Bellew, Evelyn Harvier, W. W. Denslow, Henry Whiting, Olive Logan, F. Bellew, Harold W. Raymond, Clara Lanza, Louis Von Eltz, George Parsons Lathrop, Thos. W. Pittman, B. F. Hapgood, Hilaire Grezy, Townsend Percy, A. C. Gunter, P. G. Cusachs, Frank Fowler, Joseph Fleming, Francis Day, T. H. Howard, Charles Lotin Hildreth and Ernest Knauff.

Volume I. of THE THEATRE is handsomely bound in cloth, and will be sent anywhere, post-paid, for three dollars.

DRIFT.

THERE is nothing phenomenal about the success of "Jim, the Penman" at the Madison Square Theatre. It has some phenomenally good acting in it, and the stage-arrangement of it is about as well nigh perfection as can be imagined. Its success is a matter of course, because if people care about the theatre at all they will see this play. We have arrived at an era in theatricals that to be successful in the production of a new play means the outlay of an immense amount of money. If this same piece had been put on in New York with an indifferent company; and such setting as satisfied several years ago, the results would be different. It would have attracted attention from an ordinary class of theatre-goers, and been looked upon as a passably good melodrama. It has been the subject of remark that Mr. Palmer's perspicacity in accepting this piece showed his good sense above that of Mr. Wallack, to whom it was once offered and refused. I do not know whether this is exactly the case, but if so, Mr. Wallack probably considered it with his own company in view and found it unsuited. With his people it would have entailed considerable difficulty in casting probably, and Mr. Palmer with his methods would not care to deal with "A School for Scandal." On the other hand, both managers might vie with each other in the acting of "Harbor Lights," but the conditions of this would not have been fulfilled by the limited stage of the Madison Square Theatre. Such men as Mr. Palmer, Mr. Daly or Mr. Wallack understand their business better than the public can teach them. Each knows his own theatre best, and their judgment concerning plays is looked at from various points of view. It is the same with the editor of a newspaper. The average reader who does not understand the many ramifications of a paper does not understand why the editor does not do differently. Nowadays there is no middle course, seemingly, in regard to plays. They are either great successes or great failures, and this condition of things makes it no wonder that managers hesitate, as they frequently do, in trying new authors. To succeed he must be a gambler. He must stake his all in what he does.

THE importance of leading New York managers in their effect at large, can hardly be es-

timated. Upon them rests the career of hundreds of "provincial" managers, and upon them all rest the effects, good or bad, upon society in general. Mr. Palmer is responsible for a certain kind of play in this country which has fashioned the thoughts of many writers, and worked its influence on millions of people. If a pebble dropped into a pool of water creates a disturbance which reaches every particle, so the stage pictures which he has given to the people have created a vast change in thought and action. If the teachings of those things for which he is responsible have exerted an influence on morals, it is a question in philosophy what he is really to account for. Mr. Palmer has given us but little comedy. He has sought the dramatic life, and pathos and tragedy have held hands alike with a sympathy controlling no two people in the same way. If crime by suggestion produce crime, then he has much to yield. Yet many people are so wrought by the realities of stage representation as to be relieved from their own troubles by witnessing the apparent sorrows and tribulations of others. Life is what you make it any way, and it is made just exactly in the way the brain is impressed the most. Imagination deals with outside causes, which control according to the subjugation of the patient. The man who was told he was to be bled to death, and believed he was so bleeding by the action of water dropped on his arm while blindfolded, and who died from the actual thought, is only one example of many remarkable instances of the servility of the brain to outside influences. All this may seem an incongruous dissertation, but it expresses the theoretical responsibility borne by every one who has to do with public affairs. The minister in the pulpit who preaches against the theatre has this philosophy: he knows the weakness of men, and, as a professor of religion, must deal with things according to their positive influence. But he must understand that all men are not of the same mind. What serves as a morsel from heaven to one, is a draft from hell for another; and the only way he has to determine how to preach about this thing is to talk to all alike, and do what he can toward forming an intellectual development which will only tolerate the best of plays.

* *

WHAT then is there to Mr. Daly's credit? Are the plays which he offers us, full of the flippancy and farce of life, of the kind which create better men and morals? Will making light out of a conjugal separation, as witnessed, for instance, in "Love in Harness," calculate to strengthen marriage ties between unhappy people? Is it not more likely that they would consider it a good joke after all? Does

laughter always breed good health? Don't you think that people who are always striving to entertain themselves neglect the more necessarily serious things in life?

* *

AND what about Mr. Wallack's old comedy revivals? Don't you think these pieces, with all their frequent stiffness, combine the best of everything? Don't they always teach better lessons than the modern play? But people nowadays do not wish to be taught. We have too many prisons to build and too many attorneys to pay.

* *

I DON'T think we can do anything about it. To me "Jim, the Penman" is a treat, Mr. Daly's "Love in Harness" is a feast, and Mr. Wallack's "School for Scandal" is a book. You may philosophize as much as you will, and if by finding how one thing is to another by the rule of three, you can discover an unknown quantity in this, it will probably indicate the drift of what is most desired, whether the gods are willing or not.

* *

SOMETIME ago THE THEATRE expressed itself in almost the same words as the following, which I take from the *London Truth*: "From the moment the stage is adopted as a calling it would appear as if the whole intellect of man was directed towards the theatre and its trivial interests. It is a miracle when an actor studies any art beyond his own, or interests himself in any of the affairs and speculations of life outside the playhouse or theatrical circles. Books are cast aside, and the only form of literature devoured is the theatrical newspaper. Actors have great advantages in making themselves personally acquainted with the topical history and curiosities of their native land. They travel constantly, and have many opportunities of interesting themselves in archæology and various pleasant forms of science; but with rare exceptions are they ever found beyond the precincts of the hotel tap or smoking-room."

* *

MUCH more than this could be said. There is no art which calls for more brain. There is no art which can do more towards the molding of public opinion, outside the newspaper, than the profession of acting; but its wandering conviviality seems to ruin the majority of people who go into it.

* *

I TRUST I shall not be misunderstood in what I have said. The stage is what the public makes it, and if the sins connected with it are to be deplored, then the people are to

blame; but it has so many good qualities, teaches so many lessons which are more powerful than the average pulpit sermon, that I am inclined to believe, if there is anything to be preached against, it is "society," which covers more hypocrisy, more quiet sinning, and more downright evil, than anything else; and there is no minister who speaks so plainly and forcibly on this point as the venerable and beloved Rev. Dr. Morgan.

* *

A PRIVATE letter from Sydney, Australia, under date of December 6, informs me that "Jim, the Penman," has made a great hit there. Harry St. Maur, well known here, is playing the part of *Ralston*, and Miss Agnes Thomas, who, it will be remembered, appeared in "Beauty," George Fawcett Rowe's play, at a matinée in Wallack's two seasons ago, plays *Mrs. Ralston*. The Sydney *Herald* said:

"Mr. Harry St. Maur, as *James Ralston*, sustained a very difficult character with consummate tact, discretion, and power. He gave a striking histrionic picture of the unhappy man entangled in the meshes of sin, and every now and then, like the bluebottle in the spider's web, making a desperate attempt to flounder out of it. The affection of the heart, brought on by constant anxiety and ceaseless fear, was well suggested. Mr. St. Maur, from the commencement of the first act, managed to convey the idea that under *Jim, the Penman's*, *savoir-faire* and pleasant manner there was a slumbering volcano of sin and shame which might at any moment burst forth and envelop him and his. The scenes with his wife with *Baron Hartfeld*, even the disastrously clumsy incident of the forged check in the first act, were dealt with in the best spirit of strong dramatic acting. Mr. St. Maur's *Jim, the Penman*, is as good a piece of real character-acting as audiences have seen in the colonies for some time. In the *Baron Hartfeld* of Mr. H. Vincent there was not the slightest trace of this clever actor's identity. His impersonation of the cruel, self-contained, unscrupulous villain, with his clever cynicism and utter want of shame, self-respect, or the opinion of the world, was most incisive and intense. In the last scene, where his rage at being baffled gets the upper hand of prudence and personal safety, and makes him struggle with *Ralston* for the possession of the £60,000, Mr. Vincent was tragically forcible. Three such clever impersonations as Mr. Harry St. Maur's, Mr. Vincent's, and Miss Agnes Thomas's, have seldom been combined in one drama, and, apart from the merits of Sir Charles Young's play, are an artistic treat in themselves. Mr. Cates did not give much color to *Louis Perceval*, but Mr. Hans Phillips was bright and clever as *Lord Drelincourt*. Mr. Alfred Maltby gave a sharp, clearly-cut embodiment of *Captain Redwood*, and Mr. Darcy Stanfield made the most of *George Ralston*."

* *

NOTHING could be more pure innocence in amusement than the style of plays the Vokes company have been giving in their successful season at the Standard Theatre, and it is very seldom that a company has been received with such enthusiasm and friendship. The majority of the company were actually amateurs two years ago, but now they have so far progressed that doubtless they look with scorn upon the first attempts of others. It is very seldom you will find a "professional" who will acknowledge any good in an "amateur." How silly this is! Some amateurs have played oftener and more frequently than their professional

critic. It is not easy to believe, however, that Weedon Grossmith is an amateur. Before he came over here with the Vokes company he was a painter. But he says: "All branches of art are suffering, and it is only those at the very top of the profession who manage to get along. Then I began to think seriously of the stage. My friends, D'Oyley Carte and Wyndham, had often spoken to me about it, and when Mr. Clay made me a most favorable offer to come with him to America, I determined to accept it and see what I could do. So I came out here last season, and I am glad to say was so well received that I am now balancing between painting and acting. You know that no one can do well in two arts, one must be subservient to the other; so whichever I think I do less badly than the other I shall probably stick to." Yet he comes from a family well known for their theatrical ability. His father was a very happy lecturer, and his brother George has been a very successful "monologist," and is the creator of the leading parts in Gilbert and Sullivan's operas. Of his own acting and his ideas, Weedon Grossmith said to a writer in the *Tribune*: "I think my artistic training has helped me wonderfully as an actor. I unconsciously feel how a stage picture should be composed in the first place, and in the second I have been accustomed for years to study character. I endeavor, however, to present a type and not an individual, as it were. I think the strength of our great English character-actor, Hare, lies in this. His *Sam Gertridge* in 'Caste' was no one particular gas-man, it was the English gas-man as a whole. In my small way I tried to do this, as *Lord Arthur*, for example. He unites in himself the component parts of several men I know, and he stands as a type of them all. The hesitating speech comes from one, the hat from another, the coat from another, the querulous tone from still another. I have studied the genus 'swell' rather thoroughly, and I have still another species or two to add to my gallery. If it were possible for a character to be effective without his saying a word, I think I could give the most typical of the class as they appear in London. They never speak."

* *

A BOSTON correspondent of the *Providence Journal* tells this specimen of egotism, overheard by him in a street car after one of Lawrence Barrett's performances:

"Yes, Barrett was wonderfully fine to-night. After all, there's no one like him. He's a capital fellow, too, and he's a sort of relative of mine. Same name; and I suppose if you went back far enough in the Barrett stock you'd find where the two branches came together. He always comes to see me when he is in town."

The speaker swelled himself with consequence as he proceeded with the enumeration of his claims to greatness,

while those of the passengers who had heard that Lawrence Barrett was a name assumed long since the actor's christening, smiled with pity or scorn according to their temperament.

THE London *Illustrated News* says:

"The news has gone round that Mr. Daly's American farce, 'A Night Off,' goes uncommonly well at the Opéra Comique; and the statement is entirely true. Mr. Fred Kaye's imitation of Mr. James Lewes, the original professor, is the most extraordinary thing of the kind that has been seen for some time. To imitate an actor for a few minutes is an ordinary device; but to play a long part, sustaining the recollection of every grimace and bit of business, is no ordinary feat. The showman of Mr. J. D. Beveridge is also an excellent specimen of comic acting; and the young people get out of their difficulty remarkably well, seeing that they follow Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, and John Drew—an inimicable trio."

THE London *Saturday Review* says that Grace Hawthorne "is one of the best actresses America has sent us in many years." Ye gods!

SOPHIE EYRE made a great success as *Elizabeth* in Boulding's "Double Rose," at a London matinée last week.

To a contributor in the February *Lippincott* Edwin Booth writes: "DEAR SIR—I have no preference for any one character, but for the quieter passages of 'Hamlet,' 'Leah' and 'Macbeth.' The lines: 'If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all. Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?' of 'Hamlet' are my favorite ones."

THE THEATRE gives as a frontispiece this week a portrait of Genevieve Ward, knowing full well that it does not do that handsome and majestic woman credit. Her career has been a romantic one indeed. She was born in New York City, is the granddaughter of Gideon Lee, who was Mayor of New York. Her father was Samuel Ward, long in the Consular service. At the age of fifteen she was introduced to Rossini, who charged himself with her musical education, and procured her lessons under Ranzi, director of the opera at Florence. She sang first at La Scala, Milan, in "Lucretia Borgia," under the name of Guerabella, an Italianized form of her own name, for she was now the wife of Count Constantine Guerbel, a Russian officer. She made her début in English opera at the Concert Garden as *Maid Marion* in McFarren's opera, "Robin Hood." In the autumn she came to America, appearing in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Havana. The great exertion she had undergone and the trying air of Cuba proved too much for her, and her voice gave way entirely. Rest and change proved ineffectual for its

restoration. She determined to study for the stage, and on October 1, 1873, made her début as *Lady Macbeth* at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, with great success.

GENEVIEVE WARD made her first appearance on the London stage at the Adelphi, March 18, 1874, as *Unarila* in "The Prayer in the Storm," in which rôle she drew full houses for six months. In 1877 she went to Paris to study under Requier, of the Comédie Française, and on February 11 played *Lady Macbeth* in French at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, with success. Returning to London in April, 1879, Miss Ward became lessee of the Lyceum Theatre during the temporary absence of Mr. Irving. On August 22 "Forget-me-not" was offered, and her impersonation was pronounced by the critics to be without an equal. In December she left for America, and made a tour with "Forget-me-not" in the chief cities of the Union. At the end of 1882 she returned to England, and again played "Forget-me-not" in the Provinces and in London. On December 2, 1883, she sailed for India for a tour around the world.

A ROMANTIC story is told regarding Miss Ward's title of Lucia Genovera Teresa, Countess Guerbel: "There were whispers of a husband who had evaded his marriage vows and deserted his wife, taking shelter behind the intertangling non-international marriage laws, of an appeal to the Emperor of all the Russias, of a marriage celebrated in the Imperial chapel in the presence and by order of the Czar, of the indignant wife then quitting her recreant husband at the foot of the great altar."

SPEAKING of the late William Stuart, Henry Labouchere writes in the London *Truth*: "He got into pecuniary difficulties, went to America, and changed his name. He arrived, he once told me, with only a few shillings in his pocket, took a garret, and lived on potatoes. He had spent these few shillings, when it occurred to him that he would write an article severely criticising the acting of Mr. Forrest, the tragedian. This he took, when written, to the *Tribune* office, and showed it to Mr. Horace Greeley, who gave him twenty-five dollars for it, and told him to bring him more couched in the same style."

"ONCE introduced to the New York press," Mr. Labouchere goes on to say, "he soon made his way, and became one of the most slashing journalistic defenders of Tammany Hall. As he was excellent company, he was

much sought after, and became a member of the principal New York clubs. Nothing gave him more pleasure than to chaperon any Englishman arriving at New York. He had a seaside home at New London. I remember staying with him there. The company was eclectic. Amongst others, there was a bishop and a burlesque actress, who used to bathe together (it is the custom for ladies and gentlemen to bathe together in America) every morning. In personal appearance he was like Mr. Pickwick."

Trophontus.

WORTH CONSIDERING.

THESE are terrible times—savage times—times lacking every vestige of appreciation for honesty and manliness. Virility is at a discount, flabby æstheticism is mistaken for refinement, delicate points of honor are met with derision, trusts are broken at will, faith is wanting in every station. Slum journalism, vicious plays, vile illustrations, and the dime novel, like immoral epidemics, are sapping the morals of our youth. Money, money, and plenty of it, seems to be the sole aim of all our struggles.

What is more, the atheistic tendency of instruction in our schools can not be gainsaid. None of our text-books directly acknowledge the existence of an all-wise creator. Even Christian classics are displaced by works of science based on atheism. Children have got above the doll period. For the first time in a century, we are told, no new toys were brought out in Paris last Christmas and New Year's. There is scarcely any demand for toys illustrative of Scripture scenes and fairy tales. The small boy of to-day has a contempt for them. He wants skates, pistols, velocipedes, balls and bats. Little girls prefer dresses for themselves to those for dolls—in fact, they have no use for *baby*-dolls, they must have *lady*-dolls, if any. Childhood has been eliminated from the "Seven ages of man." Who is to blame for abolishing its pastimes from the brief span of life, which Beecher compresses into the epigraph: "A cry, a strife, silence?" The answer is, the mothers of to-day. The nurse, the teacher, the music and dancing master, the milliner, the dressmaker and the tailor have all aided and abetted in this shameful and diabolical work.

The idols of the beautiful temple of childhood have all been broken, and nothing has been put in their vacant niches. The vandals of truth and realism have destroyed the fairies, the angels and the other intellectual delights of childhood. In evolving man from the animal, childhood is no longer required. What will be the outcome of all this?

If this state of things, in the estimation of

true believers, opens the way to moral destruction, how can the millions of our rising generation be rescued from their inevitable end? Where in all this wide world is the regenerating power to come from?

It certainly can not come from the church alone, while its right to recognition and existence is denied in the early training of those whom it might seek to save. There is little use in preaching for those who will not listen.

Do not the present day believers in a pure faith make a grievous mistake when they refuse to endorse or advocate and call to their aid the serious illustration of biblical subjects by dramatic exhibitions through which the thoughts of an audience, that can not be reached by any other medium, may be elevated to a level with the subject?

The world can learn none too soon that of all human folly, religious shortsightedness born of selfishness and prompted by a foolish fear of losing entirely its waning hold upon a narrow circle, is the worst obstruction to a true religion and its advancement.

If Christians in early history were able to view with pleasure plays in which the gravest truths of the Gospel were represented, why should such an association of subjects seriously treated now cause irreverent familiarity on the stage any more than on canvas, in marble, or through the medium of music.

The popularity of the theatre, properly directed, with the assistance of the press and the pulpit, can be made the means of checking the masses in their rabid rush down the precipice of moral degradation. Mr. Henry Irving says, "Before a hundred books commend me first to the study of two—the Bible and Shakespeare."

Any manager or actor who will boldly carve out for himself a path in the direction indicated for the purpose of slowly instilling the sentiments of a pure faith and the doctrines and moral precepts of Christianity into the truly immoral masses of the people of our time, will surely be rewarded with profit for his pains, and with the blessings of the thoughtful moralist hereafter.

Whom the schools refuse to teach,
To whom the pulpit cannot preach,
The theatre and the stage may reach.

Otto Peltzer.

"THE THEATRE" MAKES A HIT.

(From the *Journalist*.)

Mr. Lewis Rosenthal's pen-sketches of our dramatic critics in *THE THEATRE* seem to have made a hit. It was a brisk and characteristic bit of work. But the writer has done such bright work at home and abroad that no one who knows him is astonished at his single successes. Some of his specials in *The Times* have been done into French and German on the other side of the water. His taste and judgment in artistic matters are likely to render him, at no remote day, an important personage in those fields of criticism.

BUILDERS AND DESTROYERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S NAME.

"*Only to keep the memory of so worthy a Friend & Fellow alive as was our Shakespeare, by the humble offer of his plays.*" So wrote the editors of the first collected edition of the poet's dramatic works in 1623. A long line of able minds runs through succeeding generations to our own time, building and elevating the name of Shakespeare. The folio of 1632 was a reprint, incorrect in some places, but in others new readings which help in a clearer understanding of the first. The third and fourth Folios, issued in 1664 and 1685, are said not to be worth the paper they were printed on, being still fuller of errors. After this come the plodding, industrious, studious men of intellect, weaving through their works a wreath of glory for the world's greatest poet.

In 1709 the work of emending, discovering, restoring, revising and augmenting began with Nicholas Rowe, who edited the plays in seven volumes, an edition valuable as an original source. So scarce has this work become that Joseph Crosby, the Shakespearian scholar of Ohio, said he was twelve years looking in vain for a set of Rowe. The sum of \$200 was paid to the editor for his labor, while his assistant, John Hughes, the poet and essayist, was given \$140 for correcting copy and making an index to a 12mo edition.

Alexander Pope, in 1723, put forth a quarto edition of the plays in six volumes, elegantly bound; 750 sets were printed. Pope received for his work from the publisher the sum of \$1,085. Elijah Fenton, translator and poet, received \$150 for revising the proofs, while John Gay, author of "The Beggars' Opera," was paid \$175 for like assistance. A twelve-volume duodecimo was issued in 1728.

Lewis Theobald published in 1726 a quarto entitled: "Shakespeare Restored, or a specimen of the many errors as well committed as unamended by Mr. Pope in his late edition of the poet. Designed not only to correct the said editor, but to restore the true reading of Shakespeare in all the editions ever yet published." In 1733 Theobald edited a seven-volume octavo, and in 1740 an eight-volume 12mo, by far the best Shakespeare that had appeared. For his performance he received \$3,262. Such was the demand for this edition that 11,360 were printed. Sir Thomas Hanmer, Speaker of the House of Commons, applied himself in 1744 to a six-volume quarto of Shakespeare at Oxford. The Rev. William Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, in 1747 edited the plays in eight volumes, octavo, for which he was paid \$2,800. Dr. Samuel Johnson took up the study of Shakespeare, and in 1745 gave a specimen of his observations,

entitled: "Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth, with Remarks on Sir Thomas Hanmer's Edition of Shakespeare. To which is affixed—Proposals for a New Edition of Shakespeare, with a Specimen." This the Doctor followed in 1765 by an eight-volume edition of the poet. It remained for George Steevens, a young man from Kings College, Cambridge, to give to the world the first critical edition of the plays in "Twenty of the old quartos" (single plays printed during the author's lifetime), in four volumes, octavo, dated 1766.

Edward Capell, a deputy-inspector of plays in London, after spending twenty years in the study of Shakespeare, brought out in 1768 a crown-octavo edition of the plays in ten volumes. For this service he was paid \$1,500. Capell was one of the best collectors. A joint edition in 1773, was undertaken by Samuel Johnson and George Steevens. It soon became a standard, and superseded all previous editions. A second edition was issued in 1778, while a third was improved upon by Isaac Reed in twenty-one volumes, 1803. This was the first variorum Shakespeare.

A duodecimo edition was issued by John Bell, of the British Library, Strand, in nine volumes, in 1773, for the use of the theatre. Eight thousand sets were sold. In 1786, from the same house, a twenty-volume edition was put on the market, and repeated in 1788. In this edition a change was made in spelling the poet's name as "Shakspeare," taken from the *Register-Book* of the Parish of Stratford. An innovation was also made in this edition; the long f so often met with in old books was rejected, and the regular s substituted. Up to 1780 the dramatist's poems had not been collated with the plays. Edmund Malone at this time added two volumes by way of supplement to Johnson's and Steeven's edition. This included the poems and the doubtful plays. Malone was the great Shakespearian antiquary. His work was the best and fullest of all. A new era of Shakespearian labor now set in; scholarship was to be supplemented by art. In 1802 Boydell's sumptuous edition with one hundred engravings was got up. It sold for \$150. So great was this undertaking that a house had to be established on purpose to print the work, a foundry to cast the types, and even a manufactory to make the ink. It proved the financial ruin of the Boydells.

James Boswell, son of Johnson's biographer, in 1821 edited the dramas in twenty-one volumes, adding a mass of new matter, so that this edition has been styled a storehouse of English Shakespeare-learning. As time went on apace, the study of the poet became more and more critical. Able and scholarly editors

followed: Rev. Alexander Dyce, J. Payne Collier, Charles Knight, Howard Staunton, J. O. Halliwell, are familiar names.

In this country a great deal has been done to build and strengthen the poet's name. In 1847 G. C. Verplanck edited a three-volume edition of Shakespeare. Henry N. Hudson, four years later, completed the celebrated Harvard Shakespeare, in twenty volumes. Richard Grant White, the scholarly editor, in 1883 brought out a three-volume Shakespeare after the arrangement of the First Folio. At present the able Shakespearian enthusiast, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, is spending his own money and his time upon a new variorum Shakespeare. On the same page with the text is a collation of the ancient copies—folios and quartos—and of some of the later critical books. These are the men of genius, of study and scholarship, who believed in Shakespeare and aided in building up his immortal name. Germany and France have also aided, in Delius and Taine.

The destroyers of the dramatist's name have not succeeded yet in establishing their ingenious discoveries. Lord Francis Bacon is the alleged author of the plays. This Baconian theory is first mentioned in Col. Hart's "Romance of Yachting," 1848. In 1852 *Chambers' Journal* took up the theme. Miss Delia Bacon is supposed to have originated the theory. In 1856 she first directed public attention to the subject in her book, "The Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays Unfolded,"—a book about as mystical as the subject she endeavored to unfold. While lecturing upon historical subjects in Boston, she became a monomaniac on the subject. She discovered in the plays what she alleged was a double meaning, and a whole system of philosophy, the principles of which the Elizabethan age was not prepared to receive; all of which Lord Bacon left for the cultivated ingenuity of posterity to discover. She left this country on a voyage of discovery to Old England; she went to Stratford. Such was the force of her arguments that she made an easy convert of the good Vicar. From Bacon's Letters and other writings she had discovered minute instructions, that in a hollow space upon the under side of Shakespeare's gravestone lay concealed documents which would reveal the true authorship of the plays. She entered the church and found the grave. Her eyes fell upon those lines:

"Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed heare;
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
An curst be he yt moves my bones."

Though the dust of nearly three hundred years had gathered around that tomb, Shakespeare, though dead, still spoke in those lines

to her. She paused, and the thought came to her, "I may be mistaken." She went over anew the proofs in Bacon; she became frightened as her mistake loomed up before her, and she went mad. The Mayor of Stratford sent word to Nathaniel Hawthorne, at Liverpool, that his countrywoman had gone insane. Delia Bacon was shut up in an asylum, and died. Nathaniel Holmes, Professor of Law at Harvard University, Judge of the Supreme Court of Missouri, a scholar and student of Elizabethan literature, wrote "The Authorship of Shakespeare." As an essay it is a masterly piece of special pleading for the Baconian theory, such as an able lawyer would put forth for his client. Its treatment is that of a technical legal mind. His arguments command respect and challenge attention, and entertain without convincing. Professor Holmes maintained that Shakespeare was not the author. "No one could read his book without seeing that it was only by disregarding all the canons shown by experience to be necessary in testing questions of fact that he made out his case. The evidence he brought forward as conclusive, he would in court have refused to let a jury even consider."

The latest Baconian is Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota. His scheme is bolder, more original, and more complete. He was to set at rest, now and forever, all doubt as to the authorship, destroy all Shakespeare's claims, and crown Lord Francis Bacon as the greatest of all dramatists and the most unselfish of men. After 270 years, Mr. Donnelly made the greatest of all literary discoveries. He made the astounding announcement to the world that a cipher system had been discovered by him in the first folio of Shakespeare's plays; he had discovered the key also. Here is the enchantment of the age! Says Mr. Donnelly:

"Before I found out the rule at all, I had proof of the cipher in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' by comparing the first form of the play with the present form, the last being about twice as great in size. An entire new scene was introduced, viz., Act 4, Scene 1, which has no coherence with the plot of the play. In this scene Mrs. Page's son William was introduced for the first and last time in the play, and his name is repeated eleven times, five times being given in brackets. In this scene the word Bacon (always with a capital B) occurs, being dragged in by a joke of Dame Quickly's, 'Hang Hog is Latin for Bacon, I warrant you.'" Mr. Donnelly then evolves:

"Having found William, the first name of Shakespeare, I turned to find in the same vicinity the rest of the name. In the same act, scene 4, page 56 of the folio, I found: 'And makes milch kine yield blood and Shakes a

chain.' I found the next syllable of the name on the next column to that on which William occurred so often, page 54 of the folio, in which Mrs. Page describes to Mrs. Ford her husband's agonies of jealousy, * * * * 'and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying: Peer out, peer out!' Thus is evolved "Bacon," "William" and "Shakes-peer." Mr. Donnelly applies his key to the cipher in "The first part of King Henry Fourth" with beautiful results: "I found that in many cases where some remarkable word, such as 'St. Alban's' or Bacon, is in the text, that word was reached by multiplying the number of the page at which the scene begins by the number of italic words in the first column of that page. For instance, on page 53 of the Histories (1. Henry IV.) there are seven italic words in the first column; 53 times 7 is 371. The 371st word is Bacon. On page 67 (same play) the first column contains six words in italics; 67 times 6 is 402, and the 402d word is St. Albans." And so on. Mr. Donnelly asserted that a thrilling and absorbing story is infolded in the plays. Essex's plots against the Cecils, Cecil's jealousy of Bacon, and the discovery that Bacon wrote the plays. Cecil tells Elizabeth, and Elizabeth plans the arrest of Shakespeare and his torture to make him tell the real name of the author, and much more. This was "the most audacious claim of literary discovery ever put forward by any human being." Weeks and months have passed by, and no cipher nor any key has been given to the public by Mr. Donnelly.

It may interest the public to know that Mr. Donnelly has written to a friend in this city that his cipher system has failed him, and it will not work out the same results in the other plays. He tried it upon "A Winter's Tale," but finds it does not answer. His application of the cipher to "Timon of Athens," and like experiments upon "Pericles," caused him to throw it up. The fabled land of "Atlantis" may have been wiped out by the sweep of a comet, but the author of "Ragnarok" has met his Waterloo in a "Winter's Tale," Shakespeare's last complete play, thoroughly English of the period in which the poet lived, full of the fresh breeze that blew over the meadows and green fields of Warwickshire. Belonging, as it does, to Shakespeare's mature experience, it is no wonder that it proved the stumbling block to Ignatius Donnelly and his cipher system, the whole fabric of which has tumbled down.

Robert M. Baxter.

It is understood that Aimee's illness is attributed to a tumor that will necessitate a severe surgical operation in the near future. She feels considerable anxiety for the result.

ART CHAT.

It is to be regretted that the daily papers have given so little consideration to the Graves' collection now on exhibition at the American Art Galleries. (I had not received notice of this event when I wrote last week that these galleries would be closed until the Stewart exhibition. The exhibition opened on Monday, the sale will take place at Chickering Hall, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, February 9, 10 and 11.) The late Mr. Robert Graves, a well-known citizen of Brooklyn, made this collection of two hundred pictures evidently to please himself, and among the number are a quantity of canvases of doubtful artistic merit. But when on Tuesday not one of the morning papers gave more than half a column's notice to the collection, and several of them spoke slightly of it in not more than a couple of "sticks," they lost sight of the fact that it also contains several masterpieces of French art. And in landscapes it is particularly strong. The paragraph in the *Times* was eminently silly and unjust. A great deal of catholicity is displayed in the selection of these works, and many of the schools of half a century are represented. Under the circumstances an even quality of merit in all the works would have been almost impossible.

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It must be acknowledged that Bouguereau has done few more satisfactory paintings than the three in this collection, "Le Jour" (199), "Cupid Disarmed" (131), and "The Little Sufferer" (69). They are less affected but not less effective than most of his works, the coloring in them less blackish in the shadows and purer in the lights, and the subjects far more elevating than such compositions as, for instance, the Morton House barroom decorations. In fact, "Le Jour" approaches the classic; the outlines of the nude figure are extremely graceful. The composition, almost perfect. De Grave's life-like children in "Une Class Communale" (132), an infant charity school, are cleverly grouped, and although we see some hundred little tots almost all of the same age, and all well fed, round and rosy, each one has a personality and an individuality. F. Doyen's single figure, "The Spinner" (114), is painted in the manner of Bouguereau, and equally as well. Perrault's girl's head, "Prayer" (45), is a fine example of a somewhat overrated master. Meyer von Bremen, Merle, Col. Constant, Casanora and Frère, with many others of equal fame, sign interesting figure pieces.

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AMONG the Americans, George H. Boughton is perhaps the most conspicuous. His

single figure, "Sophia" (52), of which we give an illustration, through the courtesy of Mr. Kirby, is most gem-like in coloring and dainty in drawing. A second example of the same artist is a small but well-known little work, "The Widow's Garden" (141). Mr. Charles D. Weldon's *genre*, "A Young Widow Pawning her Wedding Gown" (184), which made a name for the artist some few years ago at the "Academy," is a feature of Mr. Graves's collection. C. L. Brandt, Bridgman, J. G. Brown, F. Dielman, F. Freer, P. L. Henry, Louis Moeller, H. H. Moore, Sarony, Story, and T. W. Wood, are other of our figure painters, rather indifferently represented.

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As I have said, the collection is particularly strong in landscapes. We find one of the gems of the scenery collection a "Landscape" (187), by Daubigny. A single Corot "Landscape and Figures" (195), is a ripe production. The two "Troyans," Nos. 192 and 196, are rich and mellow. But the breadth and depth, the color, tone and composition of the large Jacque, "The Shepherdess" (198), is so seldom equaled in modern landscape work that is easily marked a *chef d'œuvre*.

The pictures also by Jules Dupré, Rousseau and Michel are all masterpieces.

Three early examples of Geo. Inness, full of promise but not up to his later work, a small Chas. M. Dewey full of brilliancy, and examples of Bierstadt, Blakelock, W. M. Brown, F. E. Church, Cropsey, W. M. Hart, David Johnson, Robbins, Tait and Whittredge are the American landscapes.

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THE "old masters" are Peter Paul Rubens, Jan Stien, Guido Reni, David Teniers the younger, Jacob Ruysdael and Raphael, but they are not particularly fine. As well as painting, the Graves collection comprises porcelains, jades, Japanese swords, bronzes and ivory carvings, etc., etc. These objects will be sold



"SOPHIA."

By George H. Boughton, in the Graves Collection.

at the Art Association Rooms on February 14 and 15.

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As the Graves collection will be sold on Wednesday, I am forced to notice it this week at the expense of leaving out the Water-Color Exhibition, which opened on Monday also. A full review of the same will appear next week.

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John S. Sargent, the American artist whose three portrait pictures were among the sensations of the last Royal Academy exhibition, has just completed a large work. *Ernest Knauff*,

THE WEEK.

"MASKS AND FACES."



IN the production of Tom Taylor's and Charles Reade's comedy of "*Peg Woffington*," Miss Dauvray has shown a deal of spirit, enterprise, and managerial skill. Under the name of "*Masks and Faces*" the comedy was presented at the Lyceum Theatre, last Monday night, with some misgivings by Miss Dauvray; but when the curtain rolled down on the last act, she could not help but feel satisfied that she had made a triumph, not only for herself, but for every member of her company. The hopes she had centred in Bronson Howard's play of "*Met by Chance*," and the subsequent failure, involved a serious change in her plans. A sudden determination to produce "*Masks and Faces*," with herself as *Peg*, not only immediately received the encouragement of her company, but she was generously offered their assistance to any extent, and those who, it might be said, were hired for leading parts contented themselves by assuming the small ones. Thus, Mr. Saville, who is a most accomplished actor, cheerfully "*went on*" as *Snarl*; Mr. Rodney played *Soaper*, and Mr. De Vere played *Quin*. The other members of the company were naturally very efficient, and the result, as may be premised, was a very charming representation.

Miss Dauvray has never appeared to so good advantage before a New York audience as in the character of *Peg Woffington*. She is given an opportunity in this to display her arts in sunshine and shadow, and has convinced many of her formerly austere critics that she is an actress of more capability than they had yet dreamed. Her youth is her best criticism, because it establishes the certainty of her future. The only fault possible to be found with her *Peg* is the lack of strong personality. If she were a large woman, with a louder voice, she would be considered by the average audience as a better *Peg*. So, if she fails to satisfy in this character, it is not her acting which is

to be assailed, unless it be the too abundant delicacy and refinement which she puts into it.

Mr. Howson's *Triplet* is one of the most pathetic things I have seen on the stage. His eccentricities have combined to make a portrait of this character which will not be easily forgotten. If one can witness the attempts of his *Triplet* to shield his blasted hopes and despair—to cover up the starvation of his wife, his children and himself—and hear his bursting sob,—see all this without a choking sympathy then there is no such thing as magnetism.

Miss Wilton is delightful as *Mrs. Vane*. It could hardly have a sweeter embodiment. Mr. Sothern as *Ernest Vane* is quiet and careful, but it does not give him the right opportunity. Mr. Whiting is an excellent *Pomander*. The two children, *Lysimachus* and *Cleopatra*, are admirably acted, the latter by that remarkable child, Bijou Fernandez. *Fileur*.

"LONDON ASSURANCE."

MISS COGHLAN's appearance at the Union Square Theatre, as *Lady Gay Spanker*, in Boucicault's comedy of "*London Assurance*," must be noted as one of the chiefly interesting events of the theatrical week. Her charming personality has made her a very popular woman, and if she were only surrounded by a company worthy herself there would be more delight manifested by her innumerable admirers. Mr. Boucicault's play was given last Monday night, and through the week, only indifferently well. It is so familiar to the public that unless it is given with some decided character it becomes tiresome and annoying. Every part in this piece is what is called "*a good acting part*," but if they are not handled well the result is "*bad*," to use a trite expression in theatrical parlance. Miss Coghlan's *Lady Gay* is a superb rendering of the things man most delights to feed upon. She has a charm which is as dangerous as the mellow light of a lamp to the fluttering moth, and Miss Coghlan's own deliciously seeming personality diffused in it discovers an incarnation that is irresistible.

MR. HARRIGAN'S NEW PLAY.

MR. HARRIGAN has given us more ingenious and more entertaining plays than "*McNooney's Visit*," but this is by no means stupid. To recite the complications of its story would be to fill up the pages of THE THEATRE. There are three acts which deal with various trials and tribulations of a rustic Irishman on his visit to the city. One act is laid in the "*Welcome Home Nursery*," another in the interior of the Tombs which cleverly changes to a surprisingly good picture of its exterior and the

neighboring vicinity. The last act is in a room in the house of a massage doctor.

Mr. Harrigan's company are cut, burnished, and, by this time, grown to their parts. The court-room scene is one of the funniest things given here for several seasons. The dialogue is very bright, and, in fact, through the whole play sparkles with clever repartee. A novel situation is a seriously acted dramatic scene between three "darkies," which is done with the accompaniment of the usual "fever and ague" music. Wild, of course, plays his part, which has now become *sui generis*. Miss Yeamans is very droll as the neat little Irish widow, and Messrs. Collyer, Bradley and Fisher are well provided for. The last is especially good as the German judge. Mr. Braham has composed three new pieces for this piece after his usual catchy style. The scenery is admirable, and altogether "McNooney's Visit" will probably be a long one.

THE WEEK GENERALLY.

THE management of Wallack's Theatre is now resting perfectly easy in the positive success of "Harbor Lights"—financially, at least; and that always means the most favorable verdict. So far, the audiences have been tremendously large, and the same term might also be used in naming the enthusiasm. On Wednesday last the first of a series of "old comedy" matinées was given. On this occasion "School for Scandal" was the play, and it is likely that it will be repeated next Wednesday. It cannot be too strongly impressed on the readers of THE THEATRE that every advantage should be taken of this opportunity. Young people who have not yet seen John Gilbert's *Peter Teasle* should not let this slip by. It is very unlikely they will ever see another anywhere near as good.

Mr. Daly's production of "Taming of the Shrew" is meeting with a success even beyond his expectations, and it is most difficult to obtain good seats unless secured in advance.

Miss Vokes's prolonged season at the Standard Theatre draws to a close this week, and she and her company will be missed decidedly when they leave.

Mr. Goodwin is doing well and happily with "The Mascot" at the Bijou; "Erminie" still fills the Casino, and Denman Thompson is drawing many old heads and young hearts to the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

AMATEURS IN "THE SNOWBALL."

CHICKERING HALL, Monday evening, half a dozen of New York's best amateur actors on the stage, the élite of society filling the auditorium, and for gallery gods some hundred street gamins, members

of "St. George's (Church) Boys' Club," for whose benefit the performance is given.

The play is Sidney Grundy's farcical comedy, "The Snowball." It is set a rolling about 8:45, and the audience watch it form, grow, and suddenly melt, with hearty interest, and show their approbation with apropos applause. We should say that the selection of the piece presented was not a happy one. "The Snowball" is a milk-and-water affair. It would do very well for young school boys and girls at a commencement, but remember, please, that Mrs. Denison is really a professional, mark that Mr. Coward puts on his touches, one after the other, with the decision and satisfactory result of a true artist, and the rest of the cast are playing smoothly and evenly. We have good artisans here, and it is unsatisfactory to witness them in their self-imposed task of making bricks without straw! The curtain falls, and you feel you have not seen them at their best.

Mrs. Charles Denison's natural charms of voice, face and figure lend much toward the success of her impersonation of the keen-witted *Mrs. Featherstone*. Too much praise cannot be accorded her natural method. No matter how farcical the words the play puts into her mouth, she delivers them without affectation or eccentricity. If we may be pardoned for analyzing a step farther, we would note that perhaps she allows herself to be influenced by that pell-mell hurrying on toward the end of the play (slurring over "effects," pieces of business and general situations, much to the hurt of the general *ensemble*) which the other members of the company are possessed with. This is a very common fault in amateur theatricals, and comes from the fact that only one real performance is given, and the actors have not the chance to settle down to the business of their parts as professionals have who play the same character night after night. But aside from this shortcoming Mrs. Dennison is more than satisfactory.

Mr. Edward Fales Coward as *Felix Featherstone* puts on his touches, as we have said, with the true technical skill of an artist. There is plan, forethought and decision in every action. When he discovers that *Penelope* has received the letter intended for his wife he falls undone upon the sofa, the picture of despair, a genuine artistic effect. It is gratifying in the extreme to see such judicious acting in an amateur. Mr. Coward would greatly improve his capabilities if he would vary his facial expression, which consists principally of a frown. Bewilderment, doubt, fear, indecision, hopelessness and anger can all be represented otherwise than by contracting the eyebrows.

Mrs. Wilbur A. Bloodgood discovers a world of natural ability as the play proceeds, and her part of the housemaid, *Penelope*, becomes one of the prominent characters, and the house gives her round after round of applause for her original and captivating impersonation.

Miss Alice King Hamilton played *Ethel Granger* fairly well. Mr. Evert Jansen Wendell (of the Amateur Comedy Club) as *Uncle John*, Mr. William A. Taylor as *Harry Pendergast*, and Mr. William Francis Johnson as *Saunders* were above

the average of general amateurs. And to open a chestnut, we end by saying the evening was a thoroughly enjoyable one.

BOSTON NOTES.

FEB. 2.—Before an audience which packed from dome to floor the large Boston Theatre, the Boston Ideal Opera Company appeared last night in Auber's melodious "Fra Diavola." On no previous occasion has this admirable company given better evidence of its strength and composition as an organization unequaled in the production of English operatic works, and viewed from the standpoint of individual or collective excellence, its reputation was greatly enhanced by the merits displayed in this performance. In Mlle. de Lussan the interest centred, for her rapid advance during the past year has fully developed the possession of musical and dramatic gifts well characterized as phenomenal. Her absolute control over a voice pure and strong in all tones, wonderfully flexible, and equally effective either in brilliant vocalization or tender, emotional passages, leaves no room for criticism other than that which musical experts could produce in their exceptions to the tone of Gabriel's trumpet. To the ordinary music-lover she is extremely satisfying both in vocal and dramatic gifts, and in her hands *Berlina* captivated a critical audience. In her first appearance here Mlle. Lablache created a most favorable impression, and with Messrs. Karl and Barnabee, rendered excellent support. The other members fully sustained their rôles, and the orchestra and chorus deserve special mention for even and telling work. Mr. Studley is a grand conductor, and these departments prove it. Flowers, recalls, enthusiasm joined hands *con amore*, and the first night of the first week was made a red-letter one.

At the Lyceum "Held by the Enemy" holds public attention with increasing power. Salsbury's Troubadours are in their second and last week at the Park, when "Hoodman Blind" will follow, to be given by Mr. Joseph Haworth and his company. The Globe had a large house last night, where "Caught in a Corner" was produced by Mr. M. B. Curtis and his company. "The Jilt" is drawing large audiences at the Hollis Street, but will positively give way to Mr. Boucicault's new play, "Fin Mac Cool," on February 3, although he has no exception to make in regard to the former's hold on public attention. Good luck to *Fin!*

H. W.

WOMEN AND THE STAGE.

BUT much as individuals have suffered by the combination system of traveling, the profession of acting has gained enormously. Our best actors have penetrated everywhere, and have educated this vast country to an appreciation of the drama. Residents of the Eastern States, who have settled in less populated regions, have taken with them their taste for the theatre. It is but right, therefore, that the theatre should follow them. This causes an ever increasing demand for players; and

if the supply should exceed the demand, it but follows the law of work.

For a man the traveling life is not so severe, since he can use his leisure time as he chooses. But a woman has too much of the hotel room in her life. She is apt to be a stranger in almost every city and town, and even if she has any social connection, may have neither time nor strength to accept attentions. "Living in a trunk" is not the life for a woman. The loss of that saving means of grace, a home, is the strongest argument against the stage that I can think of.

A woman while traveling must either be sufficient company to herself or find such enjoyment as she can in the company of others, who may or may not be congenial. It frequently happens, after a few weeks, that mutually interesting subjects are exhausted, and perhaps nothing but backbiting and gossip remain as ever-fruitful topics. Then it is that the world appears no larger than a cheese-box, and the thoughts and opinions of the members of the company seem like the final judgment. Then is it that jealousy eats into the soul, and life is narrower than a thread. Jealousy and backbiting will be conceded to belong not alone to the stage; but as the stage does share in them to some degree, it might be well to include them among the disadvantages. For all this there is but one cure—the right employment of the leisure time; in sight-seeing, perhaps, for there is always something to be seen and learned during a ramble, if the tired traveler can be induced to take one.

Young women will find it hard to convince themselves that they have any leisure time. Once convinced, however, they will soon learn to throw away all idle occupations, and use their valuable leisure moments to advance themselves. Perhaps they may only succeed in seeing one good picture, or hearing one good concert, or even reading one good book a week; but any one of these is of use. They may like to spend all their time in studying something of the technique of their art, although general culture best prepares the mind for their work. But some one thing they can do to broaden their intelligence and divert their minds from that curse of all professions—"shop." The formation of a society like that small humorous one in London, where no one is allowed to talk more than a minute on any subject that he understands, might benefit members of theatrical companies.

Playing in one theatre year after year, even with constant changes of plays, one has many leisure moments which can be employed to great advantage. By the possession of attainments outside their regular line of work, foreign actors show that better use has been made of this leisure time than do our Americans. Our native actors often appear to share the national scorn for accomplishments and what is called "useless knowledge."

In this profession of equal return some portion of chivalry may be lost, and each individual looks after self—particularly in the small material comforts of traveling—so it may happen if a woman has cause to be grateful for courtesy in trifles, her gratitude might tempt her to wed foolishly, and

the sequel be too often found in the court calendar. This and even sadder consequences may sometimes be the outcome of stage life for women, particularly when traveling.

Georgia Cayvan in the "Brooklyn Magazine."

BOUCICAULT.

WHEN Dion Boucicault occupies a theatre somebody must "stand 'round." Boucicault always knows what he wants, and always sees that he gets it. Conventionality is knocked on the head for the time being, and everything has to be shaped to the Dionesque idea. The scene painter belabors an "interior" with hues and whirligigs like nothing ever seen in a Christian land, and calls it "a splendid effect." Along comes Boucicault.

"What is this horrible daub?" he queries.

"Inside of a house."

"What are those things on the walls?"

"Ornaments."

"What are those things on the doors?"

"Ornaments."

"Well, take 'em off, instant!"

"Why, sir, we always——"

"Take 'em off!"

"What shall we put on the walls?"

"What under the sun did you ever see put on walls? Paper, sir, paper! Put on paper!"

No actor has ever equaled Dion Boucicault as a pathetic speech-maker in front of the green curtain. He is still the inimitable comedian—he "keeps up the mystery." Tears in his eyes, tears in his voice—how many audiences have sobbed with him on last nights, knowing how truly they were "his oldest and dearest friends," and that they now must part! How many audiences have thrilled with pleasure, and cordial welcome on first nights when *Conn the Shaughraun* came back again to "the sturdiest and most faithful hearts he ever knew!" Boucicault makes every audience feel that it is the only audience he ever cared to play to. How can they doubt that genial, infectious smile, and that voice with the heart in it? Yes, Boucicault is as consummate an actor before the curtain as he is behind it, and how well he shows this on first nights and at farewells! No audience knowing that to it alone is confided the tender keeping of his heart can fail to cry "Long life to him!" And to every audience in the world is that trust confided. Clever Dion!

Arthur Warren, in the Boston "Home Journal."

FRANCIS WILSON.

(Blakely Hall, in the Buffalo Express.)

A comedian who is held in the highest personal esteem in New York by people of all grades of society is Mr. Francis Wilson, of the Casino. His name does not appear in mammoth letters, employs no press agent, and his attire does not suggest the actor. He is one of the most thoroughly finished and legitimate actors on our stage, and is undoubtedly the most polished of American comedians. Besides his stage training, he is a man of

notable erudition, speaks several languages fluently, is probably the best amateur swordsman in the United States, and is a general athlete. He lives in his own house, is essentially domestic, and enjoys an income of about \$18,000 a year.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

TOO OLD FOR THAT SORT OF THING!



VERDI has invented several new instruments for his new opera of "Otello." One is made of copper, wood, and asses' skin, which will emit an "extraordinarily lugubrious and strange" note when *Othello* smothers *Desdemona*. He has also added a fifth string to his violins.

PINERO's new play "Dandy Dick," will be "a go" it is said. Jones's play of "Hard Hit" is a failure, and Sir Charles Young's success as a dramatist makes him in great demand for new pieces.

It is reported from Paris that Capoul may be the new lessee of the Opera Comique, and that Emma Abbott announces that she has been offered an engagement by Carvalho of the Opera Comique.

AUBER's opera, "La Sirène," which has not been performed in twenty-two years, has been revived at the Opera Comique, Paris.

MR. RUDOLPH STRONG, the actor, formerly of Mary Anderson's company, and this season "first old man" in Mrs. D. P. Bowers's troupe, died at Hot Springs, Ark., January 26. He was an Englishman by birth. He leaves a widow, an actress, now living in Chicago. Mrs. Bowers, by the way, will play an engagement in New York in March.

* *

MISS GERALDINE MORGAN, a young American violinist, daughter of the late organist and composer, recently gave her first concert in Berlin, with great success. Joachim, her teacher, conducted the orchestra, and the débutante, among other things, played Bach's difficult G minor fugue and Wieniawski's A major polonaise.

* *

It is a strange thing, seems to me, that while nearly every theatre in New York, out of deference to the public and their customers in particular, has abolished ticket speculating by posting notices conspicuously that all tickets purchased on the sidewalk are worthless, the Metropolitan Opera House shields a nuisance by permitting the utmost freedom to speculators and annoyance to their patrons. The Metropolitan is managed, or rather controlled, by leading citizens, many of whom have cried the loudest against "ticket speculating" at the theatres.

Fileur.

IN THE STALLS.

I watch her clear-cut cameo face
Against the crimson curtain's fold;
The gaslight glimmers on the gold
Of tresses twined with classic grace.

The season's beauty, do you say?
Indeed, I see she holds a court,
Whose smiles and jests and quick retort
Keep her from listening to the play.

Why should she heed the twice-told tale
Of faithful love upon the stage?
She knows full well in this, our age,
Wealth and ambition turn the scale.

I? Oh, I loved her once—long since,
A year, a century ago—
Before I went abroad, you know,
But I was neither peer nor prince.

And so we parted. Here to-night
By chance I see her, and again,
With throb and thrill of sudden pain,
I feel my heart stir at the sight.

The drama ends. Ah, fair coquette!
Folded in furs, she quits her place.
If I should meet her face to face,
Will she remember or forget?

—London World.



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ROSE COGHLAN,

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"PEG. WOFFINGTON."

MISS COGHLAN.....as.....PEG.

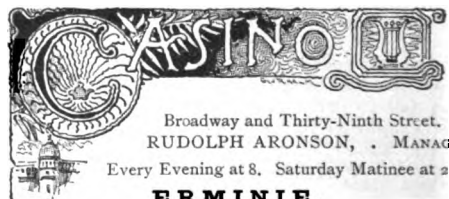


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Evening at 8.30. Saturday Matinee at 2.

Sir Charles Young's Play,

JIM, THE PENMAN.

James Ralston.....	Frederick Robinson
Louis Percival.....	H. M. Pitt
Baron Hartfeld.....	W. J. LeMoyne
Captain Redwood.....	E. M. Holland
Lord Delincourt.....	L. F. Massen
Jack Ralston.....	Walden Ramsey
Mr. Chapstone, Q.C.....	C. P. Flockton
Mr. Netherby, M.P.....	Harry I. Holliday
Dr. Pettywise.....	Wm. Davidge
Mrs. Ralston.....	Agnes Booth
Agnes (her daughter).....	Maud Harrison
Lady Danscombe.....	Mrs. F. J. Phillips
Mrs. Chapstone.....	May Robson



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Every Evening at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

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Princess de Grampeneur.....	Mrs. Germon
Javotte.....	Marie Jansen
Marie.....	Sadie Kirby
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Cadeaux.....	Francis Wilson
Ravennes.....	Mark Smith
Marquis de Ponvert.....	J. A. Furey
Eugene Marcel.....	Henry Hallam
Chevalier de Brabazon.....	Max Freeman
Visconte de Brissac.....	C. L. Weeks
Boxes.....	\$8, \$10, \$12 Balcony.....\$1.00
Orchestra.....	\$1.50 Admission......50

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Sole Proprietor and Manager,
Mr. Lester Wallack.
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Creston Clarke
Nicholas Morland, his cousin,
E. J. Henley

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Captain Nelson, of the Preventive
Service..... Harry Edwards
Mark Helstone..... Herbert Kelcey
Dick Hockaday..... Herbert Ayling
Tom Dossiter, Quartermaster R. N.,
Charles Groves

Solomon, an old servant, W. H. Pope
Jack Lirriper, a coast guard,
Daniel Leeson

Will Drake..... J. Jones
Lieut. Wynyard, R. N., Thos. Crane
Harbor Master..... John W. Totten
Detective Wood..... David Schelley
Drill Master..... Sergt. Geo. Boyce
Officer of Marines..... Geo. W. Finch
Dora Vane..... Miss Annie Robe
Lina Nelson..... Miss Helen Russell
Mrs. Chudleigh..... Mrs. Mary Barken
Peggy Chudleigh..... Miss Carrie Coote

Bridget Maloney..... Miss Alice Grey
Mrs. Helstone..... Miss Evelyn Granville
Polly..... Miss Enola Gerant
Fisherwoman.....



Fourth Ave., bet. 23d
and 24th Streets. Evening at 8:15.
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Under the management of Wm. R. Hayden,

PEG. WOFFINGTON, OR, MASKS AND FACES.

By TOM TAYLOR and CHAS. READE.

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Sir Charles Pomander.....	J. E. Whiting
Ernest Vane.....	E. H. Sothern
Colley Cibber.....	Joseph Wilkes
Quin.....	G. F. DeVere
Triplet.....	John Howson
Snaarl.....	J. G. Saville
Soaper.....	Frank Rodney
Burdock.....	Wm. Payson
Colander.....	Walter Osmond
Hunsdon.....	Gus. Brooke
Call Boy.....	Master Brown
Lysimachus.....	Miss Daisy Dean
Pompey.....	Master Stevens
Mrs. Vane.....	Miss Ellie Wilton
Kitty Clive.....	Miss Enid Leslie
Mrs. Triplet.....	Miss Isabella Preston
Maid.....	Miss Bertie
Cleopatra.....	Miss Bijou Fernandez

PEG WOFFINGTON..... and..... HELEN DAUVRAY

Boxes.....\$8, \$10, \$12 | Balcony (four rows).....\$1.50
Orchestra.....\$1.50 | Balcony.....1.00
Admission.....\$1.00.



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TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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Petrucio.....	Mr. Drew
Grumio.....	Mr. Lewis
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A Lord.....	Mr. Clarke
Lucentio.....	Mr. Skinner
Hortensio.....	Mr. Holland
Gremio.....	Mr. Leclercq
Sly the Tinker.....	Mr. Gilbert
The False Lucentio.....	Mr. Bond
The False Vincentio.....	Mr. Wood
Vincutio.....	Mr. Moore
Curtis.....	Mrs. G. H. Gilbert
Bianca.....	Miss Dreher
A Widow.....	Miss Gordon
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In their New Play by Fred. Williams and George Stout,
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THE HUMMING BIRD.

A Modern Society Comedy.

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THE GERMAN OPERA SEASON.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7, LAST PERFORMANCE THIS SEASON OF
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TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.

Farewell appearance of Herr Albert Niemann.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9,

RIENZI.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, LAST PERFORMANCE THIS SEASON OF

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Fiametta, daughter of Lorenzo XVII.....	Miss Leila Farrell
Frederic, Prince of Pisa.....	Miss Flora Irwin
Rocco, a farmer.....	Chas. B. Bishop
Pippo.....	Stuart Harold
Doctor.....	Ed. F. Goodwin
Parafante, Sergeant.....	William Barnes
Matheo, Inn keeper.....	Harry C. DeWitt
Antonia.....	Miss Pony Stevens
Paolo.....	Miss Lucy Escott
Francesco.....	Miss Ida Van Osten
Angelo.....	Miss Carrie Wallace
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Lionel Mellan.....	Mr. Bradley
Judge Halweiser.....	Mr. Fisher
Mary McQuirk.....	Mr. Sparks
Nora Gilmartin.....	Mrs. Yeamans
Adele Spoonful.....	Miss Lee
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Scenes—Welcome Home Nursery;
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Mr. Braham has composed three new
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LA MARECITA.

THE THEATRE.

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FEBRUARY 14, 1887.

WHOLE No. 48

THE THEATRE: AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF
DRAMA, MUSIC, ART AND LITERATURE.—Published
every Saturday at No. 26 West Thirty-second Street,
New York.

DESHLER WELCH . . . EDITOR AND MANAGER

The price of yearly subscription to THE THEATRE is four dollars in advance. We cannot undertake to return manuscript that is not suitable, unless we receive sufficient postage to do so. Care is always taken not needlessly to destroy valuable manuscript.

*** The Editor solicits contributions from the readers of THE THEATRE, and suggests that old play bills, and scraps relating to the stage, notes, news and items appertaining to the different arts, would be acceptable. It is the desire of the Editor to establish a widely-circulated magazine, and to further that end every good idea will be acted upon so far as possible.

*** All articles appearing in THE THEATRE are written especially for it unless credited otherwise.



EARLY last week it was formally announced by Mrs. James Brown Potter that she intends to go on the stage next season as a professional actress. She is now in Paris, and has employed as a

private teacher Mme. Armand Pléssy, a former member of the Theatre Français. She has been offered an English engagement, which she has not accepted, and she is "open to American offers." It is also stated that Mrs. Potter's sister, Miss Jennie Urquhart, is receiving theatrical instruction, and makes her first appearance at the same time. Among the assurances that Mrs. Potter's future is well fixed is that her preceptor, who was a contemporary of Rachel, declares that her pupil would be "the Rachel of the future." As has been stated in THE THEATRE, not a stone is being left unturned in order to advertise Mrs. Potter. She has found her way into

society in Paris; Cabanel, the Spanish painter, is transposing to canvas "her ideal head," and Beer, the Viennese sculptor, is making a bust of her, and this will be generally exhibited throughout the United States when she makes her tour. Mrs. Potter's career thus far has been one of singular interest for so young a woman. Her history may be thus briefly recited: Her husband is a son of Mr. Howard Potter, of the banking firm of Brown Brothers, a cousin of Bishop Henry C. Potter, of this Episcopal diocese, and a nephew of the late Bishop Horatio N. Potter. Mr. David Urquhart, her father—and a distinguished looking man—resides in New Orleans. Cora (Mrs. Potter) was the eldest of his four children. Col. Urquhart's father went to the Crescent City early in the century and was one of the few wealthy American residents among a population consisting almost entirely of French and Spaniards. His name is mentioned in a legislative act of 1808, shortly after the admission of Louisiana into the Union, as one of the trustees of the Christ Church Corporation, the first English Protestant church erected in New Orleans. Col. David Urquhart was a younger son of three brothers, and lived on the family plantation in St. James's Parish. It is described that Mrs. Potter's mother was the beautiful Augusta Slocomb, the eldest daughter of Mr. C. Slocomb, a retired hardware merchant. Miss Slocomb was the toast of the day, and one of the greatest belles that New Orleans society has ever known. She had numerous suitors, among whom was George Eustis, the son of the Chief Justice of Louisiana, and who afterwards married the daughter of Mr. Corcoran, of Washington, and the young Duc de Choiseuil. The Slocombs lived in a very handsome house, fronting on Lafayette Square, and entertained delightfully. Col. David Urquhart was a very handsome man, and his marriage to the reigning beauty of the town was an event in its social history. The war coming on shortly after his marriage, Col. Urquhart enlisted and won his military title by gallant action. Mrs. Urquhart and her children lived during the greater part of the war near Flat Rock, in North Carolina, a watering-place much frequented by Charleston people. Col. Urquhart was thus enabled to visit his family from time to time during the progress of the war. It was at this retreat that Cora Urquhart spent her childhood's

days and essayed her first attempt at elocution. After the war the Urquharts went abroad for several years and then returned and settled in New Orleans, making their residence with Mrs. Slocumb, Mrs. Urquhart's mother.

* *

MISS CORA URQUHART was considered a beauty in New Orleans society. Mr. James Brown Potter was a visitor at the Carnival one winter, and the result was that Miss Urquhart became Mrs. Potter. Owing to the illness of her sister, Miss Annie, the marriage was private and was celebrated at the Urquhart plantation in St. James's Parish, in the spring of 1877. The year 1878 was a disastrous one. The failure of the savings bank, of which Col. Urquhart was president, brought ruin, not only to him, but to his brother's family and to Mrs. Slocumb, his mother-in-law, who had indorsed his paper. The handsome house on Lafayette Square, which for more than a generation had been in the Slocumb family, was sold, and old Mrs. Slocumb sought refuge with her other married daughter, Mrs. Dr. Richardson. A family feud followed, and family lawsuits were brought. Col. Urquhart and his family retired to the plantation, which never had produced a crop, except one of mortgages. Here Miss Annie, who was a beautiful girl, died after a lingering illness. In all the financial troubles in which he was involved, it is said by New Orleans people that there was no word of reproach for Col. Urquhart. Mrs. James Brown Potter had been given as a wedding gift by her grandmother, Mrs. Slocumb, a store on Front Street, quite a valuable piece of property. This at once she gave back to her grandmother to cover a part of her father's indebtedness. Mrs. Slocumb died in 1884. In 1885 the Urquharts' plantation was bought in by Victor Meyer, a cotton and sugar broker in New Orleans, to foreclose his mortgages. A claim against the United States for cotton burned during the Confederacy by the Union Army, and which belonged to Mrs. Slocumb, was carried through Congress, it is said, through the instrumentality of Mrs. Potter and "Ostler Joe," for it was shortly after the "Ostler Joe" episode last winter in Washington that this claim was advanced. Of the \$40,000 secured most of the amount went to the Slocumb heirs. Mrs. Potter only kept half of her share, and this sum enabled her to make a visit to London.

* *

PREVIOUS to Mrs. Potter's marriage the writer of this met her one summer at the Queens Royal Hotel, Niagara City, Ont., where the family were sojourning for the season. She was then a young girl in her teens, of a shy disposition apparently, but with lovely

manners. Her beauty was the subject of much remark, although it was of a sort which might not strike every one alike. The drooping of one eyelid was always a marked peculiarity, but it rather added to her charms than otherwise. Her complexion was like marble, and her hair a reddish brown of exquisite tint. She was tall, with a delicate figure, and her carriage was as graceful as a lily. She seemed quiet and thoughtful, and the exclusiveness of her family added to the ecstasies of the young men who sought but could not make her acquaintance. I remember it now as but yesterday: the quiet Sunday mornings in that old town when I saw her pausing in the little English churchyard, then pass into the minster with a devoutness that rested on her sweet face with the becomingness of the poet's singing robe.

* *

IS IT not strange, then, that this rosebud whose thorns were hardly willful, should so develop and change as to be known as the best advertised woman in America? All this within ten years! The eyes which once seemed the homes of silent prayer are lit now by the glare of the footlight, and the applause of a theatre where public scrutiny, rigid and deep, makes no discrimination. I beg of her to seek the stage as an art, and not as money-getting. If she must face the blow of circumstance, let it fall upon a breast wherein this talent is best employed. THE THEATRE wishes Mrs. Potter success and honor in her new career!

* *

THERE seems something silly in the foolish adulation which makes the appearance of an actor or actress before a queen of so much moment. The *English Court Circular* says that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal "had the honor of being received by Her Majesty in the drawing-room after the private performance." To be "commanded by the queen" is, apparently, the climax of earthly ambitions on our little mother-island. Yet the doings of Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland are now so chronicled as to make it appear as if the United States was vitally interested every time these people take a walk. Perhaps it's the newspapers which assist all this. The newspapers are, in a measure, responsible for strike troubles and wars. Without these mediums, which at times are so dangerous, we would not be making wars to suit the stock markets. But then what would the poor actor do without the newspaper? Would he not be better morally if there was no such publicity to his daily movements? It is strange, isn't it, that the actor, aye the most insignificant, can obtain more puffing and free newspaper notoriety than

the highest kind of a mercantile house or the hardest working literary man? Well, there are lots of strange things in this world.

**

STILL, if THE THEATRE must interest the people, it must help on the "puffing" which it so deplures. During the engagement of the "Ideal Opera Company" in Boston, recently, an order was given to one of the local florists by an admirer of Mlle. de Lussan, to send to her each evening either a magnificent bouquet or a basket of choice flowers, the cost of which was limited to \$100 per evening. This is an item which will particularly interest the *Triplets*; and the wan and pinched face of some one who is starving ought to thank God some one is able to buy \$100 worth of flowers every night for an actress to smile upon. The individual who spends his money this way, and bowls down bottles of champagne in a ten-pin alley, just to listen to them crack and see the flying wine, ought to hear the bitter cry in his dreams.

**

THE frightful railway accident on the Vermont Central Railroad last week has struck with horror the keynote of public sympathy—and public alarm. It is a question for the ministers to discuss. No human mind, however depraved, could have witnessed that awful thing without a desperate attempt to save, yet, no doubt, many who retired to their berths that night were full of faith that they would see the morrow's light. The ways of Providence are inscrutable.

**

MR. GEORGE W. SMALLEY, is the London correspondent of *The Tribune*, and usually accomplished, but whatever did he mean by this:

"But there is at least one scene in 'David Garrick' which demands seriousness; the scene in which he feigns drunkenness in order to disgust the girl who is in love with him and whom he feels bound not to marry. Traces of the old Adam are to be seen in Mr. Wyndham's dealing with this difficult act. He does not let himself down for a moment; the strain on himself and on his audience is constant. He plays it nevertheless throughout with a concentration not less remarkable than its energy. You would say it is impossible to keep to the end the note struck at the beginning. But he does, and there are, on the whole, few finer bits of dramatic work to be seen on the stage at this moment than Mr. Wyndham in this act. Observe also that though a crowd of characters are present, the whole business is his; he is practically not more aided by those about him than if they were so many lay figures. This is not a reproach to them, or to most of them, but it is a striking proof of the art and capacity of the actor who fills the stage with his single figure when it is, in a different sense, filled with so many other figures."

It has been generally thought that all of the part of *David Garrick* demanded seriousness. Any actor who played it otherwise would make a fool of himself. As for the "business" being his, although a crowd of characters are present,

of course it is, and did every one see it to the contrary with any one who plays "David Garrick?" The last part of Mr. Smalley's cable dispatch is nonsense.

**

THE projected performances for the benefit of the venerable actor, Mr. C. W. Couldock, will occur in New York on about the 9th of May. The affair will be managed by Mr. Charles B. Jefferson, son of the comedian. Edwin Booth will appear, assisted by members of his present dramatic company, in scenes from "Hamlet." Joseph Jefferson will perform *Acres*, in scenes from "The Rivals." Mrs. John Drew will appear as *Mrs. Malaprop*, and Mrs. Langtry has promised to appear as *Lydia Languish*. Other characters in "The Rivals" are to be filled by equally distinguished actors. Lawrence Barrett will also participate, and it is hoped that Mr. Wilson Barrett will appear. Mr. Couldock, the beneficiary, will give a recitation of the poem of "The Vagabonds."

**

THERE is an article in the February *Lippincott's* on "Our Actors and their Preferences," by Charles E. L. Wingate, dramatic editor of the *Boston Journal*. The author has written letters to the leading actors of England and America,—Edwin Booth, Henry Irving, Wilson Barrett, Lawrence Barrett, Modjeska, Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport, etc.,—inquiring what are the parts they prefer to play and the lines they like the best. Their answers are published in the article.

**

EDWIN BOOTH'S favorite lines from "Hamlet" were given in THE THEATRE last week. Mr. Irving writes that his interest in all the characters he has essayed is so strong he cannot separate one from its fellows. Lawrence Barrett writes:

"My favorite character is *Caius Cassius*; my favorite lines are in the speech beginning—

"Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as a star; so were you;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he;"

etc., etc., in the first act of "Julius Cæsar."

Wilson Barrett says that *Hamlet* is his character, and he loves no special lines. Clara Morris likes "Magdalen," and the part of *Mercy Merrick*. Modjeska's favorite is *Rosalind*, and Mrs. D. P. Bowers expresses her partiality now for *Elizabeth*, although in the past *Julia* in "The Hunchback" was her favorite. Fanny Davenport's favorite is *Rosalind*, although she thinks she may, in time, become more fond of *Beatrice*.

MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD announces "a new course of lectures or papers for Lent on topics distinctly American."

Mr. J. M. HILL has purchased a new play for Miss Mather. It is entitled "Alexandra," and is an emotional drama, in four acts, by Richard Voss, the well-known German playwright. It presents a new psychological problem which is sure to prove a fruitful subject of discussion. It was first produced in Germany last spring, and has since been played in nearly every German-speaking city on the Continent. It is now being adapted for the French stage by the celebrated dramatist M. Jules Richepin. The English adaptation is the collaboration of two young journalists, Messrs. Albert Steinberg and Stephen Bonsall, the latter an occasional contributor to THE THEATRE. Mme. Franciske Ellmenreich, the celebrated German artiste, has made a great success in the part, and Frau Niemann Raabe is now on a tour through Austria and Holland with it.

WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP, called "A Mind Reader," and of whom THE THEATRE has already told at some length, was seen at his best—and his worst—at Chickering Hall last Monday evening. His actions may be Napoleonic in respect to their rapidity and effectiveness, but his attempts at wit are painfully uncomfortable. The manner in which he rushed large-bodied men about the hall and upset everything in his track was the most amusing feature of the performance, and the only scientific part of it was when he paused in his mad career to have his pulse taken. His confederates had little difficulty in putting their blindfolded Sybil on the right scent of a succession of hidden handkerchiefs, daggers, penknives, etc. The bank-note number was incorrectly signaled at first, but was finally manipulated accurately, much to the astonishment of a number of people who have never seen Heller. I was shocked to see the staunch and sterling old traveler, Col. Thos. W. Knox, who was able to resist the advances of the Turkish backsheesh levies go down before such shallow pretension.

It is said that the painter Frederic Amerling, who died recently, bequeathed a collection of works of art and antiquities, worth £25,000, to the city of Vienna, which is to preserve them for public inspection. Amerling, being the father of a family, thought it justified the bequest by saying that neither daughters nor eventual sons-in-law were likely to respect a parent's collection, but would divide and sell it, and he therefore bequeathed it to the city of Vienna. *Trophonius.*

ART CHAT.

THE WATER COLOR EXHIBITION.

I.

THE prospect at the twentieth annual exhibition of the Water Color Society, now open at the Academy of Design, is most flattering to our American artists, and especially the younger ones. They are seldom seen to better advantage.

It may not be complimentary to say that many of the artists whose works in oil can hardly be estimated above mediocrity are here represented by water color of eminent quality, but it is nevertheless true.

"Are these water colors easier than oils?" I think I hear it asked. A natural but foolish query often repeated. To which there is no answer. We do not ask if "singing is easier than playing?"

Water colors are more direct than oils; they are to a great degree simpler. But, as a general rule in art, that which is direct and simple is not easy. Perhaps we may be safe in saying that less is demanded in water colors than in oils, that a sketch in the former is more of a picture than in the latter. Those who have a technical knowledge of the two arts will note this contrast—*i. e.*, that a wash of cobalt (a light blue) upon the upper part of a sheet of white paper upon the lower part of which is a landscape, will resemble blue sky more faithfully than a coat of the same pigment on a canvas similarly arranged. And in many other ways an artist with fine sensibilities can express with less technical embarrassment his impressions of nature in aqua than in oil.

As we pass from room to room in the Academy, we find the pleasing pictures much in the majority. There is a bright, cheery effect about the walls covered with pretty colors and delicate grays. We do not find many "hits" in the collection, but to mention the titles of all the meritorious pictures would fill half of our paper. Six hundred and fifty works are hung, some two hundred less than last year, consequently very few are "skied."

OUR water colorists are strongest in the field of landscape. Let us look at the landscapes. How they recall nature! Step into the North Gallery, after coming in from the sloppy February weather, and plant yourself in front of C. Harry Eaton's "Sunshine in the Pasture" (33)—no misnomer here!—and see if you don't forget the barometrical indications outside! In this case we have a finished picture. The artist has made the best possible use of the

means at his command, without any loss of transparency or purity of color. He has given all the details it would be possible to give in oil.

Bruce Crane, in half a dozen small landscape impressions, indicates a growing tendency among our water colorists to keep their work clean and bright. Several years ago water-color drawings were much dirtier than now.

Wm. T. Whittemore may be complimented upon the same score. His several compositions are a trifle too slight, but they are delicate and refined in conception.

Charles Warren Eaton, no less than his brother, gives us a forcible work in his "Winter Sunset" (44). His "Leafless Woods" (240) is also effective. He draws with decision, and his color is clear and harmonious, but there is a similarity about the trees introduced repeatedly into his compositions, which it would be well for him to avoid in the future.

Of course Mr. Henry Farrer's contributions are seen at every turn. What kind of a water-color exhibition would there be without a dozen or so Farrers? I don't think we appreciate Mr. Farrer's work half enough. Poor frail human nature craves novelty. We can't call Mr. Farrer's water colors novelties. If you asked me the order of architecture of the pillars in the corridor, I couldn't tell you. I'm so used to seeing them they don't arouse my curiosity. Just so with Mr. Farrer's water-colors, if you asked me what they were like. I might commit myself to the pillars being round, and I might venture to say that Mr. Farrer's landscape was a hazy bit of lowland with a little round pool in the middle distance. I might go further and add that the pillars had both bases and capitals, and so with the picture, say that on either side of the pool we would find leafless trees, with thin, drooping limbs silhouetted against a sunset sky. And for a title, some verse of poetry about "Evening's misty curtain dropping silently down." In briefer words, Mr. Farrer has for years repeated himself. But his work is nevertheless beautiful, poetic, and full of nature. His atmospheric effects are perfect; and should, for any cause, his works be absent from the annual exhibition, he would be greatly missed.

AMONG the figure pieces we have not such a treat as in former years. We think of C. D. Weldon's "Incense," and E. A. Abbey's "The Old Song," in last year's display, both Weldon and Abbey are absent this year. We recall Winslow Horner's grandest of all grand water-colors "The Voice from the Cliff," in the exhibition of 1883, but this season Mr. Horner is worse than absent, he sends a few crude studies.

John La Forge's study "Sleep" (72), "Aphrodite" (256), and a "Japanese 'No' Dancer" (365), which are loaned by Mr. John Johnson, an imitator of Mr. La Farge, are beautiful gems of color and modeling.

Mr. F. D. Millet's classical maiden with a wreath "For the Victor" (312) of some game or contest, is a dainty and graceful figure. One would rather, however, that Mr. Millet used water colors in a freer manner; his stippling is objectionable.

Mr. Walter Satterlee is never seen to better advantage than in his water colors. His color is rich and brilliant, purely laid on with ease and effect, and never stippled or mused over. His life-like figure of a young woman, a "Venetian Milk Seller" (249), a most legitimate water-color study, is a salient feature of the East Room. The most spirited of his contributions is his out-of-doors sketch of a girl picking "Forbidden Fruit" (417, South Gallery), while a breeze through the orchard blows her skirts in graceful folds about her. While his interesting "Industry and Idleness" (475), in the corridor, is the most popular of his subjects.

Mr. C. Y. Turner sends this year a slight sketch (251), and a very large work, a Dutch scene, a peasant woman on some steps of a canal, at the foot of which we see the bow of a rowboat. It is called "At the Ferry" (129), and is the principal feature of the North Gallery. Mr. Turner is a perfect draughtsman, and in the present case his modeling is quite equal to his outlines, the woman's figure is beautifully rounded. Is not, however, the background a little vacant and uninteresting? And has not the painting in the face become almost stippling, making disagreeable contrast between it and the boldly painted figure and background?

The work is interesting rather as a study than as a picture. Yet it is evidently meant for a picture.

There are other works, and especially those in the South Gallery, which must be put off for next week.

Ernest Knaufft.

HERE is a story from Paris :

Some years ago, a well-known dramatist of Paris and one of his friends went to the Theatre Dejazet with a new comedy. They were unable to find the manager, but after some search they discovered an old lady sweeping the stage. "Is the manager in?" they inquired. "No. What do you want?" "It's about a play." "Very well. Leave it here, I will read it." "But—" "Ah, you think because I have a broom in my hand—I'd have you to know that I am the manager's wife. I read all pieces offered to him, and have for many a year. Why, I refused the 'Irene aux Camellias' ('Camille!') The dramatist thought if Alexandre Dumas fils had had such poor luck there, he himself would have had little chance, so he precipitately retired.

IN THE LIMELIGHT'S GLARE.

IT is the non-dancing ballet that's bad. I mean the burlesquers, the "opera bouffers, my dear," the set pieces that tint their tights, their cheeks and their grammar, who graduated from their tubs in '85, and are now way up in furs, furbelows, frills, ruby rings and jeweled garters. I think there is not apt to be any extensive wickedness in a real *danseuse* who tiptoes down toward the bald orchestra leader on a strain of melody and skurries all over the lot like a snow-flake that is prevented from reaching the ground by coquettish breezes. If one of these supple-vertebraed nymphs permitted herself to forget her airy work in order to look naughty love toward a paying subscriber down in the stalls, she would be likely to fly too high some bright night and come down with a thud that would make her tulle skirts very dusty. She has to tend right to business every minute. The clergy is wrong. It's not the ballet proper that is immoral. It's the ballet improper, the lumps that can't dance, sing, talk decent English, or do anything legitimate that are collectively bad, and individually a trifle worse. They do not degrade the profession as a body. They are *on* the stage, not *of* it, and should really be classed among the properties, like the *papier-maché* pigs and the kicking donkeys. The opera bouffer's career appears unique to a foreigner, but it is getting conventional to us here at home. She is originally a clod that marries a man before beginning her public history. We call this that she marries a man because its gender is not feminine. It was not born to earn a living, but to get married. When the head of the firm comes to town and joins the chorus the appendage stands up on Broadway and lets the whiskers grow round the edges of his trouser legs, while his black hat fades to a sickly green. The working partner peeps over the shoulders of the front rank and says to herself: "It all depends. If my nose has the genteel tilt, I'll win a raft of them dudes, and Charley can wear new pants next summer." The idea is to emerge from the obscurity of the chorus, and to be entrusted with one line and a "Hooraw" in the first act, just to focus the lorgnettes and wake up the alert senses of the doo-dooos. Doo-doo is Hindoo for chump. They are all over the country and often travel with the show. The one-line performer assorts them according to their various advantages, monetary and otherwise. Pretty soon it begins to look dark for Charley out on Broadway. He will presently be compelled to fly around for his keep. The wealthy old doo-dooos are making big offers. The younger ones, who are less heavily monied, are dribbling dimes to the best of their ability. The "lady-actress"

is beginning to look haughty and to forget her immediate ancestry. The reporters on the daily papers are sharpening their pencils. They know that somebody ought to be pitched out of a hotel, right now, and that Charley has gone down to the Tombs and engaged a lawyer. Charley is slightly handicapped. He doesn't know whether to select an individual and get golden satisfaction from him, or to name the whole baker's dozen of his wife's attachés as co-respondents in an elegant, high-colored divorce suit. A divorce in the chorus department of a burlesque company is akin to eating hash in a boarding-house, conventional and not provocation of much remark except from the humorists of the press. When a burlesque troupe gets low in divorce suits it usually disbands, and the star comedian reorganizes with girls that has some style about them. Some of the men and boys who aid in making true the fact that most chorus girls are bad, exert themselves in a foolishly vicious direction because they want to be real naughty. Absolute and successful naughtiness brings a pat on the back from some sections of society. There are weak fools in the world who believe it is quite elegant to own a baby of the footlights, and to wear a rosebud in a buttonhole of their pajamas. I could be as aphorismic as this for several hours in this matter of chorus girls viewed in the abstract. If I settled down to details and individual mention, carefully elucidating the ethics of visual telegraphy, which is the first flank movement of the front row doo-doo, then leading up through the various *stages* of the fine and expensive art, fraught as it is with cabs, suppers and diamond stars for the beer-bleached "hirsute appendage" of the enameled "footlight favorite," my copy would be too florid to get by the perceptive eye of the managing editor; and even should it, I'd not dare to venture out o' nights for one good while, for fear that a grim, hard club, wielded by the hand of her whom I'd been youthfully rash enough to prod about on the uncomfortable point of a strong stub pen, would reach me all unawares in some tender part where nerves centre and vibrate under the influence of a short, sharp shock. Therefore, kind friends and lovers all, permit me to say, in a comfortable, sweeping way, with a pulse moving at seventy-five beats to the minute, that the burlesque chorus is awfully bad, and that the advance guard of two or four who have four lines of repartee to elocute, with an interspersed of factory-girl giggles given falsetto, are the worst cards in the pack, badly finger-marked and smeared.

There are good burlesque actresses, and some are in the chorus even. I'd say who these were; but if I did, the other kind would know.

who *they* were. I'm getting diplomatic as the world grows older.

Musty ale is rather nice to some palates, but shoot me if I know how any one can go a musty actress.

C. M. S. McLellan.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

EDITOR OF THE THEATRE:—The incident in the life and the verse of Victor Hugo on page 357 of a recent number of THE THEATRE interested me very much, but I confess that I was not satisfied with either of the translations of the great epigrammatic Frenchman's original verse. I herewith inclose you mine. Hugo's lines were blows that seldom missed their mark.

Otto Peltzer.

By that royal child, whom none could save,
By that angel babe, which Heaven gave,
Mercy I ask—mercy over a grave—
Mercy over a cradle I crave!

CHICAGO, Feb. 9.

OFFICE OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS,
ST. PAUL, Minn., February 3, 1887.

DESHLER WELCH, ESQ. —I like THE THEATRE, but—for Heaven's sake, and your own—do stop printing those old stock plates, like "The Rehearsal," "Lesson on the Piano," etc. They are not in character with the bright and newsy reading-matter. Give us illustrations from current plays, if you can get them, but leave the old plates to trade circulars and country weeklies.

Heartily your well wisher,
W. O. Bates.

[We are not using "old stock plates."—Editor THE THEATRE.]

HERE is a sample of many applications of the sort received by THE THEATRE:

Dear Sir I take the Liberty writing you a few Lines on a Subject not very interesting I am employed In a Stationary Store where we have your Paper on Sale the only Place here, I have already got 2 Regular Buyers For it I am greatly interested in theatretical Reading matters my Self my Salary is Small and I cannot afford to visit the theatre Often and Knowing that most theatreticale Papers have correspondents in small towns Whose only Return is admittance Free grates to a theatre—I have concluded to apply to you for a Similar Position—I am willing to Work for all i get. i am intimately aquainted with the manager of Music Hall and all to gethe i think I would do well if you have a correspondent here I would be willing to assist him and would accept a Pass on some new york theatre in Return in Fact i would Rather as I already have complementary for Music Hall i visit the 'Casina' often while frequently the fifth av. theatre when in .N.y. and these two would Be my choice
hoping that you will accept my Services i close my letter haveing said more than I intended
I Remain very Truly yours J— B—

EDITOR OF THE THEATRE:—Would it be asking too much to request you to put the following poem in your most interesting paper?

I send it to you, hoping it will be appreciated by some of your many admiring readers.

Trusting, when I receive your paper next week, that I will see my favor granted,

I remain, very truly,
A Subscriber.

AN EPISODE.

TO MR. BELLEW.

Little Miss Grundy went on Broadway,
To look for her darling Kyrle;
She knew he might be going that way,
So her head was in a whirl.

She left the car at Fourteenth Street,
And started to go up town,
When Rosebud Débutante she chanced to meet,
All dressed in a suit of brown.

"Oh, dearest dear!" Miss Rosebud cried,
"Who do you think I just saw?"
"Kyrle?" said Miss Grundy. "Yes, yes," returned she,
"Going up in a Broadway car."

"Let's go up, too!" So both agreed.
They entered a passing car,
And started up to Thirtieth Street,
To see him enter Wallack's door.

Oh, long and patiently waited they,
But no reward their patience met;
For Kyrle had gone another way,
So I'm afraid there waiting there yet.

[There isn't much poetry in the above, but there is a thundering sight of youthfulness.—ED.]

EDITOR OF THE THEATRE:—In a late issue of the *Herald* there was an article headed "Murdoch Again on the Stage—Ninety Years Old!" etc. Mr. Murdoch was born in Philadelphia, January 25, 1811. Vide "The Stage," written by himself.

Verity.

EDITOR OF THE THEATRE:—I have a small-size picture of Washington Irving, which I bought as a relic. Would you kindly inform me what kind of a dealer would purchase it?—not an *art* dealer, I should suppose. The photo is a very old one, framed. Please inform me, and greatly oblige

C. F. Williams,

129 North Eleventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"PUBLIC OPINION," the Washington journal which makes a specialty of presenting the opinions of all leading papers on leading topics, will hereafter be published simultaneously in Washington and New York. Few papers have ever attained, in the same length of time, a more substantial following or greater popularity.

PUSHING TO THE FRONT.

(Columbus, O., *Daily Dispatch*.)

THE last number of THE THEATRE is more than usually interesting, which is saying a great deal. Under the able editorship of Mr. Deshler Welch it is steadily pushing its way to the front as the leading dramatic magazine.

MUSIC NOTES OF THE WEEK.



LAST week's performances of German Opera, at the Metropolitan, began with the farewell appearance of Herr Niemann on Monday night, in Wagner's masterpiece of "Tristan and Isolde." The audience was the largest ever seen in the building, and the enthusiasm was intense.

Altogether, the occasion was the most notable that has ever been witnessed on a grand opera night in New York. The *Post* declares that the triumph of Niemann could only be compared with the first appearance of Jenny Lind or Patti in this country.

THE season of English opera by the National Opera Company in New York is announced for February 28, at the Metropolitan. Thus far it has had brilliant success in Boston, Washington and Baltimore, and on February 21 the company come to New York for a week of rehearsals for the New York season, and principally of Rubinstein's "Nero," with which the season will be opened and which will be given for the first time in this country. The opera has been in preparation by the company for nearly two months, and an elaborate production is promised. The repertory for the season will include in a list of many writers "Lohengrin," "The Flying Dutchman," "Aida," "Faust," "The Huguenots," "Martha," "Orpheus and Eurydice," "Lakme" and the "Coppelia" ballet of Delibes.

THE first performance of Verdi's new opera of "Otello" took place in Milan, on February 5, at the Theatre Della Scala, and the audience is reported to have been the "most distinguished seen in this generation." The correspondent of the N. Y. *Times* cabled that the opera was a great success. Signor Verdi was called out twenty-six times before the conclusion of the opera, and was finally crowned with a wreath of laurel. The opera, after completing its run at La Scala, will make a tour of

the Italian cities. In regard to the music, there is a total absence of cavatinas, cabalettas, arias, or leading motives. The libretto is followed very strictly, with here and there most refreshing and delightful surprises. There are exquisite melody and harmony in the love duet in the first act. *Desdemona's* phrases, commencing "Quando narravi in esule tua vita," and "Io t'amavo per le tue sventure etu m'amavi per la mia pietà" are delicious snatches of melody, with harp accompaniment. *Iago's* solo commencing the second act is an intensely dramatic work. The quartet in the second act suggests slightly "Rigoletto"; though less melodious, it is better constructed. The finale of the third act is stupendous, and the "willow song" in the last act startling, new, romantic, plaintive. The music preceding the smothering scene is magnificent. The *Desdemona* music is always wonderfully sweet and sometimes intensely dramatic. That of *Iago* and *Otello* much more dramatic. The *Herald* correspondent said: Analytical music will not dethrone so soon as expected the music of passionate sensation. "Otello" will add very little, indeed, to Verdi's fame, but neither will it tarnish his glory. Without going so far as entirely to agree with those who see in "Otello" the setting sun of a great celebrity, it must at least be recognized that Verdi still allows rays, highly colored, deep and penetrating and of undoubted *éclat*, to emerge from beyond the horizon.

It is reported that Mr. Mapleson is endeavoring to obtain the right of production of "Otello," and, if successful, will bring it out in London and New York.

THE Buffalo Music Hall, which will be the handsomest edifice of its kind in this country, will not be finished until October next.

MRS. HENRY WOOD, the novelist, and editor of the London *Argosy*, died February 10. She was about sixty-seven years of age. Her father was Thomas Price, a leading glove manufacturer of Worcester. She began her literary career as a contributor to the magazines. "Danebury House," her first complete novel, was published in 1860. It was followed the next year by "East Lynne," which achieved a remarkable success. Its subsequent dramatization introduced a play which has ever since been seen almost continually on the stage. Among her other works are "Roland Yorke" (1869), "Dene Hollow" (1871), "Johnny Ludlow" (1880).



THE PAS DE DEUX IN THE PIGEON BALLET.



THE WEEK.

MISS Rose Coghlan's appearance as the *Peg Woffington* caused some large audiences at the Union Square Theatre the first three

nights of the week, many of whom, no doubt, went to compare the production with that of the Lyceum Theatre, which has, by the way, done an overwhelmingly surprising business, considering. Miss Coghlan's *Peg* is familiar to New York theatre-goers as a very healthy and attractive portrait. It is difficult to imagine a woman who could give more glow or more energy to the character. As THE THEATRE remarked last week, there is a delicious personality diffused in whatever Miss Coghlan does, that is irresistible. It has often occurred to me, however, that some actress with different methods, say Madame Modjeska, might put into *Peg Woffington* a great deal of art, and add much to its interest. The difference between Miss Coghlan's and Miss Dauvray's acting of the part is not so wide as one would be led to fancy. I think the latter does it more carefully, and makes more of a study of it. Miss Coghlan's is romping, with a touch of delightful Irish blarney, and "as you pays your money, you takes your choice." I was much disappointed in Mr. MacDonald's *Trip-let*. He is considered a passably good comedian, but he failed to put pathos in this character, which is sure to be read in it, even where the lines may seem the most flippant, if the actor is able to act them, and has any *magnetism*. Mr. MacDonald's is wooden and monotonous. If he never saw Charles Fisher in the part, he might obtain suggestions of what I mean, if he could see Mr. Howson's superb performance. Mr. Gilmour is a most excellent *Pomander*, and Mr. Melton gives some touches

to *Colley Cibber*, which would be as advantageous a study to Mr. Wilkes, who plays it at the Lyceum, as Mr. Howson would be to Mr. MacDonald.

Thursday evening Miss Coghlan played *Rosalind*.

"SALSBUARY'S TROUBADORS" are succeeding to the extent of drawing large audiences to the Star Theatre of a very uproarious sort; but a thoughtful person cannot but wonder what nature of people these may be who can laugh immoderately over what appears to be horse-play, and very frequently of a very vulgar kind. It is strange that an actor of so much experience and intelligence as Mr. Salsbury cares to go into an acting partnership with so much tom-foolery. The majority of educated people care but little for the Bohemianism of such a character as *Joseph Brass*. In fact, many of his illusions and jokes are obnoxious. Mr. Salsbury—if he cared to—might answer me that the size of his audiences testify his good sense. Perhaps if his play was even coarser still they would be larger. Miss McHenry is a woman not only of positive talent but capable of better things. Her interpolation of a travesty on Patti is one of the cleverest I have ever seen. A new member of the company is Mr. George Backus, who is refined to a degree out of place in such work. Miss Bockel, Miss Bradley, and Mr. Webster are all bright. Yet it seems about time that such pieces as "The Humming Bird" and "The Tin Soldier," which exhibit singular terms of equality between characters, presumably cultivated, and others whose actions would not be tolerated in the house of respectable people, were relegated to the modern minstrel show.

THE Vokes company concluded their season at the Standard on Saturday, and a great many people will look with pleasure to their speedy return to New York. As this issue is dated on St. Valentine's day, let my best sentiment be expressed when I say that THE THEATRE

will not unpack its heart with words, but rather hold it close until sweet Rosina comes again. Mr. Harrigan has found another treasure mine in "McNooney's Visit," and it is getting funnier and cleverer every night. To Mrs. Yeamans let me say: May the bliss'n's of the sayson shower ye wid all its illegances! Mr. Daly's Valentine is "Taming the Shrew" and that's delightful Miss Rehan, but you can't get so much as a look at her unless you engage a seat a long time in advance, and can see over the bonnets. *Jim, the Penman*, is still forging ahead for Mr. Palmer, and he should, besides, write a valentine for *Mrs. Ralston*, even if Mrs. Booth finds it is not his own. The Wallack's have steered into a money port with "Harbor Lights," and found their valentine in Miss Annie Robe.

Fileur.

DION BOUCICAULT'S NEW PLAY IN BOSTON.

FEB. 9.—The dramatic event of last week was the first production on any stage of Mr. Dion Boucicault's "*Fin MacCool*" of Skibbereen, at the Hollis Street Theatre, Thursday night, February 3. The audience was very large and critically inclined, as the evening proved. The first act opens at Newport, R. I., in 1861, and discloses the garden and exterior of a handsome villa, the background a view of the harbor, with Fort Adams in the distance. This is owned by Captain Philip Bligh, U.S.A., attached to the fort, who is rich, lately married, and a Southerner. His wife, Isabel, is an F.F.V. War has been declared 'twixt North and South. Every officer at the fort is also a Southerner, and all propose to throw up their commissions, smuggle a rebel crew on board a national man-of-war in harbor, capture her, and sail for Hampton Roads. Bligh, however, refuses, and stands by the old flag in spite of wifely entreaties. She, therefore, joins these officers, with them and her maid, Katie, and a Southern guest, one Chauncey Lamar, boards the vessel, and deserts her husband. Also introduced are Doris Elcho, a California heiress; her uncle, Dr. Merryweather; Uncle Dan, an old negro servant in Isabel Bligh's family; and her half sister, Cuba, who is an octoroon, and has been loved by Lamar only to be cast aside for Doris. Herein, also, appears an Irish lad, *Fin MacCool*, who is Katie's lover. His passage from Ireland has been paid by her. On his arrival at the villa he desires to become Bligh's servant, but enlists in his regiment by mistake.

Three years pass before the second act comes on. Bligh is down on the Shenandoah, under Sheridan, attempting to capture spies who are crossing his lines with information anent Union movements. Lamar and Isabel are the spies; Cuba, their deadly enemy, tracks and assists in their capture; the former corraled in a negro cabin, the latter run down by bloodhounds in a swamp. Bligh sends Lamar to Sheridan, and Isabel to Fort Monroe, with the son born since her flight from Newport. In this act and the following one the doctor and Doris also appear, but without revealed

intent. Fin finds his Katie disguised as a negre-s, thinks this a climatic production, and begs for a prescription to re-whiten her. Cuba learns that Lamar does not love her, and that he is to be hanged. Lamar gets a letter to his colonel, just over the line, requesting that a sharpshooter be stationed so as to shoot when, in a certain window, Lamar appears. Then Fin gets wounded in a skirmish, and having agreed with the doctor that for Katie's portion he will assist Lamar to escape, permits the spies to don his overcoat and bloody bandages. Of course, Lamar gets away with the doctor and Davis, and Cuba is conveniently removed from the play by standing in the window and receiving the fatal shot.

The fourth act opens in 1865, with Bligh at home again in the Newport villa. His wife and child are wandering about Europe, no one knows just where except the good old doctor, who tracks them through the boy's reported blindness. The home is ready for them when they choose to return; the table is set in the garden, bedecked with flowers and good things, and the old servants, with Fin now at their head as a grand footman, are standing by with the proper welcome when called for. Suddenly the doctor returns from Europe, and shortly after him Isabel meanders in with the boy, to once again inspect the scenes of her early wifehood. When she learns that the remembrances on the table are meant for herself, she faints from joy, and revives, to again enter the sacred precincts of a happy family circle. Lamar and Davis act on the doctor's suggestion that it is time for them to marry each other, and Fin and Katie follow suit.

Mr. Boucicault has not added to his reputation as a playwright in the revamping of what internal evidence shows is a melodrama, with the lines of his old play, "*Bella Lamar*," as a foundation. After the melodramatic fashion, there are the usual sudden changes in time and place which serve the foregone conclusion of the plot, the chief incidents of which as outlined do not possess great originality. It is uneven in character and interest, and not remarkable for invention, constructive skill, or effective situations. The introduction of such characters as *Fin* and *Katie* serves the comedy element perfectly, yet their connection with the times is vague. The first two acts are cold in action, and each presents violations of military customs. In the first, and as a member of a group of officers belonging to the fort, there appears one dressed in the uniform of a naval officer. Why a U.S. naval officer in the uniform created since 1880 is made to serve at an army fort in 1861, the programme does not set forth. Nor is it probable that a commanding officer would detail for important outpost duty such an unmitigated bog-trotter as *Pat Dwyer*, "a recruit," who, when duly posted and instructed in his duties, illustrates his efficiency by shooting Corporal *Fin* through his cap. The whole appearance and soldierly qualifications of the corporal and his relief in this scene caricature those whom three years' service in our army during the rebellion actually transformed from possibly such material into responsible and military personages. When the

"signal gun" was fired from Fort Adams, the audience heard the report several seconds before they saw its flash and smoke appear on the ramparts. Had *Fin* served that gun, there might have been offered some explanation of this dramatic inversion of an ordnance axiom.

The acting in the main was good. Mr. Boucicault as *Fin* is not at his best, for the part does not afford the scope that his reputation requires in its creation; and although to himself and *Katie* he has given some bright sayings, the text cannot stand comparison with that of "The Jilt," *et al.* Miss Thorndyke as *Doris* acted with dainty ingenuousness, and her pronunciation of Wild West slang revealed a delicate consideration for the feelings of her audience. She called herself "a hoodlum," and Lamar dubs her a "wild mustang." Mr. Maguinnis was excellent as *Uncle Dan*, and with Mr. Boucicault and Miss Georgia Cayvan—who appeared as *Isabel*—shared the honors of the evening. Mr. Sethcourt's *Bligh* and Mr. Ferguson's *Lamar* were well received and sensibly acted, and Miss Julia Stewart did surprisingly well with such a disagreeable character as *Cuba*. Mr. Padgett's *Dr. Merryweather* was well rendered, and Miss Marion Elmore made a hit as *Katie*. The minor parts were in good hands, and the stage-settings and scenery very good.

At the Park last night Mr. Joseph Haworth and his company produced "Hoodman Blind" to an immense audience. His reception amounted to an ovation, and throughout the play his powerful acting, handsome presence and rich voice gained for him new honors. The scenery was very handsome, and the melodrama will have a strong hold on public favor during its two weeks' stay. Miss Sydney Armstrong and Mr. Sydney Howard also made distinct hits and won great applause.

Henry Whiting.

WILSON BARRETT IN CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, FEB. 6.—I like Wilson Barrett's *Hamlet*, yes, as I like every evidence of distinctive character, every pronounced effect of individuality. That personality that shows a positive, distinctive and irresistible force is always interesting, and to the broadly inclined observer, always full of suggestions. No man who can think rightly can fail to give us some sort of pleasure and profit by an attempt at portrayal of such a world of character as lies absorbed and concentrated in Shakespeare's wonderful *Hamlet*. Ever since criticism of English literature really began, ever since that marvelous period that developed the authors of the Shakespearian group, there has been infinite brain straining after adequate interpretation of this one insoluble mystery, the man *Hamlet*. Wilson Barrett's "melancholy prince," is enlivened and accentuated from most of our accepted exponents of the character, by being less prone to "think too precisely on the event." His *Hamlet* partakes more of the nature of the young man as he had been before the awful summons to vengeance. This *Hamlet* is evidently a sharp, keen prober of the worldly shams around him, and he improves every advantage to prove his own worldliness.

There is little of the currently accepted quiet, philosophical contemplation; the famous soliloquies do no impress one as coming from the profoundest depths of a sick soul, they savor more of the 19th century speculativeness, call up theories of Spencer, and pupils. Mr. Barrett cannot help being a picturesque *Hamlet*, but he presents more of the material form of a romance than a tragedy. One cannot get below the sense of the actor. Miss Eastlake points painfully the delirium of *Ophelia*, the crazy nature of her malady—parts of her "business," especially the exit, are in the very extreme of melodramatic sensationalism; there is the same objection to her performance as to that of Mr. Barrett, it is lacking in the more delicate subjective touches that evidence a sure grasp of the innate sensitiveness of the real original type. The houses that have greeted the Princess company during the week, have been flattering, both as to numbers and with respect to their expression of appreciation. In compliance with widely expressed interest, Mr. Barrett will give "Hamlet" at both performances on Saturday, instead of the "Lady of Lyons" and triple bill, as announced. It is worthy of some thought to try and account for the satisfaction that one finds in hearing the Princess players. We could easily select an American combination that might give Mr. Barrett's plays adequate interpretation, if they chose. The secret of Irving's great popularity and of Mr. Barrett's, seems to rest in the earnestness of the men, in their personality—*characters*; they take bodily possession of the stage, you feel their power, their *magnetism*, if you will. There is nothing negative either in the men or their art. They are *determined*, concrete, moving entities.

Carrington.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

FEB. 8.—In the performances given by Modjeska and her company at the Arch Street Theatre during the past week the admirers of genuine art have been afforded an opportunity to witness the portrayal of varied and complex characters by a refined and beautiful actress. The supporting company is considerably stronger than usual, and works together with an acceptable balance. The method employed by Modjeska in her conception of the various rôles in her repertoire is refined and comprehensive, embracing the minutest details of gesture, elocution and expression. The play-going public has expressed its appreciation of the worth of these performances by literally packing the Arch Street Theatre every night during the past week, and Modjeska's engagement has been a decided success from both artistic and monetary points of view.

The Academy of Music has been leased for a week by Mr. Fleishman, of the Walnut Street Theatre. If any doubts were entertained as to the success of the venture, they were dispelled, as nearly three thousand people filled the house last night to hear the Duff Opera Company in Von Suppe's "Trip to Africa."

The opera is well set and strongly cast, J. H.

Ryley, Lillian Russell, Verona Jarbeau and C. W. Dungan assuming the principal characters. Verona Jarbeau made the hit of the evening with an interpolated French song, at which the audience laughed and applauded as loudly as they would have done had they understood what she was singing. As the song was Judic's famous "Pi-weet," it is to be hoped that the audience really were ignorant of the lines.

"Lorraine" will run at McCaull's Opera House for three nights longer, and the week will be finished out with "Don Caesar." The production of "Kuddygore" has been postponed until February 28, as it will be impossible to complete the costumes and scenery until that date. J.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

The *Meg Merrilies* of Miss Cushman, however, bore no more resemblance to Scott's old crone than did the witches of Shakespeare to the wretched old hags that Scotch James persecuted. The *Meg* of Charlotte Cushman was a sybil, a pythoness, before whose oracular utterances the boldest might have trembled. What a thrill went through the audiences as she suddenly darted from the side scene and then stood motionless, with one claw-like finger of a skeleton hand pointed at *Henry Bertram*. What a face! blanched and tanned and wrinkled and scarred, as it were, by the storms of centuries, bleary-eyed, with Medusa-like gray locks straggling from beneath a kind of turban, while the tall bony figure was clad in a mass of indescribable rags, shreds, patches of all colors, marvelously real. Who that ever heard it can forget her delivery of the prophecy, more especially the last two lines:

"Till Bertram's might and Bertram's right
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height."

The tall weird figure on tiptoe, the withered arms thrown up, one holding her staff far above her head, the flashing eyes, the deep rough voice rising to the shriek of a bird of prey upon the final word—it was not mere acting, it was an inspiration as great as anything Rachel ever achieved. I once heard an old actor, who was playing *Dandie Dinmont*, say that he had to turn away his head while supporting her in her death scene; and I have seen ladies in the house cover their faces with their hands, unable to endure the sight of the dying agonies of that awful face in the fierce struggle against the coming doom. When all was over, she was borne off the stage, and some little time elapsed between her death and the fall of the curtain, sufficient for her to wash off her hideous mask and paint and powder her face, though the dress was unchanged, for the call. It was a curious bit of coquetry for so great an artiste, but she invariably did it. Miss Cushman's engagement at the Princess' extended over eighty four nights, though not consecutive, opera and other light entertainments alternating with her performances, an arrangement far more favorable to artistic acting than the present grinding and monotonous drudgery of unbroken long runs.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

IT'S BUSINESS, DON'T YOU KNOW.

A TOPICAL SONG.

Do not think that all the kindness that may e'er be to you
shown,
Must be shown you out of friendship, or because yourself
alone,
And when strangers do you favors, when they sweetly smile
on you,
Why, just cast about in silence for the end they have in view.
It is ten to one it's business that can make them so polite,
And they'll readily forget you when you once are out of
sight.
Do not wonder at the favors that on you they may bestow,
For it is not done for friendship; it's their business, don't
you know.

If you come down from the country with your pockets full
of cash,
And you think you'll see the city and will cut a little dash;
If you meet a well-dressed stranger who is very kind to you,
Why, just cast about in silence for the end he has in view.
It is ten to one it's business that will make him "stand the
treat,"
And he is not philanthropic when he pays for what you eat
If he wants to teach you poker, I'd advise you to go slow,
For it is not done for friendship; it's his business, don't you
know.

If you meet a curbstone broker standing idly on the street;
If he says he'll make you money on a little "deal" in wheat,
Do not trust in him too blindly, but be careful what you do,
And just cast about in silence for the end he has in view.
It is ten to one it's business, and he hopes to make a haul—
He expects on "puts" to swamp you or to catch you on a
"call."

Do not think he knows the market when he tells how it
will go,
For it is not done for friendship; it's his business, don't you
know.

If you're critic for a paper it is well to bear in mind
That it's not because your genius that all managers are kind,
If you meet a pleasant agent, and he gives champagne to
you,
Why, just cast about in silence for the end he has in view.
It is ten to one it's business, and he hopes to have you say
That his company is peerless, and most excellent his play.
If he's lavish with his money as he talks about his show,
Well, it is not done for friendship; it's his business, don't
you know.

If, perchance, you see a lawyer when with men you disagree,
If he says your case is simple as the little rule of three,
If he wants to win it for you—well, be careful what you do,
And just cast about in silence for the end he has in view.
It is ten to one it's business and he wants a little fee,
And it's ten to one he'll get it if you don't let lawsuits be.
When he counsels legal struggles I'd advise you to go slow,
For it is not done for friendship; it's his business, don't you
know.

If you are a Knight of Labor, and you earn your daily bread
By erecting mighty buildings that will tower overhead;
If the Anarchistic traitors try to get you in a stew,
Why, just cast about in silence for the end they have in view.
It is ten to one it's business, and they hope in some such way
To procure from you the money that will keep them day by
day.
When they call for your subscriptions do not let your
money go,
For they do it not for friendship; it's their business, don't
you know.

If you are a legal voter, and some influence you hold,
If disinterested strangers many plans to you unfold,
Do not place too much reliance on the things they promise
you,
But just cast about in silence for the end they have in view.
It is ten to one it's business that aye makes them so urbane,
And that after you have voted you will see them ne'er again.
Though they promise you an office, don't expect to stand a
show,
For they promise not for friendship; it's their business,
don't you know.

Elliott Flower.

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AMERICAN OPERA

by the

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Theodore Thomas.....Musical Director.
Charles E. Locke.....General Manager.

The subscription season will consist of TWENTY performances of GRAND OPERA IN ENGLISH, given on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS, and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, beginning MONDAY, FEB. 28, and closing SATURDAY, APRIL 3.

Repertoire—"Lohengrin," Wagner; "The Flying Dutchman," Wagner; "Faust," Gounod; "The Huguenots," Meyerbeer; "Martha," Flotow; "Lakme," Delibes; "Orpheus and Eurydice," Gluck; "Aida," Verdi; and "Nero," Rubinstein. Five of these works will be presented for the first time in New York by this company, and one work for the first time in America.

The repertoire of the National Opera Company also embraces several Grand Ballets, of which the "Bal Costume," by Rubinstein, and "Sylvia" and "Coppelia," by Delibes, are the most important. These, in connection with the short operas, "Galatea" and "The Marriage of Jeannette," both by Masse, will be given as extra performances outside of the subscription.

PRINCIPAL SINGERS:

Sopranos—Emma Juch, Pauline L'Allemand, Bertha Pierson, Laura Moore; Mezzos and Contraltos—Cornelia Van Zanten, Jessie Bartlett-Davis, Mathilde Phillips; Tenors—William Candidus, Charles Bassett, William Fessenden; Baritones—William Ludwig, Alonzo Stoddard; Bases—Myron Whitney, William Hamilton.

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Four second dancers, forty-eight coryphees, selected in France, Italy and America; twelve male pantomimists and twenty pupils of the ballet school of the opera.

The repertoire for the first week will be:

Monday, Feb. 28, "The Flying Dutchman," Wagner.

Wednesday, March 2, "The Huguenots," Meyerbeer.

Friday, March 4, "Faust," Gounod.

Saturday afternoon, March 5, "Aida," Verdi.

Monday, March 7, first time in America of Rubinstein's grand opera in four acts, "Nero."

* * THE NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY next week will close the first half of its season, in which it has met with the greatest possible success—a success which, both in its financial and artistic results, is believed to have been far greater than that accomplished by any other grand opera organization in the country. It is almost unnecessary to add that the intermittent rumors of the disbanding of the company have been in every instance without the least foundation, and were instigated by persons who are notoriously inimical to the interests of the National Opera Company. The company has never been in a better condition or capable of doing finer work than at the present time.

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	Single.	Subscript'n.
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Family Circle, reserved.....	75	\$10 00
Balcony Stalls.....	1 00	15 00
Dress Circle Chairs.....	2 00	30 00
Orchestra Stalls.....	3 00	50 00
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General admission to all parts of the house 1 00		

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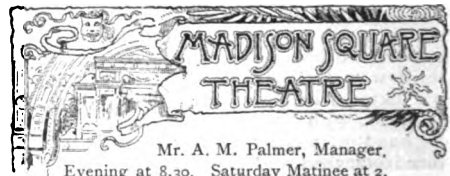
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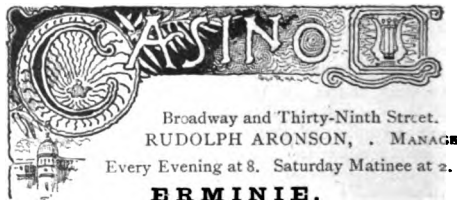
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Lord Delincourt.....	L. F. Masen
Jack Ralston.....	Walden Ramsey
Mr. Chapstone, Q.C.....	C. P. Flockton
Mr. Netherby, M.P.....	Harry I. Holliday
Dr. Pettywise.....	Wm. Davidge
Mrs. Ralston.....	Agnes Booth
Agnes (her daughter).....	Maud Harrison
Lady Danscombe.....	Mrs. E. J. Phillips
Mrs. Chapstone.....	May Robson



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Cadeaux.....	Francis Wilson
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Lina Nelson, Miss Helen Russell
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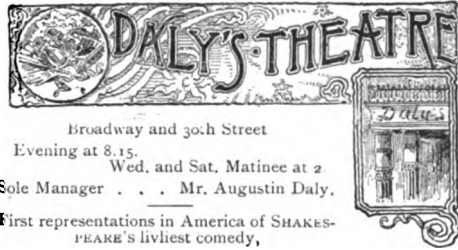
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Quin.....	G. F. De Vere
Triplet.....	John Howson
Snarl.....	J. G. Saville
Soaper.....	Frank Rodney
Burdock.....	Wm. Payson
Colander.....	Walter Osmond
Hunsdon.....	Gus. Brooke
Call Boy.....	Master Brown
Lysimachus.....	Miss Daisy Dean
Pompey.....	Master Stevens
Mrs. Vane.....	Miss Ellie Wilton
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Sly the Tinker.....	Mr. Gilbert
The False Lucentio.....	Mr. Bond
The False Vincentio.....	Mr. Wood
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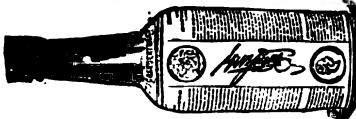
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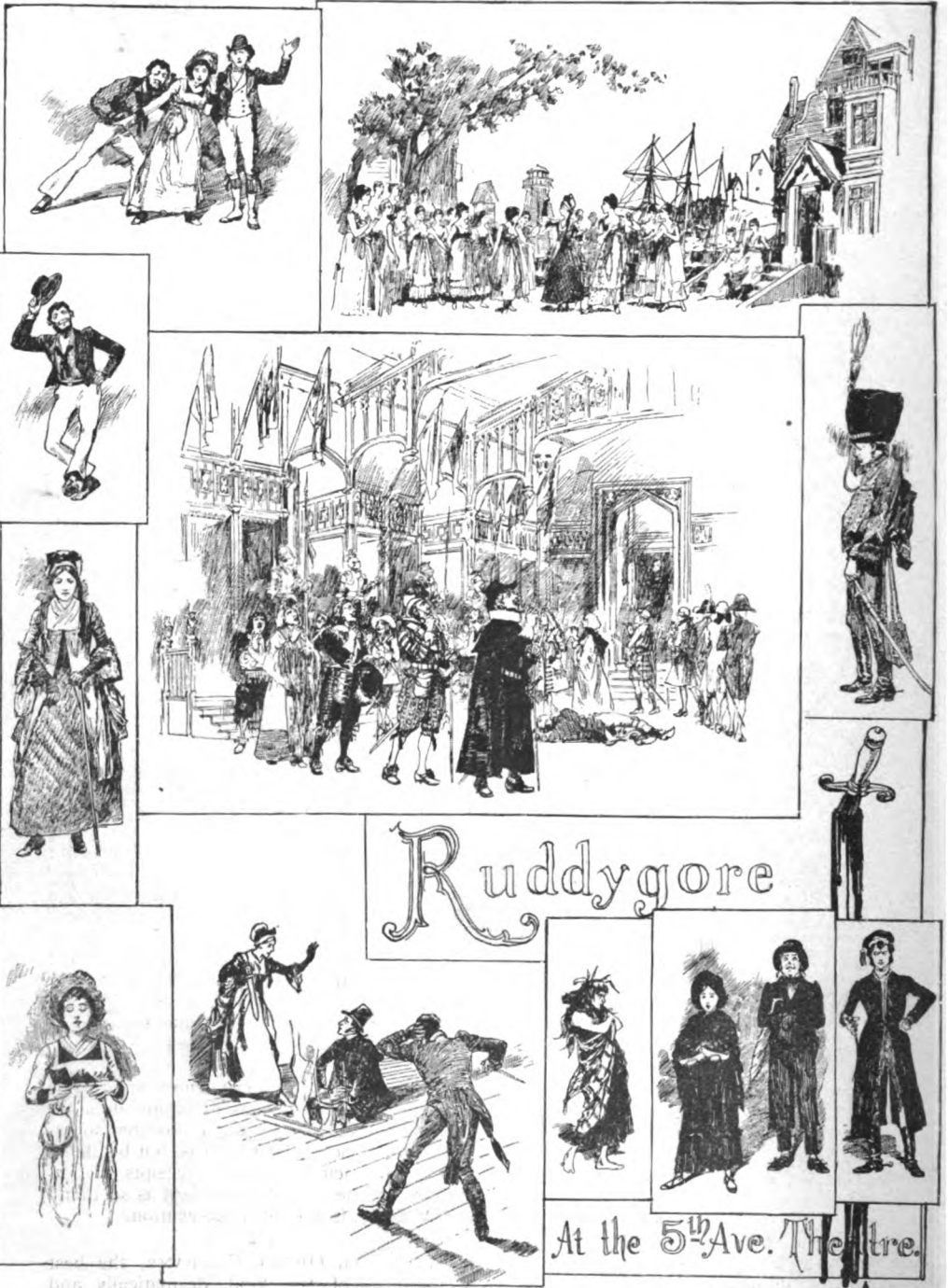
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The Theatre.



Ruddygore

At the 5th Ave. Theatre.

SKETCHES FROM GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S NEW OPERA.

THE THEATRE.

VOL. II., No. 24.

FEBRUARY 28, 1887.

WHOLE No. 50

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DESHLER WELCH . . . EDITOR AND MANAGER

The price of yearly subscription to THE THEATRE is four dollars in advance. We cannot undertake to return manuscript that is not suitable, unless we receive sufficient postage to do so. Care is always taken not needlessly to destroy valuable manuscript.

*** The Editor solicits contributions from the readers of THE THEATRE, and suggests that old play bills, and scraps relating to the stage, notes, news and items appertaining to the different arts, would be acceptable. It is the desire of the Editor to establish a widely-circulated magazine, and to further that end every good idea will be acted upon so far as possible.

*** All articles appearing in THE THEATRE are written especially for it unless credited otherwise.

*** Advertising rates of THE THEATRE will be furnished on application. Address all letters on this subject to GEORGE W. HARLAN, Manager Advertising Department.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE editor of THE THEATRE takes pleasure in saying that MR. HENRY EDWARDS, of Wallack's Theatre, will shortly contribute a series of valuable articles entitled "Among My Autographs." In the next number an illustrated article entitled "La Marecita."

DRIFT.

MR. BARTON KEY and Mr. Eben Plympton recently organized a company for the purpose of playing "Jack" in a number of cities. It was at a time when the season was well advanced and the people who were engaged were out of a position—some of whom were crying for bread. There was much encouragement for the ultimate success of "Jack," but after ten weeks of travel the company was finally disbanded, after a week's engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. I learn that all salaries were paid up to the last week and a half. The company had been provided with eight and a half weeks' traveling expenses, which allowed them to live with every comfort, and were also paid good salaries, and brought back to their homes in New York, with all their baggage. Messrs. Key and Plympton lost all the money they had put into the venture, however, to say nothing of much hard work and worry. But as soon as the New York engagement was finished, and no salary for the week forthcoming, the "company" immediately uttered loud complaints, and by public utterance did much to

hurt the credit and damage the chances of their employers. They should have thanked their lucky stars they had done so well, and have decently and quietly looked upon the trip as a business speculation in which they were benefited more than the principals. There does not seem to be any political friendship in the profession. An actor is his worst enemy in every sense of the word. The *Benjamin Backbites* are exceedingly numerous, and gratitude for what is really done is a very slim quality. An actor who has once commanded \$125 or \$150 a week for his services, would rather live on his friends, or borrow, than accept an offer for \$75 or \$100. In his desire not to be "underrated" he becomes a nuisance to himself when he cannot afford it. Of course, there should be in this business a certain value set upon worth, and the actor is perfectly right in demanding that; but this world is not always what we should like it, and every business man, every lawyer, every physician, and every student, of whatever profession, knows that there are hard rows to be hoed. In justice to those who are dependent on our exertions, it is better to take half a loaf than no bread at all. The public is the actor's constituency, and will always set him right. If his services are worth so and so much, he will get it by the regular demands which call forth supply; and managers will be forced to recognize this. I once knew a very clever fellow, an excellent actor, full of ambition and intelligence, who was for over six months out of employment, "because," as he said, "I do not propose to work for \$50 a week when \$100 is my price." *His price!* Meanwhile this young man was a source of much annoyance to his friends, and more than once I was led to embarrass myself to help him, although I was at the time struggling pretty hard for the same remuneration which he refused to take for *his* services.

HE had a wife to support, who seemed to be without many of the needs of happy life. He finally managed to obtain a position somewhere in the vicinity of his ideas, but his debts not only ate their way into his receipts uncomfortably, but he looked upon them as so many unjust demands and even persecution.

THE IDEAL OPERA COMPANY, the best organization of the kind, dramatically and musically, ever heard in this country, in my

humble opinion, has just concluded a most successful week in Buffalo. This has been for several years a favorite company in every city outside of New York. It has never been appreciated here because it had a local mismanagement, and the people, who would certainly have given it crowded houses, knew but little of the attraction. Every member of the company has a *singing* voice and every member is a good actor. Perhaps part of their failure "to draw" here was owing to a poor selection from their repertory. Their three operas, "Victor, the Bluestocking," "The Musketeers" and "Adina," contain more solid merit than any light pieces New York has been treated to this season. It will be a matter of sincere regret to many, then, to learn that this is very likely to be the last tour of this admirable company. There has been much dissension in the management of late; even the oldest members have fallen into restless ways and are not doing as well as they might. Mr. Barnabee retires from the company at the end of the season—he is the authority for this statement—and very likely Mr. MacDonald, Marie Stone, and Tom Karl. The manager, Mr. Foster, has a contract to appear in New York at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in 1888, but it only calls for Mlle. de Lussan, who is his especial pet.

**

APROPOS of this, the *Boston Home Journal* says:

THE THEATRE was very amusing last Saturday, when it made a little wail against "puffing," and just to keep up with the fashion it stated that during De Lussan's engagement in this city an order was given by an admirer of the little singer to a well known florist to send each evening that she sang a bouquet or basket, the cost of which was limited to \$100. "This is an item," says THE THEATRE, "which will particularly interest the Triplets; and the wan and pinched face of some one who is starving ought to thank God, some one is able to buy \$100 worth of flowers every night for an actress to smile upon." The item is true, and the philosophy of THE THEATRE sound and healthy, only the joke of the thing is, that that \$100 a night comes out of the box office receipts, and that admirer is the little manager. "Circumstances alter cases," don't they? In fact circumstances are the moral chameleons of life, no color at all until you look at the cause pro and con.

**

WELL, if the disbandment of the Ideals must be, I hope some good manager will wake up to the fact of it and introduce some new and most desirable people to a New York public. See here, Messrs. Aronson and McCaull, what are you about?

**

HANDSOME TOM KARL is still as attractive as ever, and the women are captured and enraptured by him as they always were. In private life he is surprisingly indifferent to society, and avoids all company, however informal, and

is frequently voted "a bore" by his disappointed admirers who seek to draw him out. But he's a clever fellow for all that.

**

WHEN Lawrence Barrett was in Philadelphia two weeks ago, arrangements were made for him to personally examine the Forrest Home for aged actors, as he had been speaking very freely of the institution and the directors desired him to know more about it. Tuesday was finally set as the day, after numerous interviews, letters and telegrams, but the tragedian did not arrive. Again the time was set for his "positive appearance," and everybody assumed best graces for his welcome. The hour set, two o'clock, came and also a telegram saying Mr. Barrett would leave for the place promptly. Later on in the afternoon, when people were tired with waiting, another telegram came saying Mr. Barrett would not be there at all.

**

It is said that during Mrs. Langtry's first engagement in this country Mr. Frederick Gebhardt spent nearly \$35,000 for flowers, which were showered on her from every theatre in the country in which she appeared.

**

AT a recent reception given by the Harmonie Club, Fräulein Lehmann sang two songs, receiving four hundred dollars for her kindness. A member of the club says the contract stipulated that the Fräulein would be escorted to and from the concert by no less an important a personage than the president of the club himself.

**

THE Chicago *Saturday Evening Herald* says:

A writer in the New York THEATRE states that Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's cipher system will not work out the same results in other plays than the one which he has been at work upon, and that he has thrown it up. Whether this be the case or not, it is difficult to see how this can affect the results already obtained if they are in themselves satisfactory so far as a single Shakespeare play is concerned. The existence of the cipher in a single play does not necessarily require that it should be extended through the entire series. If its existence in a single play can be demonstrated Mr. Donnelly should give the results of his observations to the world, with an elucidation of the system upon which the cipher was constructed, as soon as he is satisfied that no further results are to be obtained by the application of the same system to any of the other plays. It is possible that no other play was required for the author's purpose, and the further non-existence of the cipher, if in fact it is carried no further, need not invalidate the discoveries, if genuine, that have already been made. There is no reason for the existence of any cipher in any of the plays aside from the will of its creator, and if the subject matter treated of is alleged to be a secret history of Elizabeth's reign, that would in itself be a sufficient reason why certain plays which are essentially fanciful should not contain it. Historical plays from their subject would admit of political allusions and names such as could not be admitted to such creations as the "Tempest," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Winter's Tale," etc.

I HAVE also received this letter on the subject:

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS,
ST. PAUL, Minn., February 22.

EDITOR OF THE THEATRE:—Glancing over your issue of the 7th inst., in the Minnesota House of Representatives, this afternoon, I read with interest Mr. Baxter's paper on "Builders and Destroyers of Shakespeare's Name;" and thinking the reference to himself among the "Destroyers" might interest Ignatius Donnelly, I passed the book over to him. He emphatically denied the statement that he has written a letter admitting that his cipher fails in some of the plays. He says, on the contrary, that only a short time ago he wrote to "Shakespeariana," reaffirming everything he has ever claimed for it.

Yours faithfully, W. O. Bates.

HERE is an extract from another letter:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., February 22.

* * * To say I am delighted with your magazine would be simply true. It must "supply a long-felt want," a work that can be placed in the library or on the table. We have never had anything like it before, and I have read all the dramatic publications for the last thirty years, published in New York or elsewhere.

Wm. S. Olmsted.

AS A crucial instance of the carefulness in minute details which nowadays characterizes theatrical management, it is stated that Lord Wolseley himself undertook to be present at the dress rehearsal of the new opera, "Ruddy-gore," at the Savoy Theatre, London. But he was prevented at the last moment from going, and deputed Sir Arthur Herbert, Quarter-master-General, to represent him, and closely examined the uniforms of the representative soldiers in the first act, pronouncing them to be absolutely correct to the last button.

THE Manchester (England) *Umpire* of January 30 said:

A clever and bright little American weekly journal, entitled THE THEATRE, devoted, as its name implies, to chronicling things dramatic, does me the honor to quote my opinion, concerning Mr. Whiffen's performance in "Hazel Kirke," and the little jokelet I ventured to tell about "Lewis Carroll," his "Alice in Wonderland," and the Queen's request for another of his books.

As I am a firm believer in reciprocity in these matters, I intend this week laying THE THEATRE under contribution, and annexing portions of a well-written and, to my thinking, sound and sensible article on dramatic journalism. Of course, the article deals with the subject from an American stand-point, and one or two of the arguments consequently have reference to matters which don't appertain to enlightened Britain. But in the main the article applies with equal force in this country, and it would be well if the "organs of the profession" would read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the following extracts.

Then follow several long extracts from an article which appeared in THE THEATRE some time ago about dramatic journalism.

THE *Umpire* also tells this anecdote:

Talking of secret cosmetics, poor John McCullough had been to see Salvini when the great Italian was playing his first engagement in New York, and quite a friendship sprang up between the two. McCullough was most anxious to get from Salvini the secret of the preparation which gave him that realistic Moorish complexion in his *Othello*, and ultimately he obtained the secret. It seemed that the chemicals, whatever they were, could not be removed by ordinary soap and water, after the performance, but that some other chemicals had to be used to remove the color. McCullough

got both recipes and opened an engagement in "Othello," at California, when he returned from New York. He put on the color all right and went through his performance. But when it was over and he was about to send to the chemist's to get the stuff to remove his color, he found that he had lost the recipe, and though search was made in his dressing-room high and low, it couldn't be found. Nothing would remove the color, and the unfortunate tragedian had to play *Othello*, as far as his complexion was concerned, all that night and until about eleven o'clock the next day, when a telegram giving the recipe was received from Salvini.

AFTER the run of Verdi's "Otello" at Milan it will be produced at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome, and the Teatro la Fenice, Venice, where the municipal authorities have voted 50,000 lire and the citizens have subscribed 20,000 lire as a special subvention—about \$14,000. Brescia and other Italian cities have also started similar subvention funds.

THE London *Lancet* thinks that, viewed from a physiological point, the performances of Blondin must be regarded as one of the marvels of the age, which grows more wonderful every year. Such feats as his are remarkable when done by men of twenty, but done at the "grand climacteric" they are trebly so. Though on close inspection it is seen that Blondin bears marks of age, his step on the rope and his self-command in a "poke" or on his bicycle are as perfect as ever.

MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE, editor of the London *Truth*, calls Bishop, "the mind reader," an arrant humbug, and says he has been exposed again and again. Muscle-reading is a very simple feat, which can be performed, with practice, by any one; thought-transference—i. e. the power of one man to read the thoughts of another without contact—is impossible. Let any one put a note for one hundred dollars in an envelope, hold it in his hand, and offer Bishop to bet him the value of the note that he will not state its number. If he sees that Bishop's money is deposited in a safe hand before the experiment takes place, the owner of the one hundred dollar note is certain to double his capital; so certain, indeed, that Bishop will take very good care not to submit to the test under conditions that make trickery impossible. For my part, continues Mr. Labouchere, I regret that Bishop is not making money by his tricks; if he were, and if he were to return here with it, I should have some chance of getting from him the costs which he has been condemned to pay me, but which I regard as about as doubtful an asset as a Honduras Bond.

MRS. BELLE COLE is now the contralto soloist at St. Thomas' Church.

Trophonius.

ART CHAT.

THE STEWART COLLECTION.

I.

THERE is no denying it, the Stewart Collection is on all sides a disappointment. Hidden so long from public view, representing so many thousands of dollars, the announcement that these treasures were to be publicly exhibited and sold awakened general interest. On Monday afternoon, at the private view, the galleries of the American Art Association, where the exhibition is held, were packed to suffocation. During the whole week crowds have besieged the doors in Twenty-third Street. But I notice no enthusiasm on the part of these visitors.

Money, and not taste, has formed this collection; and that fact is evident at every turn. As a whole, it is uninteresting. It is not, then, in the *ensemble* that we are to consider it, but selecting the *chef d'œuvres* let us fall to studying them.

* *

I SUPPOSE the critics would name the "Roll Call," by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson Butler, as the greatest piece of painting by a woman, produced in the 19th century. If not disputing that distinction, Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" would easily take second place beside it. As it now hangs in Gallery A, it can be seen perfectly. It is large in measurement, but also large in treatment. The brush work is masterly, the sunlight true sunlight, not white paint: the action of the horses is natural, not dramatic. They are working horses, heavily built, animated with the excitement of the show; but they are not prancing steeds. Think of the temptation this artist had to turn the homely, the commonplace, the "every-day," into something *grand*, and see if you don't give her credit for what she resisted as well as what she has done.

* *

AMERICA is lucky in the possession of this piece of feminine intelligence and dexterity, and it is to be hoped that this above all the other pictures of the Stewart collection may be purchased by one of our public museums.

* *

OPPOSITE, in the same gallery, hangs Auguste Bonheur's large woodland landscape with cattle, entitled "Environs of Fontainebleau." This picture is really not as masculine as his sister's "Horse Fair." But the canvas, howbeit, much too large for the mode of treatment, is charming in parts, and a good color scheme is found throughout the work.

* *

Now in the same gallery we find Church's

"Niagara Falls from the American side," which makes one blush for American art, so tame is it, so far removed from anything like grandeur. Then we stumble against an awfully dry Bouguereau (painted to order for Mr. Stewart and considered by this artist at that time his masterpiece! so the catalogue tells us). Erskine Nicoll's "The Disputed Boundary," represents English *genre* painting fairly well—weak drawing, vulgar color, almost total absence of light and shade, and caricature of human beings.

Although Piloty is an Italian by birth he is German by choice, and his painting, "Thusnelda at the Triumph of Germanicus," is representative of modern German historical painting; generally graceful in composition and outline, but lacking depth in color.

This seen and we leave Gallery A for the present. Next week we shall mount the stairs to see the treasures in the other rooms.

NOTES.

The Art Review for January is an exquisite number; its four illustrations, an etching by Henry Farrer, "The Tow at Twilight," "Olivia," after Geo. H. Boughton, illustration from "She Stoops to Conquer," after E. A. Abbey, and "Meditation," after a portrait by W. M. Chase, all photogravures, are of great interest, as they represent first-class artists only. If the *Review* continues giving us such fine productions as these its standing will soon be not only the highest in America but also in the world, for none of the foreign periodicals devoted to the fine arts are half so well gotten up. The letter-press consists of four papers, viz.: "The Grant Monument," Henry Eckford; "Geo. H. Boughton at Home," Ira Carrington Cabell; "Rembrandt's Gilder," Harold Godwin, and "An Outline Sketch," by Ripley Hitchcock. The "Art Notes" are uncommonly newsy for a monthly.

* *

THERE is now on exhibition at Moore's Art Gallery, No. 290 Fifth Avenue, a collection of works by William M. Chase, which will be sold at auction on the evenings of March 2d and 3d. A rather novel idea is carried out of having, besides the works to be sold, displayed a number of pictures loaned by their owner for exhibition only, so that Mr. Chase can be well judged by would-be buyers.

Few of our artists understand the human figure and its relation to a background better than Mr. Chase. He makes a good showing in this exhibition both in the portraits and landscape and still-life studies. Among the former the pastel "Meditation," a portrait of Mrs. Chase, the "Portrait of little Miss Howell," the "Lady in a White Gown," and of "Miss

Dora Wheeler" are the most striking. His "Portrait of Whistler" is hardly to be considered seriously. His two water colors, "A Summer Afternoon in Holland" and "The Tambourine Girl" are well known, they are always taken at first sight for oils. They are like neither oil nor water color, but have a certain charm of their own. In landscape, Mr. Chase has in No. 36, "Hackensack River," and No. 48, "A Bit of Green," struck peculiarly true qualities of dull grey atmospheric effect. There are fine points about two studies of women, "The Morning Paper" and "Ready for a Walk," which a visitor to the galleries should not pass by unnoticed.

The number of works to be sold are 98, while 25 are loaned for exhibition only.

Ernest Knauff.

LOST LOVE.

The sun is low down in the West, love,
The flowers to their slumber have gone,
And the birds wink their way to the nest, love,
As I sit in my sadness alone.

As I sit in my sadness alone, love,
My mind ever wand'ring to you,
And I think of the past with a moan, love,
When I fancied you all that was true.

When my step ever brightened your face, love,
And my voice sounded sweet in your ear,
When my smile seemed to add to your grace, love,
And you answered my frown by a tear.

But alas for the changes of time, love,
Your affection has traveled away,
From the sweet honest truth of its prime, love,
It has wandered forever astray.

God knows that I gave you my heart, love,
It was all that I had to bestow,
But I found you were acting a part, love,
That your tenderness was but a show.

Ah! why did you cheat me with smiles, love,
I then carelessly cast me away?
I knew not the force of your wiles, love,
You tempted me, but to betray!

It was but a poor fight at the best, love,
You fought it, and fought it alone,
But in robbing my soul of its rest, love,
Have you added one joy to your own?

In the night, when the stars softly shine, love,
Or in the bright splendor of day,
Will you think of the pain that was mine, love,
Of the heart that you crushed in your play?

Will remembrance e'er carry you back, love,
To the fond trusting words that I said,
Will you see then the desolate track, love,
That my footsteps are fated to tread?

Ah, yet, there are moments to come, love,
In which you will traverse the past,
And in the sweet silence of home, love,
You will value my truth at the last.

Then, on tempests of memory tossed, love,
Should your heart overflow with regret
You may learn that the one you have lost, love,
Still loves you—and treasures you yet.

H. E.

IN THE LIMELIGHT'S GLARE.

THE play, stage, dramatics, and all that, are of huge interest to a great many people; but that great many have no idea what a greater many don't care anything about the bloody, mirthful, or any other sort of mimicry that comes forth each night to the violin's ripple, the piccolo's trill, and the cymbal's crash. There are more gradations in the shades of human taste than we wot of as we pursue our own individual narrow, limited little list of pleasures. We go into ecstasies over a certain delight, and feel like giving the rest of the world a good kick for not getting as excited as ourselves over it. It is one of the easiest things in life to drop into the theatre-going rut and believe that under the sun, or rather under the soothing glow of the city-bred moon, no entertainment exists which is so complete in itself, so intellectually refining, or so sensuously gratifying, as the eye-fascinating, ear-caressing, living panoramas that our theatre managers know how to serve so well at \$1.50 a plate—I should say chair. And it is not any harder to be diverted from this rut, to swerve into green fields and pastures new, to learn to love the bleat of the browsing lamb in preference to the rehearsed harmonies and discords of the critic's prey; in fact, to relegate the playhouse to the back-number shelf, lay it away among the archives of outlived passions, tuck it into an era of the memory just a little less dim than that in which we have left our marbles, tops, and "hockeys." Some people never outgrow anything. It is very admirable, I suppose, to see an old duffer of about sixty-eight playing lawn-tennis, but I'd rather see him managing a big railroad system in a frock coat and long trousers. And I don't like to see intemperance in theatre-going among people who have no business to stick themselves out in front except just often enough to see the new things that are good—the little youths, the slick, starched, polished *petits maitres*, commingled with the jaunty, wheezy little old red-nosed creaky swells, brevetted "club-men," who trip in, stay a while, and trip out in magnificent glee and sublime self-satisfaction. Oh, they ricochet chills right down my back, they lull me into a troubled sleep, they make me feel like resting till the next day. This abnormal propensity for getting into a front orchestra chair and beaming inward rays of complete consciousness over one's own head and shirt-bosom, is one result of having the human race divided into sexes. The brave little man gets into a parquet seat and spreads himself just as a peacock throws his resplendent fan up against the sky so that the lady peacocks in those parts can see what a daisy he is. And the little man sitting there so sweetly, believes,

right down to the attenuated apex of his beating little heart, that he is sitting right in the whirling little vortex of the gayest little world imaginable, and that there is no China, no Wall Street, no sailors skipping up aloft over frozen ratlines, no sentries pacing the ramparts of Spanish forts, no one dying, no one being born, no corn-popping, no tobogganing, no shrieks being sent up from drowning wretches—nothing but he himself, with an admiring collection of well-dressed people made happier and better by being placed in close proximity with his own elegant person. That's the sort of theatre-goer who is no good.

I've been long enough on this tack, and haven't gained any ground at all, so I'm going around. Hard a-lee!

**

THE dramatic critic and the baseball umpire could hardly be classed in one category, though there seems some slight similitude in their vocations if viewed carelessly. Baseball umpires get \$1,000 a year and traveling expenses. They wear wire masks and also spring-heel shoes, these latter that the ground may be relinquished with the requisite agility for eluding the whizzing ball. It is not their office to say whether a play was done well or badly, but whether it was done at all. If they say it was, then they are very likely to be killed. If they say it wasn't, they stand good chances of being stoned to death. Their salaries are not too great when one takes these little risks into account. A dramatic critic does not need to anticipate instantaneous death, so he does not wear a wire mask. He usually wears eyeglasses and keeps an inquisitive lookout for slow starvation. I don't mention salaries. Salaries don't count when fame is sought. Leave that for the grovellers, the men who have to eat and have their hair cut with some regularity. The poet, the unsung musical composer, and the man who pants out his opinion on art, they live as the birdlings live, on bird seed, on anything that may be lying around—olives, small bullet-like fish-cakes, beans, sometimes naught save pretzels, though they get to know the places where anything so contracted as the last forms the unprinted *ménu*, and fly like homing-pigeons to those resorts where glistening blazers emit the perfume of active cookery. When a critic stops eating long enough to write something, he usually scoffs at the popular idea of things. Scoffing at the popular idea of things is the critic's great hold. If he ever allowed himself to stop scoffing people wouldn't call him a critic any longer. Now I'm going to be serious for just one minute. Because a man is an adept in the fashioning of pleasant sentences, can turn

a graceful period and titillate one's literary sensibilities, must he, perforce, be a person of exceptional judgment, able to point out to the multitude that which is excellent in art? Might not the best critics living be unable to say or write what their souls knew to be right? Are the men who tell us what is bad and what is good on the stage hired for their journalistic skill or their superlatively refined perception and artistic tastes? Could not a rhymester who possessed an idiosyncrasy which rendered the fragrance of a rose obnoxious to him woo his muse into dealing out musical rhapsodies over that same flower if the shekels of a publisher would make it an object? And what could the shy young maiden say about the crimson flower which was picked for her by her first lover's hand? Its perfume makes her brain reel from its very sweetness, but she never describes that sensation, because the talent for felicitous expression may not be hers. Yet she, and not the poetaster, has absorbed and felt the glory of a red rose. So it can possibly be with the beauties of stage art. A ray of young genius may be shot straight into the eyes of a man who can juggle his brain and a fountain pen into a perfect shower of hyperboles, and yet remain undiscovered or ignored, while some inconspicuous, dreamy-eyed young fellow up in the dress circle feels his heart begin to throb over it, knows it, recognizes it, carries the consciousness of it away in his heart, but never speaks about it. I would take the judgment of several of my acquaintances on a play that I had not seen just as quick as I would the ornamental dissection served up by a paid professional. Most of these latter fancy themselves dramatic epicures. Now I wouldn't follow the lead of an epicure as a rule. An epicure in gastronomy usually has a decided predilection for sweet-breads, terrapin stew and very gamey game, in fact for anything that is extremely unpopular. And the dramatic epicures somehow seem to steer clear of and decry that which reaches the human heart. Whatever caresses the physical senses or the pocket commands some attention.

C. M. S. McLellan.

A SHARP PEN.

(*New York News-Letter.*)

Welch is as noted for his sweet smile as his sharp pen; the latter he employs as editor of his bright little periodical called THE THEATRE.

IT GROWS.

(*Columbus Ohio Dispatch.*)

The current number of THE THEATRE is entertaining and instructive. Its sketches and criticisms are bright and pointed. It grows in favor weekly. New York: The Theatre Publishing Co.

WOMEN AND WOMEN.

EDITOR OF THE THEATRE:—They say that Poverty and Want go hand in hand. I thought so when I climbed to the top of the Metropolitan Opera House Saturday. Poverty went to see "Kienzi," and Want took a seat in the family circle for just one dollar. In the second row of first balcony I noticed the "crazy Wagnerites" stood up during the performance and paid two dollars for the privilege of sitting down between acts. This is all quite right for those who like it, but I am not that kind of an enthusiast, although I would undergo a great many discomforts for the sake of enjoying the German opera. However, if it hadn't been for the climb up those stairs, the heat, the noise of the shuffling-footed ushers, the late comers and the awful women pirates who will wear high bonnets at the theatre, I might have been quite happy.

I never was so disgusted with my own sex as I was here; two women with bonnets on as high as the Fire Island light-house sat directly in front of us, and of course completely obstructed the view of the stage. I noticed that many of the ladies were considerate enough to remove their head-gear after entering the house. But the women in front of us—oh, they were dreadful. In a moment of desperation and frenzy I leaned forward and asked her,—in the most dulcet strains I could possibly muster up under the circumstances,—if she would please remove her bonnet. What do you think she did; why, she didn't; she merely glanced at me to see if my bonnet was on my head and "kept on knitting." The words framing the request were no sooner out of my mouth than didn't I wish I had left them unsaid. I felt so awfully small, so infinitesimal. Of course, after it was all over, I realized that, through impulsiveness, I had taken a most unwarrantable liberty in making such an audacious request. I ought to have known she would not remove the obnoxious bonnet before asking; she had that kind of a look; a sort of "Come-in-or-you-will freeze your-ears off" look. Yet, that bonnet sat on that head in "ghoulish glee" throughout the long opera. It almost seemed like something alive, uncanny; how I hated it. I was nearly convulsed with laughter when my companion whispered that she hoped the woman with the bonnet would fall off her seat in a fit. A very wicked wish, but we were cross. Now how accommodating the ladies in the boxes are: they remove their wraps, bonnets, wear low bodices and even remove the small shoulder-strap. I was much afraid some of them would be arrested for indecent exposure.

Nell McLean.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR THEATRE:—I have a request to ask of you: As you are strong, be merciful. I went to the Casino the other night, with a young gentleman from the far West. He wore drooping black side-whiskers, had large, melancholy dark eyes, and altogether gave one the impression of being a very sentimental and poetical

young snob, and I was proud to be seen in his company. In fact, he assured me that his friends considered he bore an unmistakable likeness to that naughty, wicked, but delightful, Lord Byron. Well, he was very cordial and attentive to me until we arrived at the Casino, where they are still telling nightly audiences what that "chestnut-y" dicky-bird is saying; and, by the way, I think the Casino will continue to hear from that indefatigable dicky-bird until, let us hope, his warble will be completely and mercifully stopped this summer by a sun-stroke. But, *revenons à nos moutons*; as I was saying, we had hardly seated ourselves when that irresistible *Erminie* made her appearance, and immediately my western "brave" was absorbed in the play. And when I mildly criticised her acting, and said that she trod the boards rather as though the flooring was composed of egg-shells, and that she twirled her fan far too much, he actually gave me such a Corsair-like glare that I grew limp, and did not dare whisper even the slightest disparagement of the lovely Pauline. And yet, I think she deserves infinite credit, too. How can a human being, with the ordinary amount of nerves, sing that lullaby for more than two hundred nights, beginning, "Dear mother, in dreams I see thee!" I would advise a little change in the "bill of fare." I give this advice to her manager gratis. Why not, I say, warble forth instead, "Dear mother, my dreams are night-mares!" It might brace her up a little, until the warm season arrives, when the dicky-bird will have been gently done for, and she join her husband in New Mexico, where, I hear, he has found a silver mine, worth a million and a half. Lucky Pauline! Well, after the play we went to Delmonico's, and all the way there he simply raved about "beautiful Pauline Hall," and I heard him murmur, as he gazed at the moon—by the way, I don't remember whether there was a moon that night—

"Could I find out her heart through that velvet and lace!
Can it beat without ruffling her sumptuous dress?
She will show us her shoulder, her bosom, her face;
But what the heart's like, we must guess."

And when, arrived at Delmonico's, an imposing waiter came to serve us, and asked in a gentle, insinuating voice, "What ze gentleman would like to order?" my Corsair eyed him sternly, and said, "We will have Pauline Hall on the half shell," and as I burst out laughing, and the polite but astonished waiter looked mystified, he seemed to awaken as from a trance, and had the grace to blush, as he stammered apologetically, "I mean oysters on the half shell, of course." And while waiting for those oysters to be served, he confided to me that he "felt inspired," and drawing forth a paper (which I fear was an unreceipted bill),

he dashed off the following lines, which I inclose. He really thinks that a wonderful inspiration will be lost to the world unless it is published, and he longs for the bright eyes of Pauline Hall to light upon his effusion in print. So this is my request, dear THEATRE: publish his verse, or he will consider himself a second ill-used Chatterton, and I will not answer for the consequences; while you will have made one heart completely happy.

Respectfully yours, "Little Em'ly."

TO BEAUTIFUL PAULINE HALL.

Thine eyes are soft as the stars at night;
When they shine above, in their glory and light;
Thy form, like a Venus, my heart doth enslave,
And to win thy true love all danger I'd brave!
Oh, were I a bard, thy praise I would sing,
Till all the world with thy beauty would ring!
Thine eyes would be my leading star,
I'd follow them through realms afar;
And would they kindly smile on me,
Thy faithful knight I'd ever be!

THE RIGHT TO "MAKE MONEY."

EVERY theatrical manager insists nowadays that he is "running" his theatre to "make money," and that he has a "perfect right" to do this in such a way as he pleases.

This seems, however, to be a debatable subject, for though it may be self-evident that, while the theatre lives to please, it must also please to live, it is easily proven that it has no right to do the latter to the utter exclusion of good taste, good morals and true art.

The theatre is a public institution although carried on by a private individual. So is a hostelry or a ladies' boarding-school. If these last institutions can not "make money" properly conducted, are their managers then justified in conducting them to the general demoralization of their patrons and the community in which they are located? Certainly not. Let them be closed, or let the buildings be turned to baser but otherwise legitimate uses to "make money," and let those who meant to make an honorable living by their management seek other ways and means to "make money."

If a manager can not "make money" in a theatre properly conducted on art principles, let him leave the place, or turn the building into a factory or a stable.

The physician might as well claim a "perfect right" to keep his patients confined to lingering sick-beds so long as he does not kill them outright, and the lawyer might, with equal justice, insist upon his "perfect right" to keep his clients in the meshes of the courts and the law so long as he kept them out of the poor-house. That would simply be their way of conducting their business as they pleased to "make money." If they cannot make an hon-

est and honorable living in their chosen professions let them "go West."

Would a newspaper conducted decently at a loss be justified in making itself the vehicle of indecencies because, forsooth, it is bound to "make money?"

The avariciousness of man in the ordinary pursuits is sometimes so far-reaching that it has been found necessary to place laws upon the statute books against pandering, against malpractice, against barratry, against giving false weight and measure, and for police regulations restricting the conduct of quasi-public institutions.

Every theatrical manager owes much to the community in which he moves—to morality—to taste—to art. If he "runs" his theatre simply as the horseman his stable or the pawnbroker his shop, or even as the honest merchant his private business—that is, solely to "make money" without any regard for art, then what a piece of impertinence it is for the newspapers of the country to send men of education and learning into his "shop" to publicly criticise his goods. Why does not this manager of his own business kick these critics out when they speak unfavorable of his wares? I will tell you.

Because his establishment is a "public institution" in the management of which the public have certain well-defined inalienable rights, and as such it is subject to certain long accepted rules of criticism, whether this be favorable or otherwise. The public, through the representatives of its great voice, the press, have something to say about what shall be done there and how it shall not be done; the manager is not exactly that great and independent ruler within its walls that he imagines himself to be. If he cannot be made to conform to well established rules of art it may eventually be necessary to compel him to conform to rules of law. Such things have been.

The people cannot sufficiently admire able, fair, just, honest and independent criticism of its public institutions, of which the theatre is one of the most influential ones.

Able and honest dramatic critics, men, who will not even eat at the tables nor drink at the boards of managers, actors or playwrights—men, who will not write with pens dipped into their wine—yes, men who will ignore the mere "money-making" qualities of stage work—the criticism of such men cannot be too highly appreciated by the true friends of the theatre and the drama. They are the guardians of the temple; they may publicly deny the "perfect right" of the manager to "run" his theatre to "make money" while scoffing at good taste, good morals and true art.

Otto Peltzer.

THE MARQUISE GIVES A FIVE-
O'CLOCK TEA.



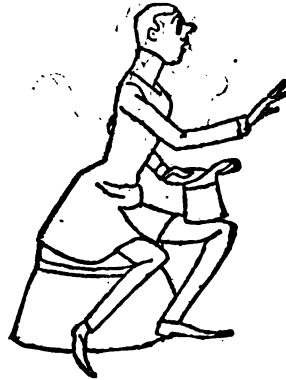
(Enter Viscount Huitvitres.)
"Marquise!"



"Ladies!"



"News? None at all."



"The first performance of 'The Crocodile?'
I was there."



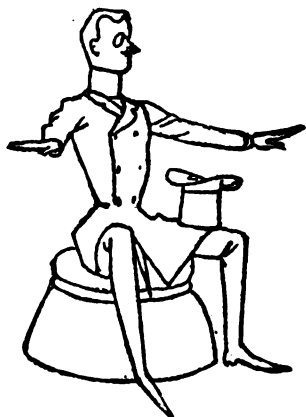
"It is charming!"



"Oh! Tell us all about it."



"Willingly. I begin."



"A desert isle. They are alone—he and she—"



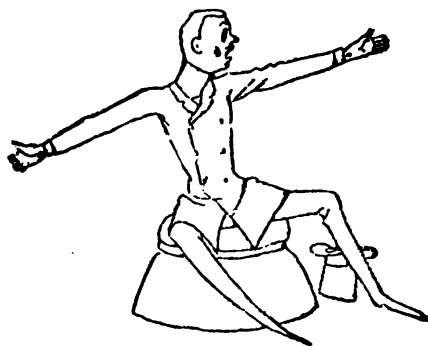
"When suddenly—"



"Heavens!—"



"A crocodile!"



"Enormous!"



"She faints."



"Oh, joy! She breathes!"



"He supports her."



"Saved! I love you!"



"Will she die?"



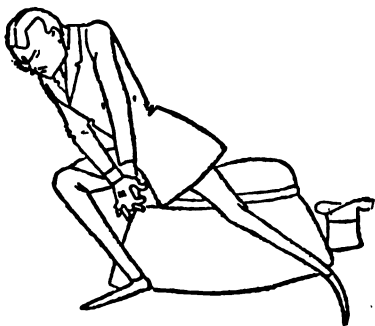
"Supreme bliss."



"But, I forget! My secret—"



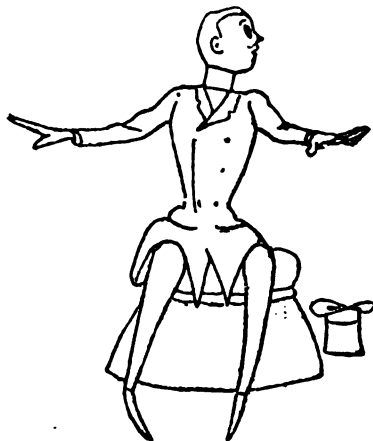
"I have stolen from"—(She) "Wretch!"



"—my uncle." (She) "That is different."



"She pardons me! Oh, rapture!"



"Marriage.—Curtain."



The ladies—"Ravishing! Exquisite! What a Coquelin you are!"
He, with modesty—"No, ladies. Rather a Talma!"

THE WEEK.

AN OPINION ABOUT "RUDDYGORE."

THERE is a very curious state of things regarding the reception of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera in this country. It was produced Monday evening last, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and the next day the "criticisms" in the daily papers were a strange admixture of contradiction. The papers did not agree with each other, and the "critics" did not agree with themselves. Some of the fault-finding was foolish in the extreme, and much of the "criticism" was the natural sequence of a blazé and bilious condition.

Now, I had every reason to anticipate a failure, and to be inexpressibly bored with "Ruddygore." In the first place, "the boys" who knew all about it explained to me that the whole thing would be "a frost." Then, again, the management of the theatre had provided me very kindly with the worst seats in the house, where they knew I could not see anything. But perhaps this was because they wanted the best seats for those who would endeavor to do "Ruddygore" the most damage. During the whole evening I was compelled to exhaust myself in an attempt to keep down my temper, occasioned by a woman who wore the highest and biggest hat she could find, and who seemed to cover up half the theatre in front of me. There were long periods when I could only see *Robin Oakapple's* legs, and barely once during the whole evening did I have a real good opportunity of falling in love with *Rose Maybud*. Directly behind me, and, in fact, all around me, were a number of "actors and actresses," presumably members of Colonel McCaull's company, who were there to study "Ruddygore." Their comments were various, loud and vulgar. So, you will see, all these things were not calculated to put me in the best frame of mind.

Yet what is now my opinion of "Ruddygore?" Well, I am charmed with it. Why, it is as delicious as the smell of the fresh violet when it first peeps from under the snow! You've seen the violet before, but it is always lovely. You've seen Gilbert and Sullivan before, but there is a characteristic atmosphere that is tempered with the intellectual conceit of these two men in a manner never tiresome. The story of "Ruddygore" has been told in THE THEATRE. It is all based upon the paradoxical person who has been condemned to commit a crime every day, but relegates this pleasant occupation to his brother.

First, as to the music. There are reminiscences of the madrigal in "The Mikado," and the patter song breathes of the one in the "Pirates of Penzance," but let me tell you they

are very delightful remembrances. Then there is a gavotte; two subjects interwoven, sung by the chorus of bridesmaids and soldiers; there are thirds for the flutes, and a parodistic phrase for the clarinet, and a general management of wood-wind instruments which is simply exquisite. The opening of the second act, the scene is the picture gallery in the Ruddygore castle, introduces a cathedral tone and a runaway in orchestration which is a masterpiece. I do not think there is a weak number in the entire opera. The concerted piece where the family portraits descend from the frames rises to the dignity of grand-opera. The duet in the first act is charming; the burlesque of a Dibdin sea song and hornpipe, which is well danced by Mr. Courtice Pounds is ingenious and funny, and the imitation of Donizetti's mad scene with flute cadenza is excellent. The opera is pervaded with true Sullivan skill, and that means in the orchestration what no other comic opera writer reaches. The conjunction of music and libretto is singularly happy. Mr. Gilbert is not seen at his very best in "Ruddygore," but the result of the combination is an expression of humor that is refined and graceful. There is never an approach to coarseness, and this is characteristic of all the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

I will be just un-American enough to say that there will be no company in this country which will give "Ruddygore" with the refined sentiment shown in this instance. The people who sat behind me did not understand its intellectuality—nor will they ever. When Mr. Billington played *Pooh-Bah* here last season he fascinated me by his solemn, splendidly voiced speech. But he is infinitely better as *Sir Despard Murgatroyd*. No one ever suspected that inimitable *Mikado*, Federici, as having a voice of great volume, but he was a surprise as *Sir Roderick Murgatroyd*. Mr. George Thorne is as funny as *Robin Oakapple* as he was as *Ko-Ko*, and Miss Ulmar is well clothed by *Rose Maybud*. Miss Kate Forster is exceedingly good as *Mad Margaret*. One thing about these English people that should be held up by every American manager: *They speak their lines plainly—so you can understand every word they say.*

The costuming is superb. It was a happy device of the authors to have the chorus of officers represent the different regimental uniforms worn during the regency, as follows: 9th Lancers, Coldstream Guards, 18th Hussars, 17th Light Dragoons, Scotts Greys, 10th Hussars, Grenadier Guards, 15th Hussars, 12th Light Dragoons, 3d Dragoon Guards, 52d Light Infantry, Royal Horse Artillery, Royal Horse Guards, 19th Lancers, 1st Life Guards, 7th Hussars. The chorus of bridesmaids have

some capital "business," and their costumes are dainty and becoming.

There seems to me more reason for extended popularity of "Ruddygore" than "The Mikado," among thoughtful people, and repeated hearing will reveal many good things which were not at first discovered.

D. W.

"PRINCE KARL" AGAIN.

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD opened a three weeks' engagement at the Union Square Theatre, last Monday night, with the revival of Mr. Gunter's charming comedy, "Prince Karl." The play has already received due consideration in the columns of THE THEATRE, upon the event of its first production last May. Since then some few alterations have been made, and the piece is now presented in a more compact form than at first.

"Arthur Penn" some years ago gave, in *Scribner's Monthly*, a few pages of directions to amateurs contemplating performing "Pinafore," in which was found the following sound advice:

As the play itself is very funny, the actors need not try to "make fun." If they do, they will kill the humor. The piece must be played throughout gracefully and easily, with no effort to be amusing, with no straining after comic effect, but just as though the actors fully believed in the entire possibility of the impossibilities with which the piece abounds. It is in this calm acceptance by all the characters of numberless improbabilities that the humor of the play consists. Any touch of burlesque extravagance is out of tone and inharmonious.

Now that was profound counsel; and changing it from the imperative to the present, see how well it applies to Mr. Mansfield's method in "Prince Karl!"

With abundant self-constraint, Mr. Mansfield presents, amid a chaos of comical dialogue and burlesque situations, a perfectly serious mien and visage. The result is not farce but comedy. There is no straining, no overdoing. What a real treat to see such acting! Measuring Mr. Mansfield's ability with *Baron Chevalier* at one end of the tape and *Prince Karl* at the other, we cover versatility indeed.

"LORRAINE."

BOSTON, Feb. 23.—The production here of Dellinger's comic opera, "Lorraine," by the McCaull opera company, under the direction of Mr. Adolph Neuendorff, is marked by a lavish and very handsome stage-setting, correct costumes, a large and well-balanced orchestra; and its reception scores a hit. In its argument, textual strength, and lyrical features, no phenomenal merit can be claimed for the work, though it deserves praise for entire freedom from uncleanness in being, action, or state, and a good opportunity for personal elaboration in

characteristic effects. But the adaptation of Herr Mather's book by W. J. Henderson is so far ahead of similar efforts upon which comic operas are founded in these days, that congratulation, on the whole, is more his due than special analysis of the above-mentioned points, toward which the average hearer gives little, if any, thought. He seeks tuneful measures and comic situations. In both this opera abounds, and Dellinger has produced in it music that is at once striking and, in the main, original. The *ensembles* making the *finales* of the several acts are very good, that concluding the second, "Fair Land of Provence," receiving an enthusiastic recall. The cast had many prominent names in it. Sig. Perugini, while at times uneven, on the whole sang with good effect, and in the love duet, second act, scored his best points. Miss Gertrude Griswold, in making her debut here, did not sustain the expectations of those familiar with her Paris Conservatoire achievements. Her voice is better suited for chamber music, and in dramatic ability she is deficient. She suffers by contact with her accomplished and veteran companion, Miss Emily Soldene, whose stage business and comic facial expressions recalled by-gone days of rollicking burlesque at the Museum. Mr. De Wolf Hopper had to repeat his topical song, and with Mr. Herndon Morsell created a favorable impression. As *Olivier*, Mme. Cottrelly fully sustained her reputation as an artistic singer and strong delineator of comic rôles. The plot, briefly told, is as follows: The time is in the reign of Louis XIV. Lorraine comes to the king's hunting castle to discover his father, of whom he only knows that he was a nobleman. The king becomes interested, and offers to assist in the search. At the same time a nobleman of much lineage and little sense is making his first visit to court with his wife and a niece, Madelaine, who is so beautiful that the whole court is enchanted with her. Her uncle gets into innumerable predicaments by promising her hand to several gentlemen at once, while she loves Lorraine, whom her uncle dislikes. The king approves her choice, and when he discovers that his father, the late king, was also Lorraine's father, he retains that fact as a State secret, makes Lorraine a peer of the realm, and marries him to Madelaine.

Henry Whiting.

ENTR'ACTE MUSINGS.

IT seems odd that during the long-continued run of "Erminie" at the Casino, no allusion, as far as I know, has been made by critics to the strong resemblance of the character of *Cadeaux*, as played by Francis Wilson, to the impersonation, by Geo. L. Fox, of the same

character, under its original name of *Jacques Strop*, in the old-time version of "Robert Macaire," from which, as is well known, the story of "Erminie" is adapted. Many theatre-goers of the present day will remember Fox's mirth-provoking portrayal of the chicken-hearted thief, his nervous dread of discovery, when led on by his bolder companion, the swaggering bully, *Robert Macaire*, to the commission of some fresh bit of roguery. Wilson's costume, his make-up, much of his business, and even many of the minor details of his *Cadeaux*, even to the preposterously dilapidated umbrella which he carries, and into which he surreptitiously stows away stolen apples, all bring clearly before the mind the elder comedian, whose success as a pantomimist deprived the American stage of an actor excelled by few in his day in the delineation of broad low comedy and farce. Who that has ever seen his unctuously droll *Paul Pry*, with its droll catchphrase, "I hope I don't intrude," will ever forget the quaint humor with which he invested that once favorite rôle of the low-comedian? Few of our so-called burlesque actors, to-day, would be able to give a sustained burlesque of *Hamlet*; yet many of our readers will recall with a smile Fox's intensely laughable reproduction of the mannerisms of Booth's rendition of that character, in the entire play, each act of which was given with a fidelity to the original which to-day finds its parallel only in some portions of Goodwin's burlesque sketch of Irving in "The Bells," and, to a lesser extent, in Dixey's caricature of the same actor, as introduced in "Adonis." To return to Francis Wilson, it may be noted that he resembles Fox greatly in features and facial expression, having the same long and prominent nose, and deep-set, twinkling eyes, that gave to the *Humpty-Dumpty* of former days that comical oddity of face which the traditional smearing of chalk and vermilion only slightly accentuated.

SPEAKING of Nat Goodwin, do you remember him at the Eagle Theatre (on the site of the present Standard), which was started as a Variety Theatre? Goodwin used to appear in the "Olio," in a trifling little sketch, called "Home from School," which served as a medium for his comic songs, his imitations, and his wonderfully clever dancing (of which, by the way, we see less and less, as the years roll by). His partner in those days was "Little Minnie Palmer," who sang and capered through her part of a school-girl home on her vacation, much as she is doing to-day, somewhere on the other side of the water—no better then, but yet without that affectation of manner which now mars her work on the stage. By the way, I recall one part in which that very

affectation and artificiality of manner seemed rather an advantage than a defect. It was when Miss Palmer played the youthful bride in "Engaged," at the Park Theatre, Broadway and 22d Street, when James Lewis, now so long connected with Daly's company, played the much-betrothed hero of the piece; Whiting, now with Helen Dauvray, was an admirable *Belvauney*; Sydney Cowell gave a clever sketch of the shrewd Scotch lassie, *Maggie*; while Agnes Booth, as *Belinda Treherne*, gave the same capital interpretation of that amusing rôle that was so prominent a feature of the recent revival of "Engaged" at the Madison Square.

How wondrously versatile is Mrs. Booth's talent! Forgive an old fogey one more reminiscence of Mrs. Booth, which even her triumphs in "Jim, the Penman" cannot efface from my mind. She played the part of a slave-girl, afterward the favorite of the Eastern monarch, *Sardanapalus*, in the magnificent production of that play at Booth's Theatre, in the palmiest days of Jarrett and Palmer. A stage picture indelibly impressed on my mind shows Agnes Booth, in the clinging white draperies of the slave-girl, standing on the steps of the monarch's throne, defiant in the midst of the lightning-flashes, and unterrified by the thunder-clap which has overwhelmed the palace, crumbling about her, the only erect figure on that vast stage, now filled with crouching, cowering men and women, where but a moment ago all was splendor and Oriental light and color.

SEEING on the bill-boards, from a car-window at Grand Rapids, Michigan, last week, that Pauline Markham was to appear there in a repertoire of emotional plays, like "Camille," "Divorce," and a list of similar pieces, my mind went back to the gay burlesquer of old Wood's Museum days. What a picture of youth and beauty was that fair blonde girl (they were all blondes on that stage then), as she stepped to the footlights, and melted all the "boys" with "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer!" The song seemed strangely out of place, in the midst of Lydia Thompson's merry bevy of transatlantic sirens; but few listeners thought of that. Harry Becket, who not long after became the favorite low comedian of Wallack's company, had come over with the Thompson Troupe, and used to play one of the twin brothers, *Castor and Pollux*, in that fine old burlesque, "Paris." I remember him, in an absurd suit of fleshings, fastened to his twin brother by an elastic rubber ligament, both wearing boxing-glove, and presenting a ridiculous resemblance to the Siamese twins,

then being exhibited here. I must close with just a mention of the last occasion when I saw the latter alive. It was in a sleeping-car, on the Hudson River Road. The poor fellows had an upper berth, and the whole car-load of passengers gathered around and watched them as they dexterously clambered up, in a queer sideways manner, and disappeared behind the curtains.

Henry Sargent Blake.

MRS. LANGTRY AS LADY CLANCARTY.

MRS. LANGTRY appeared in Newark, N. J., at Miner's Theatre, last week, as *Lady Clancarty* in Tom Taylor's play of that title. This was her first appearance in the part here in the East. Her first appearance in the rôle was at Chicago, during the week previous.

"Lady Clancarty," like all of Tom Taylor's dramatic productions, excluding "Ticket-of-Leave Man," lacks the elemental principles of a successful play. It does not reach human interest. Tom Taylor's plays are like a flickering candle surrounded by fluttering moths. He takes one character, and around it tries to construct a play. All the other characters aimlessly flutter around the central figure without any motive beyond relieving it from becoming tired and lonesome. The surrounding figures do nothing to give life or impulse to the principal character. His plays are excellent for the library, but are ill-adapted to the stage. This will probably explain why they are so seldom performed.

"Lady Clancarty" has been seen very seldom upon the stage in this country. Ada Cavendish, the little English actress who made such a favorable impression in the "New Magdalen" while in this country, essayed to bring "Lady Clancarty" into popularity, but failed. Since then it has not been performed here.

Mrs. Langtry's assumption of the rôle will occasion much interest wherever she appears in it. She does not succeed in lifting the character above its surroundings, but she gives to it a glow of warmth that will make it the most popular of the rôles she has heretofore sustained.

Those who have observed her closely since her first appearance as the amateur *Miss Hardcastle* will at once appreciate the improvement in her stage presence. Where before she excited curiosity she evokes tempered admiration. She may never rise to the pinnacle of artistic greatness, but she will fill a modest niche in the temple of drama, and will be admired as the winter violet is in a hot-

house of roses. That she has improved, and is steadily improving, in her art is a forcibly pleasant fact: *Q. e. d.* Her impersonation of *Pauline* in the "Lady of Lyons" showed glimpses of this gradual improvement. In "Lady Clancarty" it is again impressed upon you.

The play is one that calls for an intense display of emotion toward the end, and it is here that Mrs. Langtry is inherently weak. Her artifice is too palpably apparent. Her pathos is painfully artificial, and her passion unnecessarily strained, so that they become apparent to the veriest stranger to theatrical tricks.

In the tender love scenes and in the passages which require no violent effort, she is at her best. Her entire performance may be summed up in the remark of a sentimental young lady after the third act, who said: "She *almost* made me cry."

Had Mme. Modjeska or Agnes Booth played the part they would have struck every chord of human emotion, and the young woman would have wept freely and considered that she had good and sufficient cause to do so.

A canary can never soar to the heights of an eagle.

McKiernan.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

FEB. 22.—Rose Coghlan reappeared at the Walnut Street Theatre last night as *Peg Woffington* in "Masks and Faces," to the largest audience of the season, the orchestra being retired beneath the stage, and standing room at a premium. The character of *Peg Woffington* admits of various conceptions, and as a consequence is placed before us in different lights by different actresses. Miss Coghlan robs the character of some of the pathos and gentleness which belongs to it, and gives us a vivacious and sparkling rendition of the rôle. The other characters of the play in the hands of such capable artists as Mr. and Mrs. Walcott, Mr. A. S. Lipman, and Mr. John G. Macdonald, are as a matter of course well performed.

The large audience at the Arch Street Theatre testified that the "Rag Baby" has lost none of its old-time popularity, and there is no reason why it should, since it comes to us with new songs and business added. This play is not on the best of terms with the dramatic magazine reviewers, but it nevertheless manages to hold its own with the playgoing public. Whenever the croakers take occasion to lament over the degeneracy of modern dramatic literature, they point at Mr. Charles H. Hoyt and his "Rag Baby," but they should remember that whatever else Mr. Hoyt may be accused of, he did *not* write "Met By Chance."

"Indiana" starts on its last week at McCaull's, and Feb. 28, "Ruddygore" will receive its Philadelphia representation at this house. The advance sale has been very large and the first performance will certainly be a success, as a first-night audience at McCaull's is largely formed of theatre parties, whose first law is to totally ignore the stage, and consequently can stand almost anything.

Because Sol Smith Russell's new play, "Pa," performed at the Chestnut Street Theatre last night, was written by a Philadelphian, several of our papers embrace the opportunity of using that very old and decrepit stock expression, "Gilbertian flavor." If Gilbert ever produced anything like "Pa," it must have been written in an unguarded moment, and if he has been doing anything like it lately, I hardly think I care to hear "Ruddygore." "A burnt child dreads the fire." Jeffries.

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Repertoire—"Lohengrin," Wagner; "The Flying Dutchman," Wagner; "Faust," Gounod; "The Huguenots," Meyerbeer; "Martha," Flotow; "Lakme," Delibes; "Orpheus and Eurydice," Gluck; "Aida," Verdi; and "Nero," Rubinstein. Five of these works will be presented for the first time in New York by this company, and one work for the first time in America.

The repertoire of the National Opera Company also embraces several Grand Ballets, of which the "Bal Costume," by Rubinstein, and "Sylvia" and "Coppelia," by Delibes, are the most important. These, in connection with the short operas, "Galatea" and "The Marriage of Jeannette," both by Masse, will be given as extra performances outside of the subscription.

PRINCIPAL SINGERS:

Sopranos—Emma Juch, Pauline L'Allemand, Bertha Pierson, Laura Moore; Mezzos and Contraltos—Cornelia Van Zanten, Jessie Bartlett-Davis, Mathilde Phillips; Tenors—William Candidus, Charles Bassett, William Fessenden; Baritone—William Ludwig, Alonzo Stoddard; Basses—Myron Whitney, William Hamilton.

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The repertoire for the first week will be:

Monday, Feb. 28, "The Flying Dutchman," Wagner.
Wednesday, March 2, "The Huguenots," Meyerbeer.
Friday, March 4, "Faust," Gounod.

Saturday afternoon, March 5, "Aida," Verdi.

Monday, March 7, first time in America of Rubinstein's grand opera in four acts, "Nero."

* * THE NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY next week will close the first half of its season, in which it has met with the greatest possible success—a success which, both in its financial and artistic results, is believed to have been far greater than that accomplished by any other grand opera organization in the country. It is almost unnecessary to add that the intermittent rumors of the disbanding of the company have been in every instance without the least foundation, and were instigated by persons who are notoriously inimical to the interests of the National Opera Company. The company has never been in a better condition or capable of doing finer work than at the present time.

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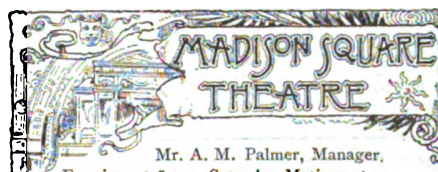
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Markey Davis.....Chas. Eldridge
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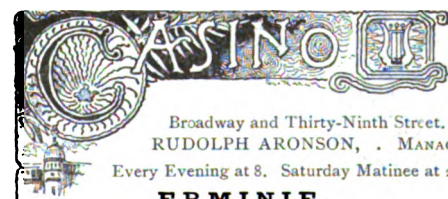


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Jack Ralston.....	Walden Ramsey
Mr. Chapstone, Q C.....	C. P. Flockton
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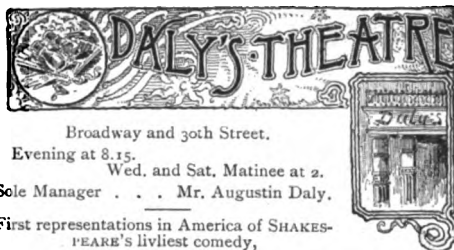
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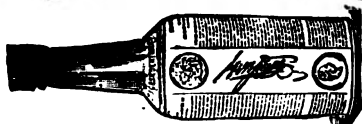
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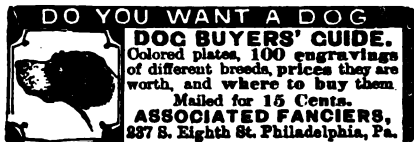
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ANNIE ROBE.

(From a photograph by Falk.)

THE THEATRE.

VOL. II., No. 25.

MARCH 7, 1887.

WHOLE NO. 51

THE THEATRE: AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF
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every Saturday at No. 26 West Thirty-second Street,
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DESHLER WELCH . . . EDITOR AND MANAGER

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*** The Editor solicits contributions from the readers of THE THEATRE, and suggests that old play bills, and scraps relating to the stage, notes, news and items appertaining to the different arts, would be acceptable. It is the desire of the Editor to establish a widely-circulated magazine, and to further that end every good idea will be acted upon so far as possible.

*** All articles appearing in THE THEATRE are written especially for it unless credited otherwise.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE editor of THE THEATRE takes pleasure in saying that MR. HENRY EDWARDS, of Wallack's Theatre, will shortly contribute a series of valuable articles entitled "Among My Autographs." In the next number a valuable article about the London Dramatic Critics.

DRIFT.

MISS ANNIE ROBE adopted the stage as her profession at a very early age, making her first appearance in a small part in a pantomime at Sunderland, Durham, under the management of Mr. E. D. Davis, in 1879. It is somewhat singular that her first manager in this country, Mr. Lester Wallack, should have also passed a large portion of his novitiate under the same manager and in the same cities. Soon after the close of the run of the pantomime alluded to, the leading lady of the company left the theatre somewhat suddenly, and Miss Robe, whose earnestness and ability had attracted the attention of Mr. Davis, was advanced to the vacant position, and played leading business for the balance of the season. She afterward traveled the Northern circuit, making a decided hit as *Lord Eden* in "Formosa." Thence she went to Plymouth, and was for two seasons under the direction of Mr. J. R. Newcombe, acknowledged to be one of the most intelligent managers and stage directors in England, from whose theatre many of the foremost English actors have graduated.

Here she made a hit as *Louise* in the "Two Orphans." Mr. Henry Leslie, the well-known author of the "Mariners' Compass," "Orange Girl," etc., having witnessed some of her performances, engaged her for the Theatre Royal, Leeds, of which he was then director, but at the close of one season she returned to Plymouth, and made distinct successes in *Desdemona*, *Katherine* in "Taming a Shrew," and in *Juliet*, the latter being spoken of in the highest terms by the local press. Miss Robe had not at this time attained her eighteenth year, and her girlish appearance was warmly eulogized in the character of the beautiful Italian girl. She remained in Plymouth for three seasons, reaching the goal of her ambition in 1881, by appearing upon a London stage in one of G. W. Sims' plays. She subsequently made tours of the provinces with E. Terry, playing the heroines in Byron's dramas and comedies,—afterwards with Wilson Barrett in the "Old Love and the New," (a version of the "Banker's Daughter,") in the "Galley Slave" and in "Romany Rye." She also played in the provinces in some of Buchanan's dramas, notably "Storm Beaten," and later on, she appeared for over one hundred nights as *Vera*, in Hamilton's drama of "Moths." She was engaged by Mr. Arthur Wallack for his father's theatre in 1884, and made her bow to a New York audience in a weak piece called "Nita's First," and in a character which afforded no scope for the display of her undoubted ability. However, with better opportunities, she rapidly advanced herself to the position of a public favorite, and her *Mrs. Macdonald* in "Impulse," *Dora* in "Diplomacy," *Valerie* in Belasco's play of that name, and *Vera* in "Moths," will not easily be forgotten by the play-goers of this city. In private life she is warmly regarded by her friends, and is a welcome guest in many of the best circles of society; while to her many gifts as an actress, she adds that of being a writer of no mean order, some of her verses being charming both for their originality and their method of expression. There can be but one wish among her numerous admirers, and that is that Miss Robe may long be associated with the profession she has chosen, and which she has done so much to adorn.

EMIL NAUMANN'S "History of Music," is shortly to be issued by Cassell & Company.

This exhaustive work has been translated into English by F. Praeger, and edited by that veteran musician, Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Mus. Doc. and professor of music at Oxford University. The book is in two volumes, and is illustrated with numerous reproductions of famous musical manuscripts. The history of music is carefully traced from pre-classical times, to the music of the future.

**

"PUCK" celebrates its tenth anniversary by a superbly illustrated and printed number, which is the most elaborate thing of the kind ever seen in this country. In reciting the changes which have taken place in newspaper history during the decade, it dwells very modestly on its own career. The success of *Puck*, while not beyond what a common-sense view of the matter would suggest as very likely, is still somewhat remarkable. There was a time when the members of its staff used to speculate in the chances of paying for the beer and sandwich at lunch-time, but now the magnificence of modern decoration indicates a palatial sheltering place and a princely living.

**

GENERAL LEW WALLACE I frequently see in New York. I met him one evening at the Gedney House, and in the course of conversation he said that it was not until after he wrote his famous "Ben Hur" that he saw Syria. All the knowledge he possessed of the country was by reading books of travel and about the manners of the country, besides talking with people who had visited the vicinity. During his writing he had a large map of Syria hanging before him on the wall.

**

GENERAL MCCAULEY, a brother of the late Barney McCauley, the actor and manager, and himself an old veteran of the war, has recently resigned his management of the Gedney House, which is to be regretted. He was an intelligent proprietor, who had hosts of friends. General Wallace, General Sherman and others of the ilk have often fought the war over with him under the Gedney roof in a manner that would have been highly interesting to a newspaper reporter.

**

MR. HOWELLS, the novelist, was fifty years old on Tuesday last. He is in very good health and is seldom idle, although he only writes from three to four hours a day.

**

MR. A. C. GUNTER, the playwright, who has been one of the most persistently abused

men the theatrical paragraphists of New York have had to do with, owes his success to constantly applied work. He lives quietly in the upper part of the city, and lately married a charming woman who has much at heart her husband's profession. His play of "Prince Karl" has been one of the substantial successes of the season. Contrary to the newspaper items it was not written for Mr. Mansfield, and was not submitted to him for nearly two years after its completion. It has been said that this piece was intended by the author as a serious play, in spite of the fact that it was written as a comedy and copyrighted as such. Miss Annie Pixley is now playing a new piece by Mr. Gunter, entitled "The Deacon's Daughter," which attracts crowded houses, and Mr. Raymond still has "Fresh" in his repertory. Within the year, Mr. Gunter has written in conjunction with Mr. Edgar Fawcett a comedy called "Thin Ice," which will very likely be seen shortly at one of the leading theatres and the libretto of a new comic opera has been put to music by Mr. Edgar S. Kelley, who made a sensation on the Pacific coast by his "Macbeth" music, which by the way, will be given in Chickering Hall on the 27th of the month.

**

SOME time ago it was published that the Rev. Dr. Brooks, of St. Louis, quoted James Murdock, the veteran actor, as saying: "The stage is reeking with corruption. It is going from bad to worse, and I desire to leave it. I would kick the average actor from my door." Mr. Murdock says this statement entirely distorts the spirit and meaning of his remark; that he never said that the stage is "reeking with corruption," nor that he "would kick the average actor from my door;" but he did say that the abuses of the stage and the huckstering management, which has an eye only to money getting, is debauching it. In a recent lecture he declared that the abuses of the stage were the fault of the public, which applauded and laughed at evil that ought to be hissed down. And he also said that any public institution not excepting the church itself, if left to the self-aggrandizing influences of individual control would not remain unsullied and pure. All public institutions require a proper moral supervision to restrain the evil and protect the good. This moral supervision may come from the public and the press, for the hiss of an auditor is to an actor worse than the hisses of an adder in the path of a traveler. "If I have been quoted" says Mr. Murdoch, "as ever expressing any other than the highest ideal of the purposes of the stage I have been misrepresented. As to the statement that I would

'kick the average actor from my door,' I may have said that I would not let such men as I was describing enter my door. I have many worthy friends among the profession, and I never meant in any way to reflect upon the moral character of my brother professionals. I have never left the stage, and might even now be persuaded to play if the proper inducements were offered. My book on the stage contains many eulogies of actors, and endorses the stage as a moral institution. This whole controversy, which puts me in a wrong light and does me a great injustice, comes from a misunderstanding, and the case is very similar to that of the late controversy of Julian Hawthorne with Mr. Lowell—a mistake in words, or a misapprehension of the spirit of the expression."

**

THE London *Truth* echoes what I recently said about the Queen's "commanding" certain actors to give her private performances, and says she has an unconquerable objection to paying a public visit to any theatre. It seems to me that the Queen is a much over-petted and spoiled old lady.

**

IN describing the last act of Verdi's "Otello," the same paper says that *Desdemona* enters her bedchamber and sings first a simple but lovely setting of the "Willow" song, and afterwards, as she goes to sleep, a beautiful "Ave Maria." A passage for all the double basses of the orchestra seems to imply that *Othello* is taking off his boots, and he presently enters, storming and raging. Of course, he cannot smother his wife before inviting her to a duet; but the murder eventually comes off. *Othello* afterwards dies, and nobody else is killed.

**

ON the first night of "Francillon," the curtain having fallen on a great success, a pretty young woman rushed up to M. Dumas, as he was leaving the theatre, full of enthusiasm, and exclaimed: "Oh, M. Dumas, I must kiss you!" He gravely bowed his head and received the kiss. "But you don't know who I am, do you?" she continued. "No," said he, "I don't. But my experience with you is mighty agreeable, nevertheless."

**

I HAVE had several letters asking if Miss Ada Rehan is the wife of Mr. John Drew, and requested to answer in the columns of THE THEATRE. She is not his wife.

**

MR. DALY is now doing the largest business of his managerial career. The receipts of his

theatre are averaging \$11,000 a week. His expenses would be less if the "Induction" scene in "Taming of the Shrew" were omitted. It seems to me as perfectly useless, furnishing no further interest beyond its good acting, and being without sequence or harmony.

**

CERTAINLY if Shakespeare could now return to us he would be surprised at the many suggestions derived from his text. The elaborate productions of his plays must be beyond anything he could have dreamed of. But fancy his most famous characters in modern clothes! What would you think of *Falstaff*? The old style costumes seem to make very different sort of men whose vagaries equip them with singular interest.

**

IN spite of the assertion that has often been made to me that an actor finds the frequent performance of "kissing" on the stage as meaningless and unaccompanied by any emotion, there is a great deal of familiarity to be observed that is not only uncalled for, but which seems to be entered into with a zest that if it were not enjoyed ought to be resented by the player as well as by the public. A stranger to Mr. Goodwin's methods asked me, during the performance of "The Skating Rink," if Mr. Goodwin was not especially devoted to Miss Grubb. "If he is not," said he, "there is a vulgarity displayed in the contact of faces which ought not to be permitted on a highly moral stage." My friend was, apparently, unaccustomed to the ways of burlesque. I can see no real healthy reason myself why a woman permits a man on the stage to handle her like an animal. Yet Mr. Goodwin is not so offending in this respect as many others.

**

MARGARET MATHER, the actress and *protégé* of J. M. Hill, was married in Buffalo, February 15th, to Emil Habercorn, leader of the orchestra of the Union Square Theatre. She has bought a residence in Buffalo, where she will make her future home.

**

THE death is announced of Pierre Eugene Grangé, the French playwright.

**

THE season of Lent does not seem to have diminished the attendance at the theatres. It is almost impossible to obtain good seats at either Daly's, Madison Square, or the Fifth Avenue. The churches are not particularly well attended. But perhaps this is owing to the reason that the people do not have time to think of God nowadays. In the smaller cities society turns to the solemn season with thoughtful regard.

Trophonius.

ART CHAT.

THE STEWART COLLECTION.

II.

THERE are some dozen paintings in the Stewart collection which may well be studied together as representing a certain class of modern art, which might be called, for want of a better term, pictorial figure painting. These pictures are by Meissonier, Gérôme, Zamacois, Fortuny, Boulanger, Kaemmerer, and Knaus.

"Friedland, 1807," is Meissonier's *chef d'œuvre*. "On which," he says himself, "I have bestowed all the science and experience I have been able to acquire in my art." And in relation to which he has a "conviction that the value of the work will increase with time."

It is a painting eight feet by four and a half, representing Napoleon, then at the zenith of his glory, surrounded by his enthusiastic troops during the battle of Friedland,—for which Mr. Stewart is understood to have paid \$60,000. The canvas is in a poor state of preservation, being cracked in a hundred and one places. It was painted in 1875, and it enjoys a great notoriety. I can well imagine the interest it must excite in the mind of the ordinary spectator. The movement and action in the horses in the foreground is certainly imposing, and the perfection to which the detail is carried out is marvelous. In this respect Meissonier is the master-workman of the 19th century.

What a pity he had not genius for something more than mere work. Oh, if he only had an eye for true values, a feeling of breadth at least in his backgrounds! Then, too, his brush work is hard, his color dry, without a suggestion of juiciness or mellowness to it. Why, do you know in this picture he has painted the haunches of the bay and sorrel horses, and the faces of the cavalymen, in exactly the same manner! And how little sunlight there is in the picture! What a pity some of that article could not be borrowed from Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" and inoculated into it. Surely the drawn swords brandished in the air are not made to play their due part as they should in such a scene as this. I fail to see the steel sparkle or glitter in one single instance; they are but so many streaks of white or gray, like so many pasteboard swords.

All the same, the art world would not be injured by the addition of one or two more Meissoniers. Good workmen are always worthy of their hire, and if the "1807" brings over \$60,000 at the sale, Meissonier's "science" will be but properly rewarded.

Of the other examples of this artist, the horseman "At the Barracks" is by far the

best. It is indeed artistically in many points better than "1807." There might be said, without exaggeration, to be more *life* in the repose of the figures in this picture than in the violent action of the cavalymen in the other. The picture entitled "Charity," in which a woman's figure is introduced—a rare concession on the artist's part—is, because of the miserable color in the foliage of the trees, quite objectionable. There is also a water-color portrait of the artist himself. These are the four Meissoniers.

* *

GEROME is a painter with a broader mind than Meissonier, and fully his equal in technique. He has a true artist's feeling for chiaroscuro. His values are never wanting. Besides this, his work is often dramatic, and when of an archæological character always very correct, thus teaching history. His "Pollice Verso," or "The Gladiators," is well known from photographic copies. It is grotesquely striking; the gladiator, with his half armor and enormous helmet, standing with his foot upon the chest of his vanquished combatant, and the latter appealing to the mercy of the vestal virgins, who, with thumbs turned down, tell us of their adverse judgment.

Gerome's great fault is the introduction of unnecessary detail in many parts of his canvas, his composition thus lacking simplicity. This is seen in the "Pollice Verso" to no slight detriment of the picture. Yet, to balance this fault, Mr. Gerome has one grand trait which give all his compositions a decided original character. Whenever he has any principal figures which must be salient points in his picture, he either groups them in *outré* positions or clothes them in quaint or curious habiliments, so that the eye shall not escape them. This can be seen in "The Gladiators." "The Chariot Race" in the Circus Maximus, is interesting and instructive archæologically. One recalls, on looking at it, the much more powerful work in Mr. Walter's gallery in Baltimore, "The Christian Martyrs," the scene of which was also laid in the Circus Maximus. That was an effective work. But the tyness of the chariots in this Stewart picture make the composition almost amusing.

Gerome is represented at his best as a colorist in a third work of more homely character, an interior with two life-like figures in seventeenth century costumes, one reading a play to the other. It is entitled "Vue Collaboration."

I will speak of the other painters of this group next week, especially of Zamacois, the prince of them all.

Ernest Knaufft.

DRAMATIC MEANDERINGS.

DR. JOHNSON defined art as "the power of doing something which is not taught by nature or instinct;" John Stuart Mill says "art is but the employment of the powers of nature for an end," while Shakespeare insists that

"There is an art which doth mend nature."

The essence of art in its broadest sense is all in production, in contradistinction of nature. Art and Nature are the two great teachers which comprehend everything. Art, in its more restricted meaning, must refine, exalt and elevate our thoughts and actions, and not merely tickle our fancy.

TO LAY claim to the name of dramatic artist, and to hold that the functions and aims of dramatic art are simply to amuse, evidences an inconsistency which is, to say the least, remarkable. The theatrical manager who treats the theatre as a purely commercial speculation has surely mistaken his calling—he ought to have embarked in the business of a pawnbroker. The pretence of those who are interested in the success of the present day farce-trash and in the musical nudities, that the public demand such, is the sophistry of the greedy lust for wealth. The public is no more "the director-general" of public entertainments than the vehicle is the leader of the horse, even if the horse is blind.

ANY one connected with the management of a theatre who insists that its patrons of to-day refuse to be taught anything from the stage, simply demonstrates his ignorance.

Will such people ever learn that, in morals as in life, there is positively no such thing as *inaction or unimpressibility*? The exhibition must be interesting to the listener. Then the most thoughtless auditor *is taught something* whether he will or not—it impresses him *in spite of himself*, either for *good or evil*. The majority of theatre patrons consists of persons under middle age, and youth is more impressionable than age. The stage appeals in one breath to the cultured and uncultured, according to the character of the representation. But, as George Herbert says, "If a shepherd know not which grass will bane and which will not, how is he fit to be a shepherd?"

STAGE art ought never, by disregarding its influence upon others, to be prostituted to selfish ends solely. If it is, then it is the duty of those who stand on guard *to warn against it*.

When the drama restricts itself to administering to wholesome recreation and earnest

teaching, and when a pure religion shall confine itself to truth and consolation, the struggle between the guardians of both will end, and their labors will tend to the common good.

A BOSTON magazine recently speaking on the "Ethics of the Drama," says: "The morality of stage plays has come to be as much a matter of concern as an element of popular education, as is the morality of the pulpit and the press. The lessons of the stage, whether *consciously* or *unconsciously* given, are peculiarly impressive. If the drama is one intrinsically noble, ideally true, the *inner man* receives a distinct moral impulse."

THE dramatization of life must represent the vices as well as the virtues, but there is no need that it should present the *indecenties*. That many plays do this to a dangerous degree at this day cannot be denied.

Shakespeare's men and woman image every quality and tendency of human life. Vice, treason, corruption and their terrible results are seen side by side with virtue, purity, patriotism and exaltation, *but the lesson impressed is wholly noble*. When this cannot be said of a play it fails in its mission. Then it leads to moral decadence, to undermining the character of the looker-on—then it is calculated to lessen the swift discrimination between virtue and vice in the listener.

DRAMATIC art is based on the difference of human character; life's intercourse is a game between superiors and inferiors. The fair struggle for superiority is the divine method of enchanting us with the world. If we regarded one another with reverence, friendship and kindness, the difference in human character would be the chief elements of life's delight.

The genuine temper of dramatic art, separated from its depraved usages of to-day, can teach us more effectively than any other medium, to help those beneath us and to love the good and true around us.

THERE are a certain few in whom the secrets and powers of human nature are revealed to a greater extent than in others. In their hands the keys of power are lodged, and mankind pays tribute to them for the benefits they claim to bestow. If they, in all cases, disinterestedly used their power to free, enlighten and strengthen other men, to educate, ennoble and enrich them, the world would be far better to-day than it is.

But the majority of these use their knowledge, skill and power only to secure special

advantages to themselves. Therefore the greedy struggles, the unequal strifes, the grinding poverty of body and soul, and the misery and the crimes of the world continue. How can this fatal spell be broken? This must be made the great problem of the home, of the school, of the press, of the pulpit, and last, though by no means least, of the theatre.

THE theatre, in order to escape from its tawdry frivolity of to-day and take its proper place among the other factors of reform, must take up the academic spirit of earnest instruction and add to what it already possesses, moral earnestness. When the theatre does this, then all the other factors must yield to it—to the drama and to its interpreters of genius and experience—the palm for the completeness with which they pierce the secrecy of human nature and command its manifestations, while they warn from the unworthy with fear and loathing, and draw to the excellent with admiration and love.

This is contagious education, disguised in entertainment; earnest improvement, concealed in play; edification masked in recreation.

IF the theatre is worth preserving, there is but one way to hold it in its best estate against the deluge of sensuality and frivolity, and that way is for capital and intelligence to come to its rescue. Not capital injudiciously placed at the disposition of unprincipled commercial speculators—upon the faro tables of the gamblers in theatrical management. Nor must it be at the mercy of popular moods. It must be so handled that it will draw the great conservative classes. When we consider what money has lately attempted to do for opera, we wonder why some of the millionaires do not make an effort to rescue the drama.

THE sun's darkest setting is followed by its rising. Death is succeeded by birth. What will the new birth be—a monstrosity, or a more perfect being? Wait and hope.

Otto Peltzer.

AN ABSTRACTIVE CRITICISM.*

(Professor D. Foote in the *Intermediate Quarterly*.)

IN prognosticating the future there is no attempt on my part to interfere with just laws of cause and effect. Driven to any conclusions which may assist dislodgement, I cannot conceal my chagrin on

* If any reader of THE THEATRE can find one single idea in this that has not been frequently promulgated (to say nothing about its glaring idiosyncrasies), a reward will be paid by the Editor for its body—dead or alive.

being forced into an unjustifiable and meaningless whimsicality. Yet the eradication of any attempt upon a whilom attendant of atmospherical phenomena will always, no doubt, be met with a speedy and direct annihilation of forces. Reaching out into the vast vortex which whirls whatever may come within its inexplicable influence, there is an irresistible tendency to draw from it the drift of public sentiment. Be this how it may, it must not be confounded with the lethargic movements which have, more or less, exerted a most precious or benign control over monstrous wrongs diabolically concealed. There comes with direct and searching suddenness a query which cannot be lightly passed by. It comes as all things come; it comes like the wavelet swells the tiny pool, and it casts over society an overwhelming gloom—dark, darker—and finally impenetrable. Knowing this, with deep realization, how can I be prepared to either discuss or deny? As shallow as this all may be, I do not fear to stand before you and ask: What shall we do about it? Shall we cast aside with disgust the problems which are better calculated to impair the strength of the human anomaly and grasp with energy the conundrums of existence? It is not for me to assume a knowledge intended for the most morose and exempt of the species. The paucity of any argument on a subject which we know so little of will be immediately perceived, and appreciating as I do—permit me to say it again—the mysterious and startling power which has been so lately developed—on more than one occasion—in this branch of prevalence, it will be fairly understood how shocked I am. Groping in the woods of the unknown, scrambling, crawling, and stumbling over the underbrush which beset our footsteps and become the besetting sin, there is at least one reward, and that is the satisfaction which must come to every one alike on being informed of it. Arguing the point by analogy, I must presume on a more intelligent and exhaustive reasoning. Arguing the point by cold blank contrasts, my premises will invariably be found correct. With no other purpose in view, beyond an orderly one, I do not care either to digress or assimilate. Let this be found, then, a component but yet compact cause for delving into my resources and publishing to this extent the benefits which are bound to come from studious and exemplary research—pernicious as the system may appear.

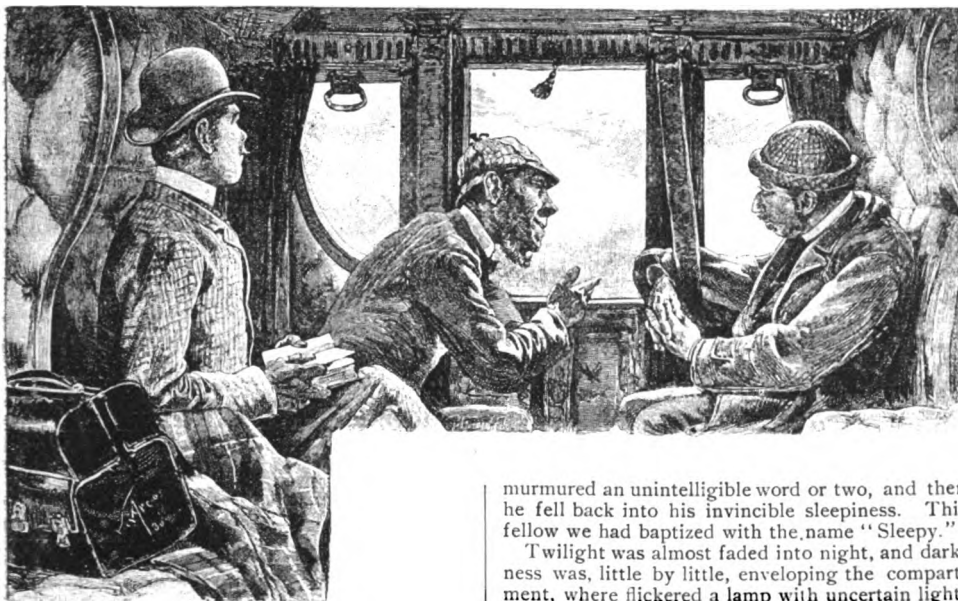
Filcur.

WILLIAM EDOUIN'S company is playing "Love in Harness" under the title of "Modern Wives," at the London Royalty Theatre, and it has become very popular.

THE THEATRE IS BOLD.

(From the *Ohio State Journal*, Feb. 15.)

Deshler Welch, the talented editor of THE THEATRE, the most attractive dramatic publication in the country, is in this city THE THEATRE is spicy, bold and readable. Its criticisms are excellent and its make-up neat and tasty.



MARECITA.

I.

SINCE early dawn we were rolling along from D'Utrera to La Roda, and from La Roda to Bobadilla, towards Grenada. Thirsty and sleepy, we saw through the frame of the car window the monotonous landscapes of the Andalusian country follow one after another—hedges of cactus and aloes; woods of olive trees, throwing their shadows on the red earth; green wheat, dotted here and there with rose tinted gladiolas; little towns spreading over the hills with their gray-colored masonry.

At the railroad crossing of Bobadilla "le riz à la Valencienness" was uneatable, and, to cap the climax, my friend and I re entered a compartment occupied by three Englishmen who were coming from Cordova, the disagreeable personalities of whom we had already had occasion to study. The youngest was a big fellow with red hair, mute, rolled in a green checked shawl, and whom we surnamed "The Scotchman," because of his inhospitable ways; the second, thin, lively, gray haired, large mouth, eyes always on the move, tongue continually going, seemingly desiring to compensate for the muteness of his companion by perpetually talking with a loud voice. We had distinguished the insupportable talker with the name of "Old Brass." His "vis à-vis" was a little man with round shoulders, clouded eye and pointed nose, with the carriage of a retired lawyer. Most of the time he slept in his corner; occasionally awakened with a jump by the voice of his untiring neighbor, he raised his eyebrows and showed a brilliant eye, which lighted up for a moment; his lips, ornamented with a dyed, brushy mustache,

murmured an unintelligible word or two, and then he fell back into his invincible sleepiness. This fellow we had baptized with the name "Sleepy."

Twilight was almost faded into night, and darkness was, little by little, enveloping the compartment, where flickered a lamp with uncertain light. Outside one could vaguely see in the distance the undulating profiles of the mountains of "la Vega" of Grenada, into which we were entering. Bending over towards the door, "Old Brass" said to himself (in a loud voice), "Grenada! . . . We are fast approaching. A beautiful city, famous for its oranges and women!"

At these words "Sleepy" opened his eyelids, and seemed to wake up, which action immediately doubled the loquacity of his companion.

"The Gitanas girls are delightful creatures!"

The eyelids of the little man opened wide, and his eyes lightened up with a phosphorescent brilliancy.

"Oh! indeed?" said he.

"Yes Have you seen their dancing?"

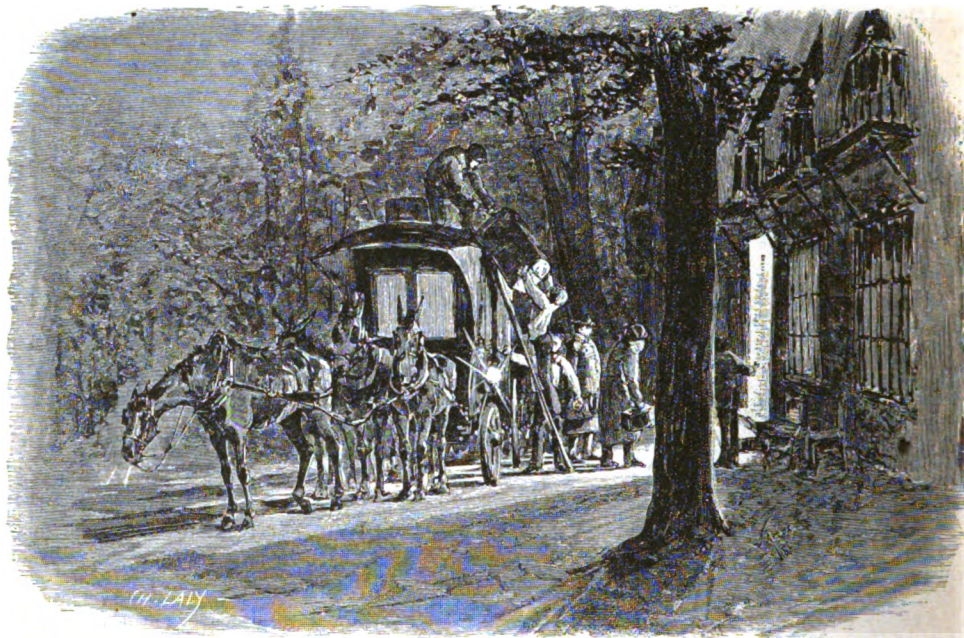
"No-o."

"You shall see them; they dance charmingly."

Another monologue about the Gitanas girls, their home at "Monte Sacro," their manners, etc. During this time the older fellow had half fallen asleep again. Hardly could he wake himself at the station at Grenada sufficiently to transfer to an omnibus which in the blackness of the night, to the trot of four noisy mules, cursed by their driver, carried us along the muddy streets of the city and by the balustrade of the Alhambra; and when we arrived at the entrance of the hotel "Siete Suelos" we all slept profoundly, with the exception of "Old Brass," who was talking to himself over the bad state of the Spanish roads.

II.

WHAT a charming awakening the next day, the bright April sun shining upon the dewy grass, appearing like hoar-frost at the North! One can hardly take ten steps from the hotel when one is



among a forest of old elm and ash trees which border the road from the Alhambra to Grenada. By the side of the green slope there are little rivulets which come from the Sierra Nevada, and run babbling along under the high trees. In the forest there are hawthorn and beautiful flowering plants, white cherry trees, rose trees from Judæa, large blue periwinkles—all sparkling in a silver haze under the oblique rays of the rising sun.

Following the mossy slope of verdure and flowers, we arrive at the Alhambra, and the marvel recommences. Shade, delicious freshness and beautiful light, murmuring water, and orange trees seen through the lace like arches of the Moorish architecture;—delicate pillars in pairs in the court of the Lions, supporting arcades with design in relief always varied and always harmonious; the vault of the dome broken by stalactites in colors, blue, red, or golden; beautiful shading from the black azulejos, gray, verde antique, turquoise blue, light-cream; splendid ceilings of cedar, where rose and light-maroon melt into silver and pearl. What a charm for eye and thought! And what a view from the top of the Lecador dela Reina!—Grenada, with its group of red tiled roofs and little bells; Albaicin, honeycombed with excavations, and covered with cactus; cypress trees on the terraces of Generalife; orchards dotting the country here and there, and in the background the grand blue Sierras, gray, snow clad. And everywhere, roses, flowering orange trees, nightingales singing. We redescended, all aflame with enthusiasm and completely dazzled, to the hotel "Siete Suelos." There awaited us a scene of another

kind. Under the plane trees which shade the façade there was a group of "Gitanos" of both sexes; around them were playing some children with curly wigs, and showing their bronze skin through the holes of their raveled rags. "The Scotchman" and "Old Brass" seated on the bench of the hotel, watched the capers of the gamins, and the expressive pantomime of the men and women, with an amused eye. In the thickest of the group with a stupefied air, and with hand stretched out, "Old Sleepy" was having his fortune told. The young fortune teller was a pretty girl of seventeen years, lightly dressed in a printed calico with white ground, and a fichu of Manilla hardly covering her naked shoulders and arms. This toilet, so little complicated, allowed one to admire the elegant form of her virgin figure: the plumpness of the bust and hips, the suppleness of the waist, the pure model of arm and neck. On this brown neck rested, like a flower on its stem, the fine, unique, beautiful head of Marcita: the wavy black hair falling in braids loosely on her shoulders, the rosy brown cheeks, the red lips, with mouth open showing beautiful white teeth, the great brown eyes with an expression at once modest and cunning, formed an *ensemble* most attractive. Bending lightly towards the Englishman's hand, in which she drew the lines of a cross with a "peseta," la Marcita told gaily her predictions, of which the gentleman did not understand a word, but which made the whole band of Gitanos laugh to kill themselves. Very grave, with his owly eyes wide open, he looked with a scared admiration at the sweet laugh and bright

eyes of the young girl ; with complaisant sensuality he allowed himself to be tapped on the hand by this little Bohemienne, and worked up little by little like a June bug that one scratches on the back. From time to time he trembled as though he had received an electric shock, and a pale light of desire brightened his astonished eyes.

"Muchas mujer se enamoraran de su merced y seran la causa de su perdicion."

"She said," translated the hotel guide, "that the gentleman will be adored by the women, and that the women will be the cause of his perdition."

"Oh! indeed!" exclaimed "Old Sleepy" with a laugh full of ingenuous silliness, "thank you very much." The breakfast bell put this scene to an end, and while "Old Sleepy" trotted along on his way toward the dining-room, we made a bargain with

introduced us into a damp passage-way bordering a stair-way, which took us into an under-ground vault, very large, and lighted by smoking lamps.

The ball room had nothing luxurious about it.

Through the blue cigarette smoke we could distinguish the light petticoats of the dancers, seated by the side of two guitarists at the end of the room. And at the other extremity, under the mantel of a vast chimney, where the trunks of some olive trees were burning, two old Bohemienues were squatting in the cinders.

Hardly had we taken our places on the benches when some one knocked again at the entrance door. The robust bandit with the curly hair ran toward the stairway, and reappeared a few minutes after with some new spectators following him, among whom we recognized "The Scotchman,"



the old Gitan who seemed to be chief of the band, to be allowed to attend a *flamenca* dance (Gitana). The same evening, the old fellow came to take us, and walking before us with a lantern in his hand, under the thick foliage of the forest, conducted us to a cross-road, where stood an isolated building with walls pierced with rare and obscure little windows. Our guide knocked in a certain way on the closed door, and parleyed in whispers over the wicket-gate with one of the host who came from within.

The conclusion of this dialogue was that we must put up our cash before we would be admitted. And the old fellow told us that they exacted from each one of us the payment of a *duro* (one dollar). After we had been thus executed they opened the door, and a big devil with curly hair

"Old Brass," and "Sleepy," trotting along under the escort of a frightful little Jew from Gibraltar, who acted as courier at the Hotel Siete Suelos.

As soon as they were seated the guitars commenced to sound, the castanets to claque, and the dance commenced.

There were but four dancers ; three of them were robust girls with common features, thick lips, and very projecting hips under the light stuff of their flowery petticoats. The brazen expression of their faces and their lascivious contortions, exaggerated still more the very sensual mimicry of the *flamenca* dance ; but when the fourth, who was none other than Marcita, stood up to dance, we were breathless with admiration, and I saw the eyes of "Sleepy" light up in the darkness like two glow-worms.



The toilet of Marecita was more carefully selected than that of her companion. Her short, rose-tinted petticoat discovered her pretty little feet, and fitted tightly over the fine lines of her hips. She wore no corset, and her pretty, youthful bust bended and curved with the suppleness of a snake. Her neck, quite uncovered, had the modulation of bewitching grace; her head was covered with red and white giroflées, between which could be distinguished the black color of her braided hair, and an *accroche cœur* beneath each temple.

In the animation of the dance, her cheeks became rosy through the sunburned brown, her brown eyes with long lashes, sparkled like diamonds, and, smiling a little disdainfully, she showed two white rows of pretty little moist teeth. In all her action she retained a modest air, which gave to her voluptuous dance a delicate reserve.

The castanets were claquing, the guitars were ron-roning, and the other girls were clapping their hands in cadence and exciting the dancer by harsh exclamations, while the grand old boy with curly hair sang in a guttural and vibrating voice.

I looked at "Sleepy;" he had changed completely. He turned pale and then red, held his breath, and his eyes followed as if fascinated, the slightest movement of the dancer. When Marecita, palpitating, stopped brusquely, and holding her little apron came to each one of us and with a courtesie asked an offering, I saw distinctly the Englishman with the brushy mustache, "Sleepy," slide a piece of gold in her hand; and I was not the only one who perceived this munificence, for the big devil with curly hair, who surveyed the gentleman

from the corner of his eye, leered at the scintillating piece of gold, making a grimace half-smiling, half-angrily, which showed his thirty-two pointed teeth.

This collection terminated the soirée, and under the guidance of the Gitano with the face of a bandit, we mounted again the stairway. At the moment when I left the room, it seemed to me that "Sleepy" as well as the Jew from Gibraltar, remained behind purposely; and redescending quickly a few steps, I surprised them talking with one of the old women squatted under the chimney.—*To be concluded.*

THE WEEK.

LAST week the Boston correspondent of THE THEATRE reviewed the performance of Dellinger's opera of "Lorraine" by the McCaull company, and it was also noticed at the time of its production in Chicago, so there is no necessity of any extended remark concerning its presentation here at the Star Theatre. The music suggests reminiscences of "Don Cæsar," "The Black Hussar," and every other light opera that has been seen in New York. There is a great deal of solo singing in it that is not particularly well sustained, and there are very few good choruses. The libretto is not especially edifying, but it is well acted chiefly by De Wolf Hopper, who puts into it an asto'nish-

ingly large amount of vitality, Miss Soldene, and Messrs. Perugini and Morsell. Miss Griswold, who made her first appearance here, is very refined, but her voice and acting are altogether too amateurish for such a company. The opera is placed upon the stage with Mr. McCaul's usual care, and the orchestra does some splendid work under Mr. Unendorf's direction.

In the revival of "The Skating Rink" at the Bijou Theatre, Mr. Goodwin is seen at his best in this sort of thing, and the entertainment is crowded with enough fun and merriment to satisfy the most dyspeptic individual. Mr. Goodwin's burlesque on *Camille* is worth going a long way to see. The company is exceedingly good, and the piece might run with a continually large business the rest of the season.

Mr. Harrigan has found "McNooney's Visit" decidedly cheerful. One of THE THEATRE'S artists gives this week some sketches made at random through the play which will be looked at with interest.

Miss Dauvray withdraws "Masks and Faces" and this Monday night brings forward a new play called "Walda Lamar," in which young Salvini will have a leading part.

"Prince Karl" is doing well at the Union Square. "Harbor Lights" is doing an excellent business at Wallack's. Seats must be gotten well in advance for "Jim, the Penman," and "Erminie" is growing old at the Casino.

"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN."

The Dutchman.....	William Ludwig
Senta.....	Emma Juch
Daland.....	Myron W. Whitney
Erik.....	Charles Bassett
Mary.....	Mathilde Phillips
The Steersman.....	William F. Fessenden

GUIDED by the baton of Mr. Theodore Thomas (wielded with his wonted adroitness), his orchestra glided smoothly through the score of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" last Monday night. It was the opening of the National Opera Company's season at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Miss Emma Juch's sweetness in the rôle of *Senta* won the hearts of the audience. Her voice in the duet with *The Dutchman* in the second act rose to the powerful, though she is at her best in the ballad, where the quality of her voice was superb. Besides, Miss Juch has natural attractions in perfect harmony with the part.

The "Flying Dutchman" is eminently picturesque, and Mr. William Ludwig showed no little talent in his rendering of *The Dutchman* in its most picturesque phase. He invested

the phantom rôle with a sombre quaintness. He seemed to allow the music and the words to carry him on, as in turns they required him to be sad or dramatic, or even majestic—he was so. The stern, or rather faithful, realism of Mr. Whitney's *Daland*, by the help of contrast, brought out the depth of Mr. Ludwig's *Dutchman* all the more. The former was a robust Norseman. His voice is rich and mellow, capable of expressing a large variety of emotions, in every way human. He was quite as efficient an actor as Mr. Ludwig, and the duet between the two in the first act was spiritedly rendered, so that they were called before the curtain twice at the close of the act. It is not to be omitted that Mr. Whitney's enunciation was clean and distinct to a most praiseworthy degree. The "Flying Dutchman" is one of Wagner's lyric operas. Intensely picturesque, but not intensely dramatic; the scenes, the action, the music, tell the story less than in his tempestuous "Die Walkure" or "Tristan and Isolde," and therefore the words are needful for the proper following of the piece. And especially when it is rendered in English, we have a right to demand distinct utterances from the singers. Few of them on Monday night could have been called to account on that score, but it is to Mr. Whitney that the most credit is due.

The rôle of *Erik* is not one of great importance. Mr. Bassett made his first appearance in the part without creating a very marked impression. His voice is pleasing, of a fine quality, but in no way powerful. His acting, though earnest, was conventional, and his dressing of the part very bad.

Miss Mathilde Phillips, as *Mary*, sang charmingly, and Mr. William H. Fessenden's *Steersman* was very satisfactory. Nor can less be said of the choruses, both male and female. Indeed, the whole cast was phenomenal. We do not mean to assert that either Miss Juch or Messrs. Ludwig or Whitney are particularly brilliant stars. We are not blind to their limitations. But we mean to say that under Mr. Thomas's direction there is a harmonious co-operation of orchestra and singers, and between the singers themselves, which is extraordinary. The opera is thus seen or heard in the *ensemble*. And the cast is, thus taken together, super-excellent.

The stage effects in "The Flying Dutchman" are compared to the other Wagner operas of the simplest character, it is therefore no great compliment to say that they were in keeping with the other praiseworthy features of the representation.

Altogether, the National Opera Company is to be congratulated upon their success in presenting opera in English.

CLOSE OF GERMAN OPERA.

WITH a brilliant performance of "Die Meistersinger" on Friday evening, February 25, and "Rienzi" at the matinee the following afternoon, the third season of German Opera at the Metropolitan Opera House came to an end. The event on Friday evening was signalized by the presence of an audience that filled every part of this enormous house, and by its applause testified in no uncertain way the gratification felt in the achievements of all concerned in the series of remarkable performances given by this company during the past season. Additional interest was felt in this performance from the fact that it was the last to be conducted by the popular and highly efficient leader, Herr Anton Seidl. On this occasion he was presented with a beautiful silver loving cup and a handsomely bound copy of the score of "Tristan and Isolde," by a number of friends won during his sojourn in this country.

The cup was an especially noteworthy work of art, and its makers, the widely known and justly celebrated Gorham Mfg. Co. of this city have the best of reasons to feel proud of their achievement. It was made of solid silver in repousse. The sides were divided into three panels, illustrating in turn, scenes from "Die Meistersinger," "Siegfried" and "Tristan and Isolde," all Wagnerian operas, for the successful performance of which he had mainly been responsible.

ANOTHER OPINION ABOUT "THEODORA."

CHICAGO, March 3.—All good acting, all acting that forces itself upon one's intelligence or upon one's sensibility, must carry upon the face of it an apparent absorption of the individual, a concentration and complete identification of the person acting, with the character acted. Stage art in its perfection arrives at a perfect semblance of this, without, perhaps, necessarily compelling the performer to suffer the nervous strain that occurs in its earlier, unformed, experimental state. No great genius ever existed without this; in fact, all genius, as we perceive it, is but at bottom exemplary of this idea. "Genius is mainly a matter of energy," is the definition given by one of the great contemporary essayists, and modern analytic criticism seems to afford a consensus of opinion to prove this. Contrast two types of the different schools, Kemble and Kean—one always self-conscious, dignified, formal, rarely, if ever, overstepping the accepted limit of art; the other, erratic, intense, often transcending all previously known bounds; of him it was that Hazlitt wrote, that it was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning—sudden, startling, terrifying. Genius deals with

the absolute; every energy, every faculty is used to the extreme, no half-hearted parleyings, but full, clear, flashing, unstrained *soulfulness*.

Bernhardt is a genius. With all her meagreness of physical force, there lies coiled up within her a power of psychic, "vril," essence that makes her marvelous. One can easily imagine what a figure she would make, what a splendid reproduction she would give, of Sardou's creation, *Theodora*. Miss Lillian Olcott, who has been playing here in this last drama by the greatest living dramatist, has demonstrated very clearly that a creator may be easily lost and made seem only an ordinary mortal by contact with a soul unequal to bringing to his thought an equal or an approximate perception. Charity should not be strained, any more than mercy; but when presumption arrogates to itself ability to cope with things above it and beyond, we incline to assert that it is to be judged by its own standard—Miss Olcott has spoiled for some one else a fine opportunity. There are several actresses we might name who could make "Theodora" acceptable: what a pity that circumstances did not throw this plum in their way. The stage settings, the costumes are expensive and adequate, but it all appears only a masquerade, only a poor puppet-show. The supporting company only helps to enforce the entire inadequacy of the presentation.

J. B. C.

MISS VOKES BECOMES ENTANGLED IN THE MESHES OF CULTURED CRITICISM.

BOSTON, March 1.—A very large and distinguished audience at the Park Theatre last night witnessed the first production in this city of A. W. Pinero's three-act farce, "The Schoolmistress." In the hands of Miss Rosina Vokes and her excellent company this piece, with its comic situations and sparkling text, received a thorough interpretation, one in which the merits of the players far exceeded those of the play itself. The latter, in lack of plot and systematic development, is nothing worse than many similar plays built on these lines. Its confusing story is lost without regret in the light of its abounding witticisms, felicitous phrasing, and romping cadence, these, with irresistible power, sustaining an interest that otherwise would sadly flag under the influence of commonplace incidents. Where mediocrity is redeemed by such honest and wholesome appeals to our love for fun and natural humor, the fastidious and censorious condemnation of such pieces is idle talk. For these "The Schoolmistress" well deserves the measure of success obtained already in London and New York, now to be increased in this city. In the character of *Peggy*, Miss Rosina Vokes found ample opportunity for the display of those qualifications which have endeared her to the public heart. While at moments the tendency to burlesque true comedy acting was distasteful, her avoidance of

THE THEATRE.



DAN COLLYER
AS CLARA



THE NEW RUBBER FROM
YONKERS."



HERE IS YOUR FIRST CASE.



GET ME ANOTHER CARRIAGE OIL NOT ROID IN THAT WON!

SKETCHES FROM "McNOONEY'S VISIT," AT HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.

and which already my neighbor had overcome with the wily cardamum-seed. The seeming opera-glass case was a snare and a delusion, and contained the latest novelty evolved from the brain of a clever Philadelphian, who has christened his invention the "vinous rubber grape." As its name implies, this is in reality, an artificial grape, the skin of which is made of thin rubber such as that of which children's balloons are made. Filled with any wine or liquor that may be preferred, the "grapes" are put up in small cases for the pocket, and can be taken to the theatre or any other place where it may become desirable to have a little *sub-rosa* "tonic." Very slight pressure, in the mouth, suffices to break the skin and allow the refreshing contents gently to percolate along the palate, each "grape" being about the size of a plum, rather than of a grape, and consequently holding about the equivalent of a "pony" of liquid comfort.

* *

IN my opinion, Daly's is still the most comfortable theatre in New York, despite the various inventions introduced by other newer houses for the comfort of their patrons. It possesses what no other theatre in New York has, but the Grand Opera House—a large and attractive *foyer*.—in fact, it may be said to have the only really available one for the purpose for which theatre *foyers* were originally planned, namely, a place where any of the audience, ladies as well as gentlemen, could stroll about for a few minutes during the otherwise tedious entr'actes. At Daly's, every effort has been made to render the *foyer* as pleasant and attractive as possible. Pictures, many of them of considerable interest as reminders of by-gone stage celebrities, cover the walls, while old play-bills, here and there, recall notable representations of the past.

* *

How different the scene now, as we see a representative "Daly audience" slowly making its way out after an evening spent with *Katherine and Petruccio*, and pausing here and there to look at the many objects of interest on the way out,—from the scene that comes to my mind, of this same theatre, when it was known as Wood's Museum, when this pretty *foyer* was one of the "Wonder-Filled Curiosity-Halls" which then had so potent a charm for at least the juvenile frequenters of the old museum. In those days, a life-sized wax figure, ingeniously arranged by means of clock-work to simulate the movements of an acrobat, hung on a trapeze in the space around which wind the balconies of the Daly *foyer* to-day, but which then were filled with glass cases,

containing stuffed animals, skulls of famous murderers, and similarly diverting objects of interest. While the stage performance was going on, *Leotard* (that was the waxen gymnast's name,) hung quietly from his bar, but as soon as the audience began to pour out from the auditorium into the balconies of the hall, he immediately proceeded to give an exhibition of the flying-trapeze, swinging from one end of the long space to the other, turning the most remarkable somersaults over the bar, sitting and standing upon it, and winding up, as the last strains of the orchestra within gave warning of the beginning of the next act of the play, with a salute that his less active counterparts, in the waxy stillness of the Eden Musee, might envy. Other attractions of the old museum were the ghastly "Chamber of Horrors," (not as artistic, perhaps, as the similar apartment in 23d Street, nowadays, but equally blood curdling,) and a comparatively small, but highly odoriferous menagerie, the odors from which used to sift into the auditorium, from which it was removed by only a few steps, through dark, narrow passages. Anatomists tell us that the olfactory nerves are more closely connected with the brain than any others, and this probably explains why, to this day, the peculiar smell of a menagerie sends my thoughts instantly back to Wood's Museum, just as the pungent odor of a stable reminds me of the old days when the Union Square Theatre was first opened, as a variety resort, and when the presence of the horses in the stalls beneath was plainly announced to the nostrils of spectators above. By the way, this nuisance continued at the Union Square long after it became a regular theatre, devoted to drama and melodrama, and has only been abolished within a year or two.

Henry Sargent Blake.

On Monday night next the principal performance of the season will take place, when Rubinstein's greatest opera, "Nero," will be produced, for the first time in America, in a truly royal manner. The Russian novelist Tolstoi and Turgeneff are all the rage in the literary world; why should not the Russian Rubinstein, already, through Mr. Thomas's efforts, with a fame in America, become the reigning musical star for a while?

JOHN C. FREUND, the well-known journalist, is back in New York, hard at a new play. Arrangements are being made to have the piece produced at a leading metropolitan theatre early next season. Mr. Freund has associated himself with Mr. J. Travis Quigg, editing *The American Musician*.

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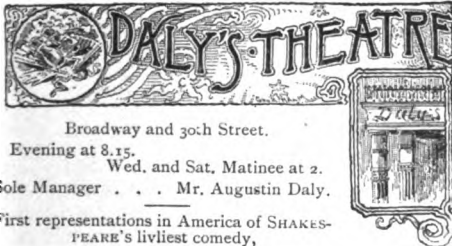
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Old Adam Goodheart, Robin's faithful servant..... Leo Kloss
Rose Maybud, a village maiden..... Miss Geraldine Ulmar
Mad Margaret..... Miss Kate Forster
Zorah, Hanna, Rose's aunt..... Miss Elsie Cameron
Ruth, { professional bridesmaids, { Miss Jenoure
Ruth, { Miss Murray

GHOSTS.

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Sir Jasper Murgatroyd, the 3d baronet..... Mr. Poole
Sir Lionel Murgatroyd, the 6th baronet..... Mr. Roche
Sir Conrad Murgatroyd, the 11th baronet..... Mr. James
Sir Desmond Murgatroyd, the 16th baronet..... Mr. Jeffrey
Sir Gilbert Murgatroyd, the 18th baronet..... Mr. Brand
Sir Mervyn Murgatroyd, the 20th baronet..... Mr. Huntley
Sir Roderick Murgatroyd, the 21st baronet.. Mr. F. Federici



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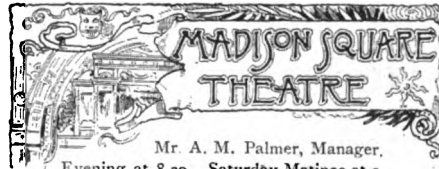
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Markey Davis.....	Chas. Eldridge
Spartan Spotts.....	Cyril Scott
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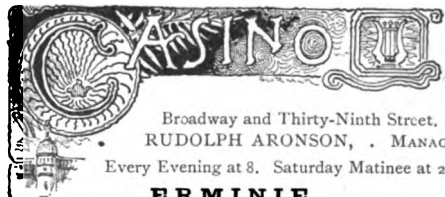


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Doctor Varney..... Lin Hurst
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Tenacity.....	A. Puppe
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